ADELAIDE:

OR,

THE COUNTERCHARM.

VOL. I.

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ADELAIDE:

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THE COUNTERCHARM.

A Novel.

IN FIVE VOLUMES.

BY

THE AUTHOR OF

"SANTO SEBASTIANO; OR, THE YOUNG PROTECTOR:"
"ROMANCE OF THE PYRENEES:" AND
"THE FOREST OF MONTALBANO."

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THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SARASWATI MAHAL

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CHAPTER I.

Guided by the bright beams of the tranquil orb of night in its full splendor, and admiring its silver rays playing in liquid brilliancy upon the serene bosom of the ocean, an equestrian traveller was slowly descending a steep declivity which wound its devious meanderings close by the magnificent portal of the gothic castle of De Moreland, down to the pebbly shore of the small but romantically situated village of Seaview, upon the coast of Kent, when a man, suddenly starting from amid the thick underwood which grew in wild luxuriance upon the embankment of the noble struc-

ture's ancient foundation, eagerly exclaimed—

"*Plase* your honour! will I be *bould* to *ax* if it is *tin* o'clock?"

Our equestrian was alarmed. The loneliness of situation, the manner of the accost, and, in defiance of the most liberal sentiments that ever warmed the heart of man, the strong Hibernian accent in which the question was asked, led conjecture to form the spontaneous belief of the man being a footpad, who purposed enriching himself by a watch, should one be produced to afford him the required information: but as self-possession was a gift our equestrian was eminently endowed with, he unhesitatingly replied,

"I will tell you the hour, my good friend, when I take this pistol out of my way of getting at my watch, which I always keep in my holster when I ——"

But ere he could conclude his sentence the Hibernian impetuously rushed towards him; and, rashly unmindful of the implied peril, vehemently grasped the hand which held the announced weapon, and exclaimed—

"Och, flutes and nightingales! sure but

it's Doctor Falkland's own sweet voice myself is after being regaled with; *whin* it was only the howl and growl of tigers and hyenas myself expected to be treated with on Kentish ground."

"Assuredly my name is Falkland; but how came you acquainted with my voice, or me?"

"Sure I will never be forgetting your honour, and long life to you! for wasn't it yourself, and good luck to you! who cut off my precious limb for me after the races of Dunkirk?"

"I am grieved it was not my lot to have rendered you a service more calculated to inspire the gratitude you evince, my good friend; but I begin, I think, to recollect you.—If I mistake not, you are the dragoon who, on our voyage upon that unfortunate expedition you alluded to, at the peril of your own life saved that of your commanding officer, who had exercised unnecessary, if not unwarrantable, cruelty towards you."

"Ah! now, your honour, don't be remembering the sins of my life; and sure my saving that worthy from the clapper-

claws of the deep was the biggest myself ever committed: since, by that same blunder, I saved a scourge for many a gallant lad; and a successless commander, who led, by his ill luck and headstrong errors, many a brave fellow to disgrace and an untimely grave."

Falkland sighed deeply; and the Irishman continued.

"And, sure, myself never prospered, no more nor *ould* Aspenfield's expeditions, since that luckless day; for didn't I lose my neat, good looking leg? and didn't I see my brave fellow subjects discomfited? and wasn't I discharged from a profession I dearly loved; and in my *twintieth* year, crippled and heart-broken, placed as an *ould* veteran in the hospital of Kilmainham? And, more grief to me! am I not here now, in a strange land, waiting to see my *darlingt* captain, a *cowld* corpse, in his coffin; and that jewel of the world, Miss Ellen, and her precious babe, land from yonder black lugger, a heart-broken widow and *distitute* orphan? Och, och, that poor Dennis O'Rourke should ever live to be murdered with grief like this!"—and tears

chased each other down his quivering cheeks.

"What captain's body? what widow and orphan do you expect to land from yonder dismally penanted vessel?" said Falkland, in the kind voice of heart-resident sympathy.

"Ah, your honour! in that sorrowfully arrayed brig lie the remains of the brave, the good, the young, the noble Captain Montagu Bouverie."

"Forbid it, Heaven!" Falkland exclaimed, in a voice of terrorized emotion. "Why, surely, surely the last accounts of that gallant hero's wounds were favourable, most favourable?"

"But they were humbugs," responded Dennis, in the hoarse and hollow tone of deeply seated sorrow: "for, alas! he is a *cowld* corpse in yonder dismal brig; *sint* hither from Harwich by his hyena of a grandfather; to be smuggled on shore, in the darkness of night; to be laid secretly in the grave, like some varlet or self cutthroat, whose friends would be ashamed to be lamenting him; and not so much as one shot, let alone a volley, allowed to tell a

hero is just buried. But if myself could beg, or borrow, or, for that matter, steal even as much as an *ould* blunderbuss, 'tis I would report, for the trumpet of fame to re-echo, that an hero's grave had only one crippled soldier to fire out his grief upon it."

"Your genuine simplicity enforces my belief of your statement; or else I could not credit that Lord De Moreland, who interred his gallant son, so few days since, with all the funeral pomp of greatness, and all the military honours due to a hero slain in battle, should thus indignantly treat the remains of his grandson, who, in filial heroism, met his death-stroke in rescuing his mortally wounded father from the hands of the enemy."

"Och, faith, your honour! you may credit what you *plase* of Lord De Moreland; and, provided 'tis bad enough, you won't be a morsel unjust to him. The *ould* sinner of the world! to be carrying his *resintmint* beyond the grave, for the dear young captain just marrying for love, and liking an angel who strayed to earth; and so wouldn't be forgiving him dead or alive; and so sends the poor beautiful corpse, that can never

more *offind* him, the Turk of the world! to be landed incog, as the order is, in the dead of night:—but the tide, more respectful to the remains of a gallant soldier than the grandfather that bore him, would not be serving their turn as much as a minute later than *tin* o'clock; so hearing that same from the porter at the castle, I *tuck* my station here to wait for the sorrowful landing, that one soldier might attend his remains to their last home."

"More than one shall attend the gallant and filially sacrificed Bouverie to his tomb!" exclaimed the ardent-hearted Falkland.—"The garrison of Seaview shall, at my call, receive the body from the brig; and private resentment shall be superseded by public enthusiasm. It wants a full hour until this sad landing can be effected: I will, therefore, first point you out the way to my house, where I wish you to await my return; I then will hasten to the barracks; and when we return to this spot again, rest assured, good Dennis, you will find no cause to complain of the respect paid to the honoured remains of the inestimable Bouverie."

The enthusiastic thanks, the joy awakened sobs, of this young ardent-hearted Irishman were soon lost to the ears of the rapidly retreating Falkland; who, on the wings of a fleet gallop, flew to the barracks, related the afflicting intelligence he had just learned, and awakened in the bosom of not only the commanding officer but every individual in this small garrison the most powerful sorrow and indignation;—and the spontaneous exertions with which arrangements here were made to honour the remains of a brother soldier, proved how expeditiously enthusiasm performs its part; and whilst sensibility's preparations were here impetuously making, Falkland returned to his house to enquire how Dennis O'Rourke had fared in his kitchen: and whilst he is thus kindly employed we will have the gratification of performing a necessary duty in delineating some characters, and relating some circumstances essential for our readers to become acquainted with, ere they proceed much further in the perusal of our present history.

CHAPTER II.

Augustus Henry Falkland was, at the period he now encountered poor Dennis O'Rourke, in his twenty fourth year; with a form of noble stature, exquisite in symmetry; a face of transcendent, manly beauty; possessing manners the most polished and alluring, whilst the virtues of his heart were all that could make a man estimable; and for his intellectual stores, he was not only a proficient in professional knowledge, but deeply skilled in all the richest lore of academic science; nor was he deficient in the lighter and refined accomplishments of a polished gentleman.

Until he attained his seventeenth year he had been educated in the expectation of inheriting estates of seven thousand per annum, which had descended for several generations of his ancient and honourable family to his father as an undisputed right; when, from the shade of obscurity, emerged an unexpected claimant of these possessions, whose precedence of claim in-

controvertibly substantiated, not only these forfeited estates, but the whole of the property of this now impoverished branch, was seized to wipe off the enormous debt, of interest and principal most innocently usurped.

Unfortunately, Falkland's father possessed not sufficient fortitude to sustain his own precipitation from ease and affluence, and the total ruin of his adored and only child; and in the course of a very few subsequent months he sunk beneath the weight of his afflictions.

The singularly unfortunate Augustus was now left alone and destitute in the world, to make his own way in it; for his mother had been long deceased, and of relatives he had one only remaining likely to afford him any countenance or friendship, and that was a paternal great uncle, a physician of high eminence in the metropolis; and this sole hope was not slow in realizing his dejected young nephew's expectation, from his goodness, for he promptly offered his hearty, unsolicited services to him.

" You shall turn your highly-rated abi-

lities to the study of physic, my boy!" he said.—"My purse, my house, my interest, my affection, shall henceforth be as those of a fond father to you; and, in due time, I will resign my practice to you."

In conformity with his uncle's wish, Augustus Falkland unhesitatingly entered upon this new line of study; and while Doctor Falkland spared no expense to accomplish his nephew for this important profession, Augustus, on his part, withheld no toil of intense study and unwearied application to do justice to the liberality of his parental friend; and at the early age of twenty-two he had, with honour to himself and satisfaction to his preceptors, taken every requisite degree to constitute a medical doctor.

But Doctor Falkland, the elder, considered himself as yet too young to resign his practice in favour of his nephew; and in mortal weakness feeling too much alarmed at the potent rival he had inadvertently reared to suffer him to enter the same walk with himself, speedily announced—"he considered him yet too juvenile, in

aspect, to commence so grave a profession; and in which confidence depended so much upon known experience, and a steady appearance." It was, therefore, his advice and wish, that for a few intervening years, until time removed the interdict to his local practice, to amuse himself by visiting different countries, and obtaining varied experience as an army surgeon.

This plan meeting with the ready acquiescence of his amiable and grateful nephew, Doctor Falkland immediately obtained for him a surgeoncy in a regiment of cavalry then stationed in Ireland.

Young Falkland, being so eminently formed to please, promptly made his way to a high place in the favour and affection of every individual who formed the regiment he was appointed to, except the colonel of it, General Aspenfield—the man already mentioned, whose life Dennis O'Rourke had saved;—who being proud, overbearing, and selfish, to a degree never surpassed, looked down with sovereign contempt upon all beneath him in rank; and took no man to his favour whose notice re-

flected no eclat upon his consequence, or by courtesy to whom he did not expect to promote his own interest.

In about six weeks after Falkland had joined his regiment, and been scowled at incessantly, as an insignificant nobody, by the haughty general, the transcendently beautiful, amiable, and accomplished Rosalind Aspenfield, the general's only child, then just sixteen, was, upon an equestrian excursion with a party of young companions, thrown from her horse; when Falkland (who formed one of the party) promptly discovered her left arm was fractured, with the combined calamity of the dislocation of her wrist.

The lofty general now found himself under the humiliating necessity of accepting the services of a *nobody*, in professional fame, to reduce this compound mischief, since no surgeon of celebrated eminence was to be found within many miles of the general's present quarters; and ungraciously he submitted to the fair Rosalind's entreaty to permit Mr. Falkland to perform the operation which, with unfaltering firmness, she sustained, declaring "her

gentle operator managed by magical influence, inflicting no pain." And by magic he did, indeed, seem to proceed in the recovery of her arm; for it was well in a space so short it might be deemed miraculous.

But when Falkland pronounced the fracture of Miss Aspenfield was cured, she informed her fond mother that her health was materially injured by her confinement, short as it had proved: her young physician was, therefore, still retained; and each day, each hour, she ingeniously invented some new malady to pose his skill; and at length so contradictory in their nature, that Falkland, in studying for the possibility of their coalescing, developed her ailment, and found it was of fatal contagion, for that his lovely patient had infected her doctor with her own malady, without a hope of cure.

From the moment the fair Rosalind suspected Falkland had discovered her malady she developed his; and with more love than prudence, lured him on to a confession of his passion, that she might avow her own, and bid him hope all that was auspici-

ous, from her influence over the minds of her parents. But in her love calculations poor Rosalind was direfully deceived; since the moment she announced to them her attachment, and implored their approbation to her union with the fascinating Falkland, he was forbidden, with every humiliating contumely, by General Aspenfield, his house for ever; and Rosalind, on pain of her parents' united heavy malediction, commanded never to see Falkland more. And with these violent measures the vindictive ire of the general and persecution of poor Falkland ceased not: every thing which General Aspenfield's situation enabled him to perform against the peace of the adoring lover of his daughter he executed with prompt maliguity; and shortly after, on the unfortunate expedition to Dunkirk, he exerted all his malice not only to destroy every comfort for poor Falkland, but by every method which mining art and cruelty could devise, to throw odium on his professional abilities.

But in this attempt to annihilate the medical fame of Falkland his malice found

its disappointment; whilst it forcibly aided the hatred and contempt which every individual in his regiment long had secretly borne to him; and his persecution of Falkland seemed the signal for the long-stifled flames of discontent and aversion to burst forth: and soon the easily dismayed general had the mortification to discover the whole corps had in contemplation a memorial to the commander-in-chief, upon the subject of General Aspenfield's many professional cruelties, and want of military skill; but more particularly upon his unmerited persecutions and unfounded accusations against the abilities of Falkland.

From the idea of any military investigation of his conduct General Aspenfield shrunk appalled; and hoping by effecting one stroke of good generalship at last to extricate himself from every apprehended danger through the partizans of Falkland, the moment he returned from the continent he compelled the heart-rived Rosalind to write, from a copy he set her, a letter to Falkland; "entreating him, as he prized her esteem, to use his influence to still the murmurs against her father, and to exchange

immediately into another regiment, to remove that animation his presence gave to the parties forming against the general."

From her father's representation Miss Aspenfield believed that Falkland's speedy exchange was the only alternative to save her father's fame, and perhaps his life.—Her duty, therefore, urged her to make these requests; but her unfalteringly attached heart panted to make her intreaties in language, although not that of sanctioned love, yet of kindness, and tender, everlasting friendship; but the general was inexorable; and a letter, evincing feeling only for her father, was sent to Falkland.

The wishes of Rosalind were laws which the heart of Falkland instantly obeyed. By his strenuous exertions the meditated memorial was relinquished, while one feeble effort he made, to effect an exchange: that effort failed, and in the next moment he resigned his commission; for in the despair of love, forlorn of hope (which the coldness of Rosalind's letter had inspired), he paused not to consider of his own interest, or of any consideration but that of con-

plying with the heartless mandate of Miss Aspenfield.

With all the despair-fixed resolution of a man who felt himself deeply injured, Falkland combated every effort of his friends in the regiment to remain one hour with them after the acceptance of his resignation—facilitated by the secret manœuvres of the invidious general—had arrived. Every thing appertaining to a military life was become obnoxious to him, since the image of the unfeeling, inconstant Rosalind clouded every scene, and made all with which her image was combined anguish to his heart.

On the wings of indignant feeling Falkland flew to his parental home, to repose in the bosom of his succouring second father the sorrows which oppressed him: but Falkland here found a new and most unexpected distress awaiting him, for he now received that frigid reception from his capricious uncle which consciousness of cruelty towards his unsuspecting nephew inspired; which, teaching him recoiling shudderings at the sight of an individual

he had deceived, and ungenerously treated, led him promptly to seize the plea of his nephew's imprudence, in resigning a commission he had procured for him, to break with him for ever. For during the military absence of Augustus, Doctor Falkland had, in the alarm awakened by a short but dangerous illness, been worked upon by an artful woman, long his housekeeper and *cher ame*, to repair his conscience by making her his wife, and by acknowledging a son she had presented him with, a dozen years before, as his heir.

Augustus Falkland had many friends now in London whom he had attached to him during his medicinal studies, who now, in the moment of his expulsion from his uncle's favour, stepped forth to offer him their services; some strenuously advising him to commence practice in the metropolis, a rival to his uncle; but this his generosity of soul, and gratitude for former paternal kindness, firmly negatived: whilst others, who feared him as a competitor, exerted their interest to obtain for him an appointment on the medical staff; and whilst these friends were anxiously seeking

delusive promises and disappointments in his cause, the united mental maladies, from which poor Falkland suffered, affected his bodily health; and after a severe fit of illness, in which he was carefully attended by those friends, it was deemed absolutely necessary for him to seek the renovating breezes of the sea.

An expensive watering-place the reduced state of his finances forbad his seeking; and having cherished in the memory of his heart every sentence he had heard Rosalind utter, he perfectly remembered her predilection for the retired village of Seaview; and with the fond speed of delusive love, as if he hoped Miss Aspenfield would meet him there, he proceeded to her favourite spot; and scarcely had he been settled in his humble lodging there when he was attacked with a relapse of the intermittent fever which had nearly proved fatal to him in town.

The only medical advice which Seaview afforded was promptly called in by his landlady; and from being incapable of prescribing for himself, at the time, happily for him his new doctor was eminently

skilful and humane; and surgeon and apothecary Oldworth brought our poor insulated sufferer as safely through his illness as the London physicians had done; and when he pronounced his patient—and Falkland felt the sentence true—in a state of perfect convalescence, he found himself so attached to the interesting young invalid, and Falkland so spell-bound in the bonds of gratitude and esteem to the worthy, ancient Æsculapius, that they became inseparable companions; when Falkland unhesitatingly disclosing his insulated situation to Oldworth, the good old man strenuously advised his practising in his profession at Seaview; as it was a bathing place, fast rising in public estimation, with a thickly in*h*abited neighbourhood.

Falkland required but few arguments to persuade him to what his heart impelled him to; since Rosalind had mentioned to him her having carved her name, with those of some young companions, on the stump of an ancient oak, on the summit of a high cliff, when she had visited Seaview. This oak Falkland had sought, and found; and the beloved characters, not yet effaced, he

had carved more deeply; and had planted round it the choicest evergreens which the sea breezes were genial to, with a hope of forming it into a sheltered seat, to study in; but that study soon becoming Rosalind herself, exclusively, so endeared this treasured retreat, that to quit Seaview would have proved death to him; although to live there he found most difficult; since the air was too pure, and the apothecary too skilful, to afford the physician much to do, save in the exercise of his benevolence to the afflicted poor.

Five months had thus passed on at Seaview when Falkland was called one day from his love-consecrated seat, to the aid of the venerable Mr. Oldworth, who had been attacked by an apoplectic fit.—Through the judicious treatment of Falkland he was promptly restored to perception; but as Falkland entertained serious fears of a fatal relapse, he dispatched expresses for the best aid the county could afford; and Oldworth himself entertaining the same apprehensions that agitated the mind of his young protegée, paused not in speaking the wishes of his heart.

"Falkland, my kind, my anxious, my skilful friend, I want no aid but yours," he said; "and yet even yours, I find, cannot prevail against the fleetly coming shafts of death: but, ere I go, I fain would prevail on you to drop the M. D. until fortune, in a more auspicious moment, permits your resuming it with better success; and in the intervening time pursue my practice, which, a few days since, I bequeathed by will to you, should you deem it worthy of acceptance, along with these premises, encumbered only with an asylum for my niece Alice and my cook Martha in this mansion, as long as they can be useful to you, or that you mutually agree. Martha will serve you honestly, I doubt not; and Alice will carefully housekeep for you, as she has done for me these thirty-four years; too far advanced in life for the trump of scandal to sound her retreat from beneath the roof which a man, so many years her junior, inhabits.

"Come, Falkland, come, say not a negative to my proposition, and make me happy in my last moments; since for you I know not of a more advantageous esta-

blishment at present; and for myself—I love my patients as a tender parent does his sick children; and to leave them to the care of one who will evince more skill in their management than I could will drop balm on my dying agonies."

Such an appeal, in such a moment, could find no negative in the grateful bosom of Falkland, who, the preceding day, had seen it announced in a diurnal paper, "that the Hon. Gustavus Saville, eldest son to Viscount Calicarn, was shortly to lead to the Hymeneal altar the lovely and accomplished daughter of General Aspenfield:" and pride and ambition, which, for Rosalind, would have reigned invincible, were lulled to dormant passions by disappointed love.

Contrary to the expectations of Oldworth—who viewed approaching death, as he had long done in perspective, as a welcome translation to a better world—a physician of high eminence arrived from Ashford, ere his last sand was run; who promptly declared that Doctor Falkland had done all for his friend which human skill could effect; but his fears equalled

Falkland's, of a fatal relapse. These fears were realized at midnight; and ere the morning dawned Oldworth was no more.

When the will of Oldworth was inspected, it was found that Dr. Woodehouse, rector of the parish, was left executor, with a handsome legacy for this trouble. To Alice Oldworth was bequeathed four thousand pounds; to Martha Drayner a comfortable annuity; to his few surviving relatives, all his domestics, and many of his friends, legacies; whilst to Falkland he bequeathed his practice, mansion, estate surrounding it, furniture, plate, living, stock, &c. &c.

Falkland, in compliance with the wishes of his sincerely lamented friend, commenced his career as a medical factotum in all its branches, save those of *accoucheur* and dentist, to the neighbourhood of Seaview, immediately upon the decease of Mr. Oldworth, and took possession of his new abode in about a month after the interment of the late most worthy owner: and so far from feeling any repugnance to the inmates bequeathed to him in Mrs. Alice and Martha Drayner, he retained every

inmate Oldworth had left upon the premises, even down to blind horses and superannuated dogs and cats; for as it had been Oldworth's maxim to turn nothing out of his service, in the hour of age and infirmity, which had given him the labours of better days, so it was Falkland's too; who soon was gratified by the manifest gratitude and growing attachment of all.

Nor was the reception he met with as the professional successor of Oldworth less flattering to his feelings; since not only was his skill so promptly appreciated that he was sought for far and near as a medical attendant, but the high cultivation of his mind, and striking polish of his manners, obtained admission for him, as a friend and intimate, in families of the very first consequence in the neighbourhood; where, when the unsubdued melancholy of his love-lorn mind allowed him to mingle in society, he was received a welcome, an admired guest; and in seven months, which had now intervened since the decease of Mr. Oldworth to his meeting with Dennis O'Rourke near De Moreland castle, Falkland had experienced no annoyance from

his inmates; except through regret from perceiving a fast augmenting juvenility in Mrs. Alice, now metamorphosed from a cap-adorned, profusely-clothed, respectable dame, into a flaxen-pated model of fashionable frugality in quantity of attire, styling herself *Miss Alicia* Oldworth; all which much grieved him, since it changed the niece of his benefactor from an object of esteem to one of ridicule, and transformed her into a much less comfortable *tête à tête* companion than when, a self-convicted old woman, he regarded her as a maiden aunt.

CHAPTER III.

Raymond, the already mentioned Earl of De Moreland, was, at this period of fatality to the heroes of his family, in his seventy-ninth year, and nearly superannuated. Early in life his lordship had married most auspiciously, but ere one year of his wedded happiness had been completed, the eventful moment that presented him with a son and heir deprived him of his amiable and lovely wife.

This direful calamity was sensibly felt by his lordship; but so desolating to his comfort he found the innovating sensations of grief, that he quickly strove to banish its annoyance by plunging madly into every scene of dissipation's delusive Lethe; and ere his lovely boy, Lord Roscoville, had completed his second year, he found, in some haunt of vice, a Mrs. Jones, whom he promptly formed a strong attachment to, and with her infant niece, Malinda, took under his protection, and placed beneath

his own roof, where his own boy was rearing.

As time went on, and the infant nursery companions advanced to maturity, the artful Mrs. Jones, manœuvring to effect an union between the young heir and the pretty Malinda, led to an event she had not foreseen—the ruin of her niece, and the birth of a female child.

Neither the rage or vehement demands for reparation of Mrs. Jones, nor the tears and entreaties of the artfully gentle Malinda, could force or win Lord De Moreland or his son to their ambitious projects. The father was not so depraved to permit such an union for his son, who, on his part, possessed too much veneration for purity, and too thorough a conviction of Malinda's levity of principle, not firmly to recoil from the idea of degrading the title of Roscoville by giving it to such a woman.

The disappointed hopes and projects of Mrs. Jones awakened such enmity in her bosom towards Lord Roscoville, that, for the preservation of a tranquil life, by removing a being so obnoxious to her, Lord De Moreland was at length induced to ac-

cede to his son's long ineffectually offered importunities for permission to become a soldier.

A commission was, therefore, purchased for Lord Roscoville, who promptly obtained for himself unfading laurels in the honourable profession he had entered, when soon he found that love and war were not incompatible; for when first presented at court, after covering his shield with military glory, he beheld the presentation of Lady Adelaide Riversdale, the only surviving child of the not long deceased Duke of Ullswater, and was spontaneously enamoured. The passion speedily became reciprocal; but Mrs. Jones permitted not Lord De Moreland to smile propitiously upon the union. The young lady's guardian proved inexorable, too, having views for Lady Adelaide to his own advantage; so that the consequence of such inauspicious negatives was, the youthful lovers eloped to Scotland and were united; but on their return from Gretna Green, and ere the marriage in England was solemnized, Lord Roscoville prevailed upon his relenting father to make the necessary marriage settle-

ments upon his bride and expected younger children; but, still influenced by the vindictive Jones, these settlements bore no proportion to the wealth on either side.

However, fate ordained that to Lady Roscoville the arrangement of her jointure should prove of no importance, since, after ten years of the most perfect connubial happiness, in the first and third years of which she had presented her lord with a lovely boy, she was snatched, by a rapid and fatal illness, from her heart-rived husband, to receive those everlasting rewards her merits had insured her.

Shortly after the deeply and unceasingly lamented death of his tenderly adored wife, Lord Roscoville resumed that career of military glory his wedded happiness had suspended, and accompanied his regiment out to the East Indies; vainly hoping that change of clime might distil for him some kindly balm to assuage the deeply seated pangs his wounded heart now writhed with; leaving his two fondly loved boys, Edwin and Montagu, under the protection of their grandfather.

When suspended scholastic duties per-

mitted these tenderly attached brothers to visit their grandfather, they constantly met their illegitimate sister Isabella, the daughter of Malinda, a most exquisitely beautiful child, three years older than Edwin, whom Lord Roscoville had left positive orders for being kept constantly at a very moral school, where his amiable wife had early placed her.

But Malinda, after seriously disobliging her aunt by repeated acts of misconduct, at length drew in an infatuated young officer to marry her, whom she went abroad with; when Mrs. Jones's fondness all centring in the young Isabella, she disobeyed Lord Roscoville's mandate, and kept the child constantly at home to indulge her own partiality, and rear her as a tool for her own sinister purposes, which were those of weakening the attachment of Lord De Moreland to his son and grandsons, and setting up herself as an idol in his favour, through whose influence his lordship's future actions were to be guided, his favour obtained, his coffers emptied.

Most admirably did this young pupil of an experienced Machiavel perform her

part; she distanced every competitor in the favour of her grandfather, and established her ground as the prime ruler of his actions ere she attained her sixteenth year, at which period Mrs. Jones died; when the doors of Lord De Moreland were once more opened for the admission of respectable female society, and Miss Bouverie, as his lordship chose to style her, was introduced to the world: but not until she had completed her nineteenth year did she accomplish the grand purpose of her long mining policy, when she obtained thirty thousand pounds from her grandfather, and married the Earl of Leyburn.

Scarcely had the nuptials of Lady Leyburn been celebrated when Lord Roscoville returned from India, and very shortly after that event Edwin Bouverie set out upon the continental tour, and Montagu, whose predilection, like his father's, was for the army, obtained a commission in Lord Roscoville's own regiment.

Three years more elapsed, in which Lady Leyburn gave birth to a daughter and a son. Edwin continued abroad, and Montagu obtained a company and was

appointed aid-de-camp to his father, who was shortly after sent over to Ireland as commander-in-chief there; where, in about a year after his arrival, the juvenile captain fell most romantically in love with a Miss Bellenden, a fascinatingly beautiful girl, who had just completed her fifteenth year.

St. Leger Bellenden, the father of this young enslaver of Captain Bouverie's, was the elder of the two sons, and only children, of a lately deceased prelate, highly celebrated for piety and learning. In early life he had been rescued from a watery grave by a schoolfellow named Murrough Mac Dermot, who, unfortunately, in after years became suspected of political principles which no true patriot could sanction; yet round the heart of St. Leger Bellenden gratitude had so firmly bound its spells, that nothing could destroy his attachment to his preserver, and as time rolled on, and the loyalty of Mac Dermot was openly arraigned, the doors of Bellenden were still unclosed to the being who had saved his life; and in the excess of his gratitude to this dangerous man he toiled indefatigably, both in a voluminous correspond-

ence and by repeated interviews, to use all the influence which hope and reality led him to believe he possessed over the mind of Mac Dermot, to convert him from politics so injurious to his country; and while he laboured, without effect, for the safety of the constitution, the tarnished fame of his friend contaminated his own, and the eye of suspicion rested on him as a proselyte to Mac Dermot's rebellious principles.

Suspicion thus awakened, calumny exerted her influence, and at length, after being received with coldness at repeated levees, the viceroy, with marked disdain, turned his back upon Bellenden, who, promptly enquiring the cause of such an insult, learned the painful solution to so unmerited a reception.

St. Leger Bellenden was proud, spirited, and inheriting the characteristic of his countrymen to a remarkable excess—impetuosity,—he, in the impulse of keenly wounded feelings, smarting from the barbed arrow of suspicion of faith as sound as loyalty could boast, promptly and unadvisedly pursued a plan which led him ultimately to destruction.

Although Bishop Bellenden had enjoyed episcopal dignity a sufficient length of time to have left affluence to his sons, yet from inattention to his temporal interest he had little more than his paternal inheritance, which was not great, to bequeath them; and St. Leger having, at a very early period of his life, formed a romantically enthusiastic attachment to a lovely young woman of high descent, but moderate fortune, thought of nothing but obtaining his fair enslaver to wife, and, having obtained her, of nothing but domestic felicity and her; so that, adopting no profession to increase his stores, he possessed but little, and therefore found no impeding difficulties in collecting his portable treasures; and just at the fondly hailed moment the enamoured Bouverie had effected the ardently panted for exchange of the lovely Ellen Bellenden's heart for his own, the impetuous Bellenden, with his unresisting but disconsolate wife and child, quitted his country, where the individual who insulted him being the representative of Majesty, was shielded by that sacred personation from any demand of honour's

denominated satisfaction; and, led by the impulsion of a wounded spirit, he flew, on indignation's highly soaring wings, to Paris.

This injudicious expatriation, with the as impolitic retreat he rashly fled to, but confirmed the calumny against his principles, and induced Lord Roscoville, without a moment's hesitation, to command his lovelorn son to exterminate his passion for the daughter of the traitor Bellenden from his heart; but the image of the amiable, as lovely, Ellen was too indelibly engraven there for that mandate to find obedience.

Scarcely had Bellenden established himself in his dwelling at Paris, ere the germs of political discontent and sedition began to betray the deep root they sprung from; when the incorrigibly rash Bellenden, eager to evince to many of his countrymen then in the French metropolis how erroneous had been the opinion formed of his loyalty, eagerly and incautiously espoused the aristocratic cause; and, in consequence, he was amongst the very first of the victims who were sacrificed in the sanguinary rage of democratic madness on the fourteenth of July, 1789.

With difficulty, and by chance approaching to miraculous, the almost distracted widow and orphan eluded the savage barbarity of the wild *poissardes*, and after encountering fatigue and peril of no common form, and romantic adventures almost too extraordinary for faith to credit, they effected their escape to Dieppe, and from thence, with many other retreating fugitives, obtained safe convoy to Brighthelmstone; where, on the moment of their landing, they found upon the beach an ardent friend ready to assist them in Captain Bouverie, who had been drawn to the shore, with many others, to see the disembarkation of the packet fugitives, to enquire French news, and offer his services to those who might require them: little conceiving that the very being for whose safety his mind was torn with anguished apprehension should prove the first to require his care.

Pitied by his father for the visible inroads which the miseries of his hopeless and incurable passion had made upon his aspect, his lordship granted Captain Bouverie leave of absence to try the efficacy

of change of scene, and strongly advised him to make a tour of all the gay watering places on the coast of England; but one only had charms for Bouverie, and that was Brighton, from whence he hoped to gain early intelligence from Paris, and from which place he meditated, could he learn no tidings of his adored Ellen, to embark, in some promising disguise, to the coast of France, in the forlorn hope of better success attending his own inquiries there.

Ellen was now restored to the adoring Bouverie an object of tender pity as well as of ardent love: her pallid lips, her blanched cheeks, her languid eyes, and attenuated form, proclaimed they were no common griefs her bosom sorrowed for. Her affectionate and beloved father had been massacred in her arms, which she had thrown around him as filial heroism's consecrated shield; but she was deceived in their talismanic influence; the assassin's steel pierced beneath them; she had felt her father's last convulsive shiver of receding life; and she had beheld her faint-

ing mother's eyes, and every faculty unclose from a death resembling swoon, to hear her husband's expiring groan, and with its dire shock to give the fatal wound to her heart which soon spread its visible influence to her delicate frame; giving, by daily increasing symptoms, the sad certainty to her child that her last sand was running down.

To Bouverie this certainty was as visible as to the apprehensive eye of tenderly watchful, fond affection; and through the ardent interrogations of his anxiety he drew from Ellen, that with her rapidly declining mother she should lose the only being whose protection she had a claim to; since, prior to the massacre of her father, news had reached them at Paris of her uncle William Bellenden, after risking his life in four successive duels in vindication of his tenderly beloved brother's fame, in the dire apprehension of having mortally wounded the last of his antagonists had fled from Ireland, taking with him his only child by a marriage which death had immaturely dissolved; and, with

his boy of twelve years old, had not since been heard of, although the supposed mortally wounded man had rapidly recovered.

The heart of Bouverie had promptly selected a guardian for her, which made him fastidious to every other she could name;—and that was a husband—that husband himself.

The transcendently handsome, elegant, accomplished, and amiable Bouverie, already in possession of the tenderest affections of Ellen, found it no very difficult achievement to persuade her into a compliance with his wishes, particularly as they so perfectly coalesced with her dying mother's, whom he found a resistless auxiliary.

The moment this ardent lover believed Mrs. and Miss Bellenden recovered from the infinite fatigue they had sustained in the toils and perils of their escape from Paris, he attended them to London, where, as soon as possibility would permit, as he had just completed his twenty-first year, and Miss Bellenden's guardian present, with her sanction he was united to the amiable, as lovely, Ellen, in the parish

church of St. James's, in the latter end of the September succeeding her father's direful massacre; the request of her dying mother, to cheer her last moments, by consigning her to safe and tender protection, impelling her to a precipitance so little consistent with her genuine grief for her father, or with the veneration she held his memory in.

Although the circumstances attending the massacre of Bellenden must, in Bouverie's opinion, have exonerated his fame from obloquy in the minds of even the most bigoted skeptics, and that the plea of her being the offspring of a traitor could no longer sway his father against Miss Bellenden for a daughter, yet, apprehensive of the influence of Lady Leyburn over his grandfather to awaken some new objection to this alliance, he forbore to apprize Lord Roscoville of it, flattering himself with a more ready forgiveness from his affectionate father if he married without his sanction, than if, after a successless application for it, he united himself to Ellen in direct opposition to some absolute command.

But that very affection upon which Bouverie's hope founded its certain basis for pardon proved its most invincible adversary; since, stung to the keenest feeling of that affection's sensibility, by this most adored of his two idolized sons—him whom for his touching resemblance to his still poignantly lamented mother, he had inshrined in the tenderest spot of his paternal love—could take so important a step without consulting him, inflicted a wound which offended affection deepened, whilst it raised the shield of jealous partiality, indignant at unmerited slight, as an invincible barrier against forgiveness. The penitential and imploring letters of his most fondly loved child were all returned unopened; and a cold, official mandate to return to his duty as an aid-de-camp to Lieutenant-General Lord Roscoville was the only notice he was honoured with by his heart-rived father; and when, in compliance with this mandate, he with his adored bride and respected mother-in-law returned to Ireland, and as his aid-de-camp he was admitted into his father's presence, no parental smile cheered his re-

turn, or bid him welcome: no; all was sullen gloom, stern, unforgiving, repelling silence; and poor Bouverie received and obeyed orders as an alien to his parent's heart; and neither invited to or forbidden his lordship's table, he took each day his meals with Ellen, whose anxiety for her mother's declining health hourly augmented; and in two months after her return to her native country, the heart-rived widow of the massacred Bellenden, breathed her last sigh upon the bosom of her sorrowing child, who found a tender sympathizer in her adoring husband, whose every affection now seemed centred in Ellen; since his father's heart repelled him; his grandfather denounced nothing but implacable resentment against him; his sister treated him with scorn; and his brother was still abroad, complained of by all his relatives at home as well as by Montagu as an inattentive correspondent.

CHAPTER IV.

In the August subsequent to their union Ellen presented her beloved Montagu with a lovely daughter; and the moment Ellen was equal to accomplishing such a task, after this happy event, she wrote to Lord Roscoville, imploring his forgiveness for his son—his blessing for his grand-child.

This was the first act of Ellen's since she had become a wife that she had performed without the sanction and knowledge of her husband; and too soon she keenly repented this clandenstine measure, when she found it obtained no reply from his lordship; and at length, about five weeks after her accouchement, in despair at the disappointment of her fond hopes, she sat with her lovely babe sleeping in her tenderly encircling arms, deeply meditating upon the propriety of still concealing or not, from her beloved Montagu, what she had so successlessly attempted, when

Lord Roscoville was most unexpectedly announced.

The affecting letter of Ellen had found its instant way to the heart of Lord Roscoville for her child, and for herself too, for whom she had not pleaded, but for her husband she had failed to subdue; for still the pangs of wounded affection rankled too deeply even for her magic pen to present a palliation; and his lordship had only waited to reply until with propriety, in consideration of her confinement, he could make it in person.

Lord Roscoville had known and extremely admired Miss Bellenden when he had unhesitatingly approved of her for the wife of his favourite son, therefore no introduction was necessary between his lordship and Ellen; who conducted herself with so much sweetness and fascination through this trying interview, in which she found her pleadings for her husband still ineffectual, that she beguiled his lordship of sorrow's tears, because the stern indignant feeling of wounded paternal pride and love would not permit him to yield to her heart-piercing solicitations,

that happiness she coveted for her husband.

"Dear Ellen, desist, I conjure you!" at length exclaimed his lordship, in a faltering voice—"you comprehend not my feelings; but so it is, that the hand of doating affection has raised up this invincible barrier between my darling child and me;—but that affection was deceived; its adoring partiality requited by ingratitude, and the dire sting it gave was deep—was mortal:" and in an agony of tears his lordship retreated to the door, but quickly restraining these drops of parental anguish, he returned to the weeping Ellen, and proceeded—

"You have told me, most interesting Ellen, your babe is still without baptism, because you wished her not to receive that important rite until she had obtained the blessing of her grandfather. That she has now obtained; and further, dear Ellen, I will be her sponsor, the guarantee for her continuance in that path of Christianity which you will rear her in. But by proxy must I take this sacred charge upon me; for in such a moment I could not

meet my boy, and remain unchristian. Name her after my adored, departed wife. —Adelaide is a sweet name, Ellen, at least to me it has always sounded so; and for the sake of my lost Adelaide I will still more fondly love your pretty innocent.— Name her thus, to oblige me, Ellen, and the fortune of my second Adelaide shall be my care."

Ellen promised; and soon after his lordship departed: and when Montagu returned he found his adored wife agitated by emotion, which vainly sought concealment.

"Ellen, my life!" he exclaimed, in an agony of sympathetic alarm, "what can have thus disturbed you?"

"Oh! Montagu, forgive me!" she piteously cried; "I have accepted a blessing for your child;—pardon for myself, in which you, my adored husband, are not included. Your father, my Montagu, has been here; but, alas! alas! remains unkind to you."

Bouverie threw his arms around Ellen, and as he tenderly pressed her grief-blanched cheek to his, and encircled his

babe, with her lovely mother, in his embrace, he said:

"In blessing my Ellen and my child does not my father bless me?—Then grieve not, my love, that I am yet excluded from his favour; for as his tenderness augments for my wife and babe, can you think his heart will not sympathetically soften towards his son?"

Although Bouverie rejoiced that his wife and child were taken to the affection of his father, yet still, with the bitter pang of wounded affection, he secretly sorrowed that his parent's eye no longer beamed with tenderness on him.

The baptismal day of the child of Bouverie and Ellen arrived; and the proxy of Lord Roscoville presented, from her grandfather, to the infant Adelaide a thousand pounds to buy her coral; and at each visit of his lordship to this young idol of his rapidly increasing adoration some costly gift was presented to Ellen for her lovely child—to Ellen, who yet was heart-rived, because his resentment remained invincible to Montagu.

At length Lord Roscoville was recalled

from his command in Ireland to lead one of our enterprizes against the French arms in Flanders; his lordship's own regiment formed part of his brigade; Bouverie yet held a troop in it; and being also his father's aid-de-camp, his going upon this expedition was inevitable; and the heart-rived Ellen was kindly and paternally invited by Lord Roscoville to take up her residence, during the absence of her husband, at his lordship's house in London, under the protection of Lady Leyburn, now become a widow, and who, with her five children, were for a temporary abode in his house in Bruton-street.

Too soon the hour of calamitous separation arrived; and poor Ellen, with her lovely Adelaide, then between three and four years old, were left in the especial care of Lady Leyburn by Lord Roscoville, with a solemn command to treat them with the most attentive care and tenderness.

At length those engagements commencing on the 23d of April, 1794, in the vicinity of Cambray, fatal to the house of Bouverie, took place between the allies

and French; and on the 25th Lord Roscoville, mortally wounded, was taken prisoner by the enemy, when his brave and affectionate son, followed by a daring band of his own troop, who feared not death while Bouverie was their leader to it, charged with the impetuosity of resistless intrepidity those who were bearing off their bleeding prize; and, covered with wounds, the filially heroic Bouverie rescued his general and father from the retreating foe.

Lord Roscoville had fainted from loss of blood, and agitation of the tenderest feelings, in the arms of his son, the moment after his rescue; and in that state he was borne by the valiant dragoons who had aided in his deliverance to the hands of the surgeons, who had no hope to cheer his heart-rived son with. His lordship's wounds, alas! were mortal, and his speedy dissolution inevitable; the extraction of balls, therefore, was deemed useless torture; and all that now remained was to make his last moments as easy as the horrors and inconvenience of their situation would admit of.

But it would be a vain attempt did we aim at the delineation of those moments which succeeded the recovery of Lord Roscoville from his swoon, in which he locked his son in his trembling arms, and poured out all the paternal feelings, the gratitude, the remorse, that agitated his bosom; but soon, from internal admonitions, becoming sensible of the awful approach of the great subduer of all, he hastened to give more substantial proof than heart-inspired, enthusiastically invoked blessings, his forgiveness of his son; by dictating to his secretary a codicil to a will he had made ere he left England, bequeathing to the young Adelaid all the personal property he had accumulated in India, and from other professional enriching resources; personal wealth which he now wished his Montague and Ellen to be equal sharers in. But ere the last line of this codicil was completed death had laid its inaction on his limbs, and his clay-cold hand could never more trace his signature; and in direful mental anguish he desired all present to send their testimony of what had been his intention to his father, with

the unfinished codicil; and with his dying request to his son Edwin and to Lord De Moreland to cherish Montagu, his wife, and child, in their tenderest affection, for his sake.

In a few moments succeeding this last exertion the scene of mortal life closed for ever on Lord Roscoville, who expired on the bosom of his heart-rived son.

As this attack of the republican troops, made upon the Duke of York on the 25th of April, 1794, extended along the whole frontier from Treves to the sea, and that Lord Roscoville met his fate not too far distant from the coast to make it an impracticable measure, the wishes of his heroic son were kindly attended to; and the corse of his father, soldered up, and himself in a litter, were conveyed to England as expeditiously as possibility would admit of: but the despatches with the account of those short-lived successes near Cambray, at that period, anticipated by several days the arrival of the vessel which conveyed the wounded Bouverie and his dead sire to their native land; so that when the body of Lord Roscoville was

landed at Harwich, all the pomp of funeral parade which ostentation could bestow awaited his insensate remains, by order of his disconsolate father.

At Harwich too awaited the heart-rived Ellen with her child the disembarking her dead father, and wounded husband. The fatal tissue of calamity had, without one particle of tender sympathy, been revealed by Lady Leyburn to the appalled, susceptible Ellen; who was permitted at midnight, with no other attendant than the nurse-maid of her Adelaide, a girl of nineteen, to set out for Harwich to await the arrival of what the despatches termed him, her "dangerously wounded" husband.

No mark of attention or affection awaited the mentally and bodily suffering Bouverie from his own family but what poor Ellen, with ineffable tenderness, bestowed; but from his brother soldiers, from pitying sailors, and all of human kind which Harwich was inhabited by, who knew how to appreciate worth and valour, he met with every kindness which could gratify a feeling heart: but his grandfather and his sister, who arrived to pay

their last sad tribute of grief to the remains of Lord Roscoville, visited not his couch of approaching death, although the principal surgeon who attended him, at Bouverie's desire, waited on Lord De Moreland, to announce his grandson's hopeless state, and to request an interview ere he died.

But Lord De Moreland, influenced by the selfish, unfeeling, Lady Leyburn, refused this last request, with barbarity refused it; adding, "That Captain Bouverie, and the daughter of the attainted friend of Murrough M'Dermot, had nothing to expect from him but contempt, neglect, and forgetfulness of all affinity."

In about an hour after the body of Lord Roscoville set out for its last place of rest, Lord De Moreland and Lady Leyburn left Harwich, without softening into one tender thought for the dying Bouverie, who, though Lady Leyburn, to shield her grandfather's inflexibility from censure, had it inserted in the public prints was out of danger, only lingered on for ten days after the commencement of his father's funeral procession to the family

place of interment in Kent; and where it was poor Bouverie's wish that he might receive the rite of interment too.

Immediately after the decease of the lamented Bouverie this request was transmitted to Lord De Moreland, and from his lordship's secretary an answer came ungraciously acceding to the sad request, and dictating to the heart-rived widow the mode of proceeding in her late husband's interment; ordering the body to be conveyed by water in a fishing-smack from Harwich to the castle of De Moreland.

This order for a hired fishing-boat to convey the remains of the gallant, filially-sacrificed Bouverie was received with universal indignation at Harwich, and the port-admiral instantly ordered a sloop of war for that melancholy service. Affection and respect placed the insignia of mourning on its masts, and its drapery within the cabin. The corse was attended with every funeral honour to the water-side by the military force at Harwich, and there received with equal sacred attention by the naval admirers and mourners of a brother hero, and conveyed with

affecting solemnity to the black penanted sloop, to which the heart-sorrowing widow and terrorized orphan had been privately borne ere the commencement of the mournful procession, for no entreaties could prevail on Ellen to relinquish her determination of attending the remains of her Montagu; and when the sorrowing friends of Bouverie found she had arranged for herself and little suite to follow in a light cutter the sloop that contained the body of her husband, all further remonstrances were discontinued, and every accommodation made in the sloop for her, her child, and servants; and with an auspicious wind they soon reached the shore of Seaview, when, on intimation being conveyed to the steward of De Moreland castle of the arrival of the body, he gave the indignant captain of the sloop information, "That by order of Lord De Moreland the corse must be landed in the night, to avoid attraction, since it was to be interred with all possible privacy."

But that privacy the attachment of O'Rourke destroyed, who was son to a tenant of the Bellenden family, and who,

from the first rumour of Miss Ellen's intended marriage with Captain Bouverie reaching his ear, determined, the moment he was tall enough to be accepted, to enlist in the regiment with this same Captain Bouverie, who could be nothing less than superhuman, Dennis believed, or Miss Ellen would not love him. Accordingly, having arrived at the *heighth* of his ambition, which allowed him to indulge his long-cherished propensity, he enlisted about the period of the young Adelaide's birth; and introducing himself to Bouverie at parade as an humble friend of "sweet Miss Ellen's, and her honoured, scandalized father," Bouverie had him immediately removed to his own troop; and, by the zeal of his interest, fully intended rapid promotion for him, had not the impetuosity of Dennis, eager to enter the field of honour ere Bouverie could accomplish his kind purpose, led him to volunteer to fill up draughts to complete regiments ordered for the continent, where his military career was soon arrested; for at Dunkirk he lost his leg, and obtained, through his calamity, an asylum in the

hospital of Kilmainham, where the kindness of Bouverie and Ellen sought him out; and, during their short stay in Ireland, after his return from his unfortunate expedition, their benevolence presented him with many comforts.

The grief of Dennis on their departure from Ireland was such as sprung from the heart of genuine gratitude; but when he heard that his dear captain was gone to the terrible continent which had proved so fatal to himself, he promptly resolved to go and offer his condoling sympathy to "*darlingt* Miss Ellen, her own *moral* of a child, and the sweet, good-natured, and perfect beauty of a nurse, Norah O'Bearn;" and rapidly obtaining a furlough, and turning all the presents Captain and Mrs. Bouverie had made him for his comfort into cash, he embarked for the port of London; and after a tedious voyage arrived, at length, at Lord Roscoville's house in Bruton-street, just in time to learn from the disconsolate porter the calamity which had befallen that noble family in the death of his lamented lord and younger son, and that orders were

gone to Harwich relative to Captain Bouverie's interment.

Dennis stopped only to glean all the information he could obtain from the courteous and intelligent porter: then, anguished with grief, enquired out his way to the Borough, and mounting the roof of the Seaview coach, only arrived at the gate of De Moreland castle about an hour previous to his encounter with Falkland.

CHAPTER V.

At length the moment arrived in which Falkland had appointed to join the troops under the command of Major Walsingham, who had lately exchanged from General Aspenfield's regiment, and was a particular friend of Falkland's; when summoning Dennis, and led by the muffled drums and dulcet fifes sad sounds, they joined in mournful procession to the water side.

The village clock struck ten, and a signal gun was fired from the sloop to announce to the porter at De Moreland castle to open the portal and each avenue to the chapel, where the body was to lie until the hour appointed by the rector for interment. The gun was answered by a discharge of musquetry: the band and bugles of Major Walsingham's regiment, with the band, drums and fifes of the infantry corps on that station, commenced their mournful melody. These signals, with the phenomenon of a military pro-

cession at night to sacred music, called all the inhabitants of Seaview from their dwellings; and soon the beach was illumined by every light that could be collected, while one solitary candle, in a turret of the castle portal, glimmered its faint record of the indignities prepared by the orders of Lord De Moreland for the remains of his gallant grandson.

The sympathizing crew of the sloop, animated by the signals of awakened enthusiasm from shore, conveyed more circumstantially by fishermen and others who put off in boats to attend the aquatic procession, and promptly the body was lowered into the mournfully arrayed galley prepared for the purpose, into which Ellen, the heart-clad mourner, with her orphan girl, the captain of the sloop, with two brother officers of the deceased, had previously been stationed; while the other officers of the vessel, with sailors in their best rigging, and the two domestics of the widow, followed in other boats to shore, accompanied by the now electrifying sound of minute guns, responded by the doleful ruffle of muffled drums, the soft wale of

the fife, and other plaintive melody from shore.

All that remained of a hero slain was received with affecting solemnity by the host of respecting mourners on the beach, and was slowly borne, as if parting with the worth they carried gave a pang that taught each step to linger, up the winding acclivity toward the castle. Ellen, with her alarmed and weeping child clasped by the hand, followed with unfaltering pace, in close contact with the pall which covered her heart's long cherished idol; and her firmness, in doing so, filled all who beheld her with amazement.

"Was it the composure of apathy, or was it notoriety she sought, for fortitude?" they mentally asked; since firmness, now stretched beyond what nature seemed to sanction, led to suspicion of its genuine stamp: but, arrived at the chapel, and still in close contact with the last home of her husband, she stood on an elevated platform where the body rested; when the various lights beneath her disclosed her face to all from under her mourner's hood, which she had raised a little to pacify the terrified

Adelaide; when the pallid hue of that face, the mental desolation it pourtrayed, banished suspicion, degrading to affection, from every beholder's mind; and tears trickled from many a sympathetic eye when they read in her still heavenly countenance a wreck of happiness so unequivocal, so total.

Doctor Woodehouse, the rector of Seaview, though discouraged from such attention by every line of the letter he received from Lord De Moreland's secretary relative to this interment, yet, through personal respect to the well known virtues of the deceased, received the corpse at the castle gate, and was eagerly entreated by the captain of the sloop, and poor Bouverie's brother officers, to shorten the heart-rending exertions of the sad widow's fortitude by proceeding to instant interment.

"For in all the hours of our voyage," they said, "we missed her not from the coffin's side, except while she gave a kiss and blessing to her child ere the sweet and lovely innocent sunk to rest; and whose incessant heart-melting prattlings relative to her father must have forcibly increased the

miraculous exertions of her mother for firmness, through a task which exalted affection, and almost unexampled conjugal tenderness, had assigned her: for, finding her husband deserted in his last moments by all his relatives, for his union with her, she resolutely determined never to forsake his remains while his body rests on the surface of the earth."

The rector promptly acquiesced, and Ellen was gently informed of it. She shuddered, and tears sought to aid her with their genial relief; but promptly she banished their efforts to comfort her. Conviction had, for many a passing moment, told her she could not sustain her fortitude much longer; and with a swelling sigh of anguish, thrilling through the heart of every sympathizer, Ellen acceded to the corse of her husband being wrested for ever from her sight.

"But his child," she said, "his child is overpowered, and I dare not further wound her. Norah, take your charge now. Oh! now my all! I could have wished—yet how could I have wished her to prove a stoic in such a moment?—" and

with convulsive emotion she gave her child to Norah, to remain in the chapel during the last awful ceremony; and drawing her hood over her face, she took her station as chief mourner.

The church part of the awful ceremony was finely delivered by Doctor Woodehouse; the body was borne by soldiers to the ancient mausoleum of the De Morelands, and placed by the side of him in whose rescue Bouverie had filially met his death wounds. The sequel of the sacred ceremony was impressively performed by the sympathising rector; but, from the formation of this cemetery, the last military honour could not be paid immediately over the grave; but those appointed to fire the sad tribute, drawn up at the exterior of the building, discharged their volley there. Ellen waited for the last shot, remained for the door of the mausoleum to be closed, which excluded her for ever, as she believed, from the remains of Bouverie, when, turning at the voice of the friends who had attended her sad voyage from Harwich, she beheld their countenances bedewed with tears for the brother hero they had lost, and beam-

ing with kindest sympathy for her, when fortitude, having now lost its impellent to exertion, her firmness, that would not feel one softening emotion lest it should unnerve the resolution she had determined should prove unfaltering, now sunk at the melting gaze of sympathetic pity, and Ellen, subdued, fell senseless to the ground.

Sensibly felt was the sensation of commiseration for the situation of this most interestingly lovely, suffering mourner; and each individual present who had a house to receive her in eagerly pressed to have her removed thither, as an asylum of more comfort than the inhospitable castle of De Moreland: but the house of Falkland was accepted for her by the brother officers of her Bouverie as her present sanctuary, on account of its more convenient proximity, and from the profession of its owner proving of benefit to her.

The morrow found the heart-stricken widow of Bouverie too ill to leave her bed, and for three entire weeks the power of quitting it was denied her; during which period she experienced the most unremitting fraternal tenderness and attention

from Falkland, as her host and her physician too, whilst between him and the little Adelaide the most ardent attachment commenced; for his gently sweet benevolence of manners attracted all children to nestle round him, whilst the extreme beauty, docile disposition, and engaging prattle of this child enchained his fancy; whilst the misfortunes of her early life—bereaved of one parent, the other but a transient blessing, bearing swiftly from her on the fleet wings of sorrow stamped decline—touched his heart, and gave interest to every thought of Adelaide.

Nor did the drooping invalid experience any thing approaching to neglect or unkindness from the females of Falkland's family; for Martha possessed a feeling heart, and was well skilled in all the pharmacopœia of kitchen physic, and in every essential for a tender nurse; while Miss Alicia, as it was the fashion to be all anxious sympathy for the lovely young widow, attended to her with infinitely more feeling than Falkland expected her to evince, now she was grown too young to be thoughtful about any thing.

As soon as Ellen was able to leave her bed she hoped she should find strength to undertake a removal; and, shocked at the trouble she was occasioning in the house of a humane and personally a perfect stranger, entreated Falkland to procure a small house or lodging for her as contiguous to his dwelling as possible.

"My dear madam," said Falkland, "we will talk and think of these things when I have trained my mind to sufficient fortitude for submitting to a separation from your fascinating daughter, and then your removal must not be to any other dwelling in Seaview, since I would recommend your removal from the coast entirely. The sea is not the air for you at present."

"Mr. Falkland," Ellen replied, "I will never quit Seaview: the shaft pierced with its mortal wound ere I arrived here; and no clime, no air, can exhale balm for me. While following my late treasure to his grave, my eyes eagerly wandered in search of my own. At the door of the De Moreland cemetery I beheld a little mound;—that, if my boon is granted me, shall be my resting-place. My attraction

to Seaview you now must believe invincible; and well has your skill informed you that nothing on your part, nothing on mine, can now avail to spare me to my child."

The humid eyes of Falkland betrayed to Ellen he cherished no hope for the blessing of maternal protection being long spared to her Adelaide, and from that moment the most unreserved communications were made by Mrs. Bouverie to him relative to those worldly arrangements she wished to make ere her last sand was run.

During the long professional station of General Aspenfield in Ireland, Ellen had become acquainted with the lovely Rosalind, and an uninterrupted intimacy of hourly increasing friendship had subsisted between them until suspicion attainted the loyalty of Bellenden, when the general roughly broke the bands of his daughter's intimacy with the child of a supposed rebel, but could not the affection they still cherished for each other; and Falkland, having been the chosen of Rosalind's heart, assured poor Ellen, independently of every other attestation to his worth, that he me-

rited her unlimited confidence, and that he would prove a tender paternal guardian to her insulated orphan, whom she implored his permission to bequeath to his charge; in supplicating for which she was intuitively urged by a fondly cherished hope that Falkland and Rosalind might be eventually united; and that in the wife of her guardian Adelaide would find, when her years would more require it, maternal protection from her mother's friend: and beside, too, in all her mental researches for a guardian for her child she could find no one in so many points unexceptionable as Falkland, who, although young and unmarried, was a steady pacer in the path of rectitude, was strictly religious, honourable, humane, and gently tempered; was highly informed, and had power, as he would, doubtlessly, have inclination, to attend to the health of her Adelaide, and carry her safely through those ailments incidental to childhood, when bereaved of a mother's tender care.

The delusive malady of Mrs. Bouverie seemed to relax from its severity to enable her to make a complete arrangement of all her child's already undisputed inheritance,

to remove every difficulty in the path of her guardian upon pecuniary subjects, and to trace out the plan she desired to have pursued in the education of Adelaide, whom she wished to be fitted, in all respects, to fulfil the duties of domestic life in a station of mediocrity, which, she doubted not, her lot was cast in; and, to enforce many of the principles of religion and other important precepts, she wrote, with her dying hand, essays on each subject she was anxious to have impressed upon her Adelaide's heart.

Not one arrangement for the future benefit of Adelaide, not one act of mortal duty, while none of religious import were neglected by her, were left unfinished, when the pure spirit of the gentle Ellen took flight, to reap those joys of immortality she had earned. She died in her twenty-first year, a martyr to no common griefs, and was, at her own express desire, when permission was obtained from Lord De Moreland, buried at the door of the mausoleum, where, by the manœuvres of Lady Leyburn, her corse, as she had foreseen, was refused admission.

Falkland waited not for the solemn obsequies to be paid to the remains of the lovely as unfortunate Ellen ere he placed her orphan and her attached nurse-maid in a most airy suite of rooms to a southern aspect, far removed, in his large dwelling, from the chamber of her second dire calamity; and when the interment of Mrs. Bouverie was past, and that the piteous wailing of Adelaide for the absence of her adored mother had in some degree subsided, and that Falkland's feeling mind could abstract itself from the afflicting scene he had witnessed, he planned and had executed with promptitude every thing which anxiety could devise to make the nursery of his infant charge commodious and genial to her health; whilst Miss Alicia beheld all this anxious attention for the formation of a complete nursery with smirking complacency, which none but Mr. Crow, the shopman, understood; for with the keen eye of jealousy he read all that was passing in the mind of this young, growing beauty, whom for the last four years he had been laying close siege to, and, until the last one, with no unfavour-

able symptoms of success; but Falkland had in every way disappointed his ambitious projects, and Falkland was now his detestation.

From the perspicuous arrangements of Mrs. Bouverie Falkland found no impeding obstacle to the prompt attainment of the fortune of his ward, which proved exactly what her mother had represented it —eight thousand pounds sterling, combined from the wreck of Ellen's own inheritance, Lord Roscoville's baptismal gift to the child, with arrears and other effects devolved to her from Captain Bouverie; but his portion as a younger child, which Adelaide had an unquestionable right to, with the bequests in the late Lord Roscoville's will, Ellen entreated Falkland never, by legal application, to claim for Adelaide, lest it should entail upon her that enmity from her father's family which Montagu and herself had suffered by.

When Miss Alicia found how good was the fortune of the little orphan, and great her expectations, she became reconciled to the plague of an interloping child in the house, since she concluded Falkland would

make her pay nobly for the trouble she occasioned; but great was her disappointment to find the scrupulously honourable Falkland had thrown the fortune of his ward into chancery, and had made an arrangement for a very inconsiderable remuneration for the additional expenses she would cause, notwithstanding his having added Dennis to his household at the earnest request of his young fascinater, Adelaide, "not to send poor, pretty, limping Dennis from her."

Falkland had now a being to attend to that excited a constant tender interest, that had power to draw him from his melancholy reveries when the duties of his profession did not occupy his thoughts; and from the moment Adelaide became his ward the task of her education commenced his favourite project. The plans of her exemplary mother, which she had discussed with him, he had carefully committed to paper, that he might co-operate in every wish of hers, as far as circumstances would admit of.

Mrs. Bouverie, from national prejudice had a strong objection to school education

for females. An amiable, well informed English *gentlewoman* as a governess, under the watchful inspecting eye of her guardian, was the instructress poor Ellen wished to fall to the lot of her child, and Falkland determined such a one he would seek for with scrupulous care against the period Adelaide should require one; but her first few years he resolved to take upon himself, to lay the best basis for mental intellect in the firm foundation of health; and in which time he doubted not being able to steal, imperceptibly, into her mind the ground of much useful knowledge, beside implanting there sound principles of religious and moral virtues, such as it would have been her mother's province to inculcate.

Falkland had ever been an early riser, and each morning he added to his pupil's store of religion and book lore her mother had begun by half an hour's instruction in his study, and then took her on a ramble to teach her kindness to her fellow beings, in visits to near and poor patients, where no infectious distemper reigned, ere Miss Alicia, who loved her bed, and was become

a loitering votary at the toilet, was ready to appear at the breakfast-table; and so apt in comprehension, so ready at attainment he found his tender pupil, in every branch he yet attempted to instruct her in, that what he feared would prove a toil impelled by duty soon became a pleasure led on by inclination; and, ere three months had elapsed, the parentally adoring Falkland determined, except in point of personal accomplishments, none but himself should have the gratification of leading the mind of Adelaide to perfection.

CHAPTER VI.

At length, when Adelaide had just entered her fifth year, Falkland was summoned to Winchelsea at the earnest desire of Major Walsingham, who had been dangerously wounded in a duel, and believed no one but Falkland could save his life; and ere his departure to his friend, Falkland consigned his adored charge, in the most impressive manner, to Miss Alicia's care, with strict injunctions not to take her any where in possibility infection of any description could reign.

The moment after Falkland's departure, Miss Alicia, resolved to play the strict governess during his absence, angrily summoned the weeping Adelaide from her exalted station upon the frame work of a garden roller, upon which she had mounted to gaze after the chaise and four which rapidly conveyed her guardian from her, —"to come to her sampler, and make better use of her eyes than whimpering

after Mr. Falkland, who made an idle idiot of her."

Adelaide hated her sampler, and exceedingly disliked Miss Alicia, she yet instantly obeyed her; and was re-entering the house with her, deliberating in her own mind— "should she, or should she not, worry her by affecting stupidity, as she sometimes successfully did, to tease her," when Mrs. and the Miss Birch's, the wife and daughters of the master of a neighbouring great academy, arrived, to the great relief of Adelaide, come to invite Mr. Falkland and Miss Oldworth to see the performance of Cato, the latter end of the week, attempted by Doctor Birch's pupils.

The three young ladies were in absolute despair at finding Mr. Falkland would not be returned by that time, and Miss Patty, who was more deeply in love with the handsome young doctor than either of her sisters, considering it good generalship to pay court to him, in his absence, through his idolized ward, requested that Miss Bouverie should be brought to see the play with so much warmth of importu-

nity, that Miss Alicia at length, elated by Miss Patty's civilities to herself, was led to acquiesce.

The moment Mrs. and the Miss Birch's departed, Miss Alicia, retiring to her apartment to study over her wardrobe, to strike out an elegant dress for the play, lost all recollection of the sampler and the rigid task she had purposed setting Adelaide, who, completely emancipated from all control and observation, since her nurse believed her to be with Miss Oldworth, she quickly tied on her bonnet, and pillaging her little garden of every blooming flower, she placed them in her work-basket, from which she unceremoniously dislodged every silk and wortsed belonging to her hated sampler, and sallied forth to realize a project some weeks formed between her and a little girl in the neighbourhood, daughter to a poor woman whom Falkland was extremely kind to; and, undiscovered by any individual in her guardian's house, Adelaide returned from her excursion, replaced her worsteds, and hastened to her garden, that, while she worked there, she might recover her ex-

cessive agitation, ere she presented herself before her beloved and ever anxiously observant nurse.

In about two hours after the return of the trembling Adelaide from her clandestine expedition, a young gentleman of noble mien, but with the sallow aspect of ill health, rung at the gate, and inquired for Doctor Falkland; when, upon learning he was gone from home, he seemed much chagrined, and upon being requested to leave his name, "that Mr. Falkland might call upon him on his return from Winchelsea," he declined compliance, saying, "that ere many hours elapsed he hoped to be some leagues at sea;" and as it was concluded he was an invalid, who wished to consult Mr. Falkland ere he commenced his voyage, no one bestowed a thought upon him after he quitted the door.

Miss Alicia spent so much time at her toilet the evening of the play, and walked so leisurely across the fields to Dr. Birch's academy, lest she should heat her face and look blowzed, that, by the time she and her young companion arrived, the theatre was nearly thronged to suffocation, and

the performance going almost immediately to begin; intelligence imparted by Miss Patty, who had, in painful anxiety, awaited for all of the Falkland party it was her sad doom to expect, and who now commenced with the dismayed Miss Alicia a rapid march through the stable yard, across which the dramatis personæ were making their way to the theatre, when the gates having been left open, after the admission of the last carriage, a horse belonging to some of the attendants rushed in, alarmed by something, when, in his wild affright, he took a plunging circuit near Miss Patty's party, when Miss Alicia letting go the hand of Adelaide to save herself, and Miss Patty being too far advanced to render her any assistance, the helpless child, in her intuitive start aside to save herself from inevitable death from the frantic steed, must have been precipitated down a steep flight of stone steps into an impetuous stream, only a most beautiful boy of thirteen years old, who was most splendidly attired for Marcia, forgetful of the sex he had assumed for the evening, and led by the impulse of nature, broke from the bearer

of his spangled train, and, with the most heroic intrepidity, darted to the child's aid, snatched her from impending peril, and secured her further safety and his own by running down the steps with her out of the further reach of the formidable animal, who was at length caught and led away; when instantly the humanely heroic boy ranted up the steps, taking three at each stride, bearing the trembling Adelaide in his arms, with his fine train demolished, which, upon perceiving, he put out of the way of impeding his future progress, by coolly popping his head through the largest fracture.

This perilous incident had so retarded Miss Alicia's progress, that every seat in the theatre was occupied ere she reached the door, and all that Miss Patty now could do to pay court to the ward of the fascinating Falkland was to fly behind the scenes, and make interest with the head usher and the great boys to grant permission to her and two friends to sit at the prompter's wing; and accordingly, through her influence, they obtained accommodations there.

Mr. Fagg, the prompter, presented Miss Patty and Miss Oldworth with play-bills, but concluding she could not yet read, omitted one to little Adelaide, who looked up at him so meekly wistful, that her young deliverer, who was standing near her, instantly presented her with one, and with a countenance of smiling animation inquired "if she could read it?"

"Yes, Ma'am," lowly articulated Adelaide, blushing brightly.

"The boy burst into a laugh of delighted *naiveté*, as he repeated "Ma'am!! There, Mr. Fagg, do you tremble for my deportment any longer?"

"Indeed I do, though," returned Mr. Fagg; "for you will no more conduct yourself like a female through this long play than you can keep from frolics for a day."

"Nay, nay, Sir, but Miss Patty can tell you I never pranced or capered one bit while she was so good to complete my *tout ensemble* for me; except, indeed, while she tickled my throat, trammeling it with this necklace."

Miss Alicia was now all impatience to

learn who this beautiful, lively boy could be; but the curtain arose at this moment for the prologue, and silence was imposed on all.

The loud applause of courtesy and kindness to juvenile exertion, by violent clapping of hands, terrified the young Adelaide, who had never heard any thing of the kind before, and who now, from her situation, not seeing from what cause this clamour proceeded, her terror augmented, and she unceremoniously clung to Miss Marcia, as she called her; who, having rescued her from one danger, she doubted not would protect her from another.

Adelaide was not deceived in her expectation: this new friend felt nothing like objection to taking care of her, and, in the spirit of kindness, which was a leading feature in his young mind, he promptly strode away with her to look for toys to amuse her during the play, which he concluded was of too sombre a cast to entertain such a baby; and soon he was compelled to return, at the summons of the prompter, to make his *entrée*, having had time only to

find a humming top and a trap ball for Adelaide's recreation.

The extreme beauty of this boy's countenance, and the graceful movements of his person, arrested instant admiration; but promptly the females of Dr. Birch's family had the mortification of observing the fine crape train they expected to prove such an embellishment to the play, and in which he had looked so majestic, now twisted into a hard knot, dangling at his heels; the method he, with his friend Syphax, had taken to remedy the fractures it had sustained.

And now between the pauses of each change of scene Miss Alicia gleaned from Miss Patty Birch "that this fascinating boy, named Bouverie, was a ward of Lord De Moreland's; and although a very distant relative (springing from a collateral branch of the family) was, in failure of male issue, next heir to the titles, after Lord Roscoville.

"That Lord Leyburn and Bouverie had been sent together to Westminster school, but, from the misconduct of the former, it

had been in contemplation to expel him, when Lord de Moreland instantly withdrew him from this meditated disgrace, and, with him, Bouverie, who had been going on with great eclat in his learning, and had sent them both, lately, to her father, who was not much rejoiced at the trust reposed in him, since Lord Leyburn, he feared, was bad in stamina, with his evil propensities nurtured by the indulgence of his mother, who never herself contradicted him, or suffered others to do so; as, by the magic of indulgence, she hoped to twine so firmly round his affection as to make him increase her jointure and the portions of his sisters when he came of age.

"Whilst as to Bouverie," continued Miss Patty, "my father could do every thing with him to train him up in cultivation of superior talent, and as a worthy member of moral and religious society, could he separate him from Lord Leyburn; but that must not be, since it is decreed by the higher powers that they are to tread the same path of instruction and pursuits; and thus, my father says, 'the most promising

plant of various excellence he ever had to rear will be blasted by the noxious influence of pernicious example:' for the ingenuous, unsuspicious, volatile Bouverie is the being, of all others, to be led into the plans of those he associates with; for Bouverie is ever the spontaneous performer, who reflects not ere he acts.—Amenable to the guidance of impulse, the first attraction is what he bends to. On receipt of his pocket allowance, when he sallies forth, if an object of charity first strikes his eye, his hand becomes empty in its relief; or if a scheme of pleasure has claim in its precedence, he promptly follows it, and spends his all in its pursuit; while by all his companions he is loved and feared:—loved for his uncommon sweetness of temper, and goodness of heart; and feared for his prowess, which he only exerts for the defence of others, since he is the established champion of the weak against the strong: yet these very urchins, whom he will challenge whole hosts of greater boys than himself in defence of, he will soundly thrash if he detects them in plundering a nest, or in any instance evincing

cruelty to those animals that can make neither resistance or complaint."

The play went on famously, and the boys performed to admiration; although the hoyden lash which Bouverie ever and anon gave the annoying knot dangling at his heels, to hurl it from impeding his movement, excited a universal smile, difficult to be suppressed; but at length poor Marcia, weary of this innovation of gravity, gave an unlucky, conspicuous arch wink at Juba, when, in the fourth act, they were avowing their mutual love, which had such an effect upon the risibility of the Numidian prince, that, to save himself from a *mal-apropos* laugh, he gulped it down, by converting it into an audible sigh, as being more lover like; which Bouverie re-echoed by a deep groan, so ludicrous that the audience could not resist its influence; and not until the highly disconcerted Doctor Birch had ordered the drop to fall, and had gone round to lecture these comic performers into tragic gravity, did the universal risibility subside.

At length the performance terminated, and, according to theatrical record, amid

thunders of applause; when Miss Patty, never slumbering in her attention to the Falkland party, taking his Adelaide by the hand, conducted Miss Oldworth to the rooms laid out with refreshments, where poor Miss Alicia had the excruciating mortification of finding that the greater part of the nobility had departed from the theatre; and that only a comparative few were left to admire her dress, which, in her zeal to render worthy their applause, she had lost an earlier opportunity of displaying to them.

There was many a fair lady present beside Miss Patty Birch who sighed in secret for the fascinating Falkland, and who had, like her, hoped to win his love by aiming at it through attention to his ward, but who, like her, had been hitherto foiled in the attempt, since Falkland determined not to dissipate her infant mind by early visiting; therefore all invitations for her to the hospitable houses he was lured to were negatived by him; and by this numerous train of Adelaide's woers, for the heart of her guardian, Miss Patty was despoiled of the speculating advantage of

exclusively fondling this attractive child; and so universal was the ambition to caress this little arbitress of each sighing fair one's fate, that she was soon borne off from Miss Alicia's view, whose memory promptly realized the old adage of "out of sight, out of mind;" for she was so charmed with the gay company surrounding her, she determined to stay supper, not once bestowing a thought upon the poor babe she had in care; who, however, ere the banquet commenced, had been carried off by Dennis, sent express for her by Falkland, who was just returned from Winchelsea, and one day earlier than he had been expected.

At length Miss Alicia was compelled to the hard necessity of bidding the attentive Miss Patty adieu, since she found every guest had departed, save herself; and her remembrance of Adelaide now awakened, she learned, "the wooden-legged servant had carried her home long since;" when, boiling with indignant rage at Norah and Dennis—since Falkland's name had not been mentioned to her—for presuming to interfere where she was in

question, she winged her way home; and the moment the luckless Dennis opened the door of her home for her she poured forth her ire in the most violent terms for his presumption, and further insolence, in not waiting to learn her commands.

"Oh! faith, Miss, you have no call to be mad with me," Dennis quietly replied; "for sure 'twas his honour who ordered myself to be bringing her away forthwith, feared she would be *kilt* by the pestilence; and sure, Miss, yourself would never be expecting me to be waiting for any humbugging command, *whin* 'twas the *darlingt*'s life was at stake."

Miss Alicia now was terror-struck at the information thus implied of Falkland's being returned, and possibly within hearing of her vixenly attack of Dennis; and too soon her dismaying fear was realized: Falkland opening his study door, with a bed-candle in his hand, came forth, and with an aspect of unequivocal resentment he ironically "thanked her for her strict adherence to her promise of complying with the request he had so seriously made her relative to the care of his tender ward;

since a pestilentially heated theatre, midnight revels, and walking through the humid air of a foggy night, must be exactly what he could have wished for her:" and, with a stately bow, he passed on, to retire for the night.

"Mighty pretty treatment, truly!" exclaimed Miss Alicia, flouncing into one of the hall chairs, and going off into an hysteric of passion, "at being reprimanded for her kindness to the odious brat; and at having no alarms awakened for her, who had walked through the humid air of a foggy night, as well as Miss Adelaide, who, if the truth was known, was carried every step, she doubted not."

"That's what she was, the *darlingt*," exclaimed Dennis, now offering a glass of water, "wrapped up in his honour's roquelaure, as snug as a gosling under a goose's wing; for myself took care the big cloak the master so anxiously sent for her should be doing its duty, whilst my arms was its girth."

Instantly Miss Alicia knocked the offered glass of water out of Dennis's hand, and perceptibly increased the vehemence

of her fit; when Dennis, summoning Martha and Mr. Crow to her aid, judiciously left her to their superior management; when a potent infusion of flattery, and a cordial specific against cold, were administered by the latter, with such good effect, that she soon was able to retire to dream of Falkland's disrespect and superior interest for his odious ward.

On the subsequent morning Falkland had the consolation of finding his beloved *elève* had sustained no injury through her revel, except by a diminution of the roses on her cheeks; and from herself he learned every particular of her evening's amusement, and of her escape from the peril the frightened horse had menaced her with; and in her artless account of Bouverie's rescue of and kindness to her she energetically deplored "this sweet pretty Miss Marcia's" mamma allowing her to be so very a hoyden, that almost all the company called her *Master* or *Mr.*"

"Why, do you know, papa Falkland," she continued, "when she came out of the place like a peep-show, where they all said their lessons by heart before a grave

old man named Cato, and before a great deal of company too, who clapped their hands, oh! so often, for joy, because their boys and girls said their tasks so well; for the papas and mammas thought they never missed one word; while all the time there sat quite snug a good-natured man, with a book in his hand, putting them in every time they forgot.—Well, papa, and so, when pretty Miss Marcia came into the ugly lumber-place where we sat, I was quite sorry to see her stride over forms and boards and every thing that came in her way, minding no more —let me whisper it quite close in your ear, papa—she minded no more showing her legs than Miss Alicia does when she has grand silk stockings on."

Falkland's displeasure was more forcibly awakened than it had before been against Miss Oldworth for taking Adelaide to this play, when he learned the peril she had encountered; although the little girl, from the intuitive kindness of an affectionate heart, wishing to spare those she loved pain upon her account, made as light of the danger she had escaped as her gra-

titude to her preserver would permit her to do.

Miss Alicia was too indignant against Falkland for his displeasure and inattention to her to quit her room this morning, where the obsequious Mr. Crow paid her as early a visit as she would admit of; when, after his professional questions were asked and replied to, the designing coxcomb purposely leading the conversation to Falkland's extraordinary fondness for his ward, which led him to be unkind and ungrateful to others, he struck the chord of Miss Alicia's jealous alarms; and eager he now found her to take in every word he chose to utter to increase that baleful passion.

"But I have anatomized," he said, "the source of this fondness: it was inoculated from his passion for her mother. Ay, Miss Oldworth, can any one have beheld Mr. Falkland and not discovered him to be a man diseased with love? Lo! Mrs. Bouverie appears, and his tender attentions to her could be the operation of no common cause: he had been in Ireland, Madam, where he saw and caught his malady; and

as the lady proved, by breaking her heart for him, her love for her husband was sincere, Falkland's was a hopeless case.—A female orphan, resembling this lady, is left to his care, and he becomes infatuated by the child. My dearest Madam, who shall pretend to say there is not a strong infusion of coming love in the case, from which we may prognosticate a future crisis in an union with this infectious bequest?"

Here a summon to the shop called Mr. Crow from the apartment of Miss Alicia, with whom he thus contrived to leave proof as strong as holy writ that Mrs. Bouverie had been the beloved of Falkland; and that in Adelaide was invested the reversion of his passion for her mother.

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASWATI MAHAL. *

CHAPTER VII.

The following morning found not Miss Oldworth's temper sufficiently harmonized to lead her from her chamber, although Falkland had, through gratitude to her uncle's memory, inquired more than once after her health, and had sent to offer his professional services, which were haughtily rejected.

Falkland, in no disposition to break his heart for Miss Alicia's unjust resentment, was loitering a few minutes after his breakfast in the parlour, amusing himself as a pleased spectator of the ludicrous gambols Adelaide and her kitten were sportively playing together, whilst Miss Alicia's parrot was chattering unintelligibly in a discordant tone, as if vehemently chiding them for their frolics; and Falkland's dog, sitting by his master's side, wagging his tail as he looked on Adelaide, yet ever and anon turning his eye up to Poll

with an accompanying growl or bark, as if in his turn to chide her into quietness.

This singularly assorted party were thus employed when Doctor Birch was announced, and entered, accompanied by a most elegant looking and strikingly beautiful boy, whom the doctor hastened to present to Falkland.

"This, Mr. Falkland," he said, "is my pupil, who was unfortunately from home when you did him the honour of a call yesterday. This, Sir, is Mr. Montagu Bouverie, the Marcia of our late theatricals."

Falkland was gracefully taking the hand of the gallant boy, to breathe forth his ardent gratitude for the rescue of his ward from inevitable destruction, when his attention was suddenly and painfully arrested by Adelaide flying to him, grasping his arm, and carefully hiding her face on his sleeve, vainly endeavouring to conceal an impetuous flow of tears.

Falkland concluding she had sustained some injury from the animal she had been playing with, snatched her up in his arms in wild dismay to examine, exclaiming—

"Oh! where, where are you hurt, my child?"

Adelaide succeeding in hiding her face on his bosom, as her sobs became convulsive, Falkland gently contrived to obtain a full view of her agitated countenance, where no mark of injury appeared, nothing visible but excessive grief.

"Pray, pray let me go to nurse," she sobbingly and lowly articulated.

"What, what can that cat have done to her?" exclaimed Falkland. "I perceive no injury; can you, Doctor Birch?"

"Oh! Sir," sobbed Adelaide, covering now her blushing face with both her beautifully formed hands, "poor pussy did not hurt me; but I could not stop my tears; indeed, indeed I could not; for come they would in spite of me to see a Montagu Bouverie who was not my papa—my own, own, *own* papa."

"Poor babe!" said Falkland, tenderly pressing her to his fostering bosom; "this thrilling susceptibility portends for you many an hour of misery through this life of varied woes."

"I could not have credited," said Doc-

tor Birch, "such an instance of sensibility in a child so young, had I not witnessed it."

"Nor could I believe," returned Falkland, "that such a babe could cherish so fond, so unfading a remembrance of her parents, did not instances innumerable arise to convince me of it. But Adelaide, my beloved child, must no longer weep at seeing this young gentleman, since he it was who rescued you from that frightened horse at Dr. Birch's."

"Oh! no, Sir; it was Miss Marcia who saved me:—but if she was your sister, I will be very glad indeed to see you when I can forget the pain your name gave me," said Adelaide, looking meekly, with her still flowing eyes, at Bouverie, who was almost ready to weep too at having, though innocently, caused her so much distress.

Falkland now hastened to explain to his ward why her preserver had appeared in female attire: and in listening to this explanation her attention was insensibly led from her recent cause of sorrow; and her grief, like that of the morn of life, was rapidly succeeded by smiles, encouraged to

a stationary post by the playfulness of Bouverie, whom she at length thought "was almost as *funny* as her kitten."

In about three weeks after Montagu Bouverie's rescue of Adelaide, a number of countrymen bearing and attending the apparently lifeless body of a boy, which they had just drawn out of a neighbouring mill-race, were overtaken by Falkland as he was returning from visiting a round of patients, and whom he instantly learned were hastening to his house to obtain every possible assistance; when, waiting to hear nothing further, he galloped home to facilitate preparations to yield efficient relief; and the moment the immersed boy arrived, the operations for restoring suspended respiration were commenced, and with such rapid success that the speaking faculties of all, which anxiety had enchained, seemed restored with the boy's perception; when all, eager to tell each particular relative to the accident, Falkland soon learned his patient was a truant pupil of Doctor Birch's, who had, with some of his companions, strayed out of bounds in a nutting party, and not

aware the wood they wandered into ran along the bank of a mill-stream, they climbed the trees which overhung it, when a scuffle ensuing about a bunch of nuts between two boys, the elder knocked the younger out of the tree, who instantly fell into the water beneath. His shrieks reaching the countrymen, who were working in a neighbouring hop-ground, they ran to the spot the cries attracted them to; when another boy, apparently younger and slighter than the one in peril, had plunged into the water to his rescue, and, with presence of mind which astonished them all as they ran down a hill which commanded a full view of the scene, dived after the sinking boy, arose with him in his grasp, and while with his feet he buoyed himself and burden up, he grasped a branch of a tree, which hanging out of the immediate course of the rapid current, he was enabled by great exertion to keep his station until the men succeeded in rescuing him from his perilous situation.

"There, there be the brave lad, peeping at your work, Doctor!" exclaimed one of

the countrymen.—"Moy *oye!* as dripping wet as if the *soy* had drowned him."

Falkland glanced his eager eye amid the crowd in search of the hero, and beheld him endeavouring to effect his retreat.

"Mr. Bouverie!" exclaimed Falkland, hastening towards him with extended hand, "in you I am ever decreed to find the preserver of a fellow being. Pardon me, if I say you must not go. I am an arbitrary man in these premises; and I now lay violent hands on you to disrobe you of your wet garments, and confine you to a comfortable bed for a few hours. The gallant preserver of my young ward must not suffer from another exertion of his humanity."

Bouverie assured Mr. Falkland "he never got cold; and that wet garments perfectly agreed with his constitution, from use." But soon he proved Falkland to be indeed an arbitrary being; yet with so gentle a grace, he charmed away resistance. The two immersed boys were put into comfortable beds, and persuaded by Falkland to take the renovating cordials

he deemed necessary for them ere he mounted a fleet steed, and galloped off to inform Dr. Birch of what had occurred.

Although the peril was past, yet Doctor Birch was shocked and distressed beyond measure at such imminent danger having menaced two of his pupils: but ere he sallied forth to see the preserver and the preserved, he went into the school-room, to ascertain if all the rest were safely returned; and to discover, if possible, who had been on the nutting party, and who had thrown Mellifont into the stream: but to these latter interrogatories he obtained no answer; none would betray himself—none betray his fellow.

"It is well, gentlemen," said the Doctor: "from Mellifont himself I shall now seek information, and then woe be unto the guilty'"

Long ere Doctor Birch arrived at the house of Falkland, Bouverie had become completely weary of lying in bed after his vital warmth had been restored; but his clothes had all been taken away to be dried, and there was nothing left him but a shirt of Falkland's, which he had gone to

bed in; yet with eager scrutiny he glanced his eyes around the room, in the hope of some of his clothes having been forgotten, and beheld a pile of female apparel laid on a chair; when, instantly springing out of bed, he flew to this prize, resolving to amuse himself by the frolic of appearing in female attire; and being, from his school theatricals, rather conversant with their various forms and uses, promptly equipped himself in the neat style of a primitive English female servant, for they were Martha's clothes laid there for her evening toilette; since to keep the spare beds aired, she occupied each a few nights in their turn, and this was her present apartment.

When at length ready to sally forth, Bouverie felt a little at a loss which to commence his quest of adventures, above stairs or below; and as he hesitatingly proceeded along a gloomy gallery, which led to rooms on either side, a door suddenly opened, and Miss Oldworth appeared with a letter in her hand.

"Martha," she lowly, yet hastily said, "give this instantly to Mr. Crow to put

in the post-office for me; and tell him, as he values my friendship, not to let any individual in this house see the direction on it:" and in evident agitation she closed the door, not waiting for a reply, or looking on the supposed Martha's face; the well known sound of whose shoes along the gallery had drawn the vengeful Alicia to the door, in full security that the being she was about to summon was anticipatingly at hand.

Bouverie now proceeded, concluding, from the charge of secrecy he had received with it, that he had obtained a love epistle of this antiquated damsel's to deliver, and eagerly turning his eyes upon the interdicted superscription, to his amazement he beheld it directed to

"The Right Hon. Countess of Leyburn,
Roscoville-Abbey, Berks."

"Well," thought Bouverie, "this singular correspondence can have nothing to say to me or my exploits, so I shall have no reluctance in executing my commission:"—and knowing his way to the shop, having come from thence to his bed-room, he proceeded thither, without encountering

any individual; and as he looked around for Mr. Crow, he perceived some letters lying on a desk, all sealed, as if ready for the post; and not doubting of their being so, he placed Mrs. Alice's packet in the midst of them, and was just making it a question whether he should sally forth into the street in quest of more sportive adventures, when, to his own dismay, he beheld Doctor Birch and Falkland at the glass door which opened from the street.

Rapid was now the flight of Bouverie to regain his chamber, where he hoped to dash off Martha's head-dress, get on his night-cap, and dive into bed, ere the doctors should present themselves at his bedside; and as he was mounting the steps of the stairs by half dozens, and had discomposed Martha's cap to a station upon his nose, in preparation for its removal, he encountered Crow descending, who said, in a tone of hurry and confusion—

" I have only been up, Martha, to convey a kind note of condolence from one of his school fellows to Master Mellifont;"—and too much embarrassed at having encountered any one in his embassy to no-

tice the active movements of the supposed Martha, he rushed down stairs as Bouverie rushed up, who bounded along the passage with his cap over his eyes, from which he could not extricate himself, the ribbon having entangled around his neck; when, mistaking the door he wished to enter, he bounced into the room occupied by Mellifont, who having his curtains drawn round his bed, and conceiving the intruder to be Mr. Crow returned to say something more to him, hastily exclaimed—

"Oh, Sir! I have dropped the note you brought me! It slipped off the bed, and I cannot succeed in recovering it, my head grows so giddy when I raise it off the pillow; and should it fall into Mr. Falkland's hands, I should be undone."

Bouverie had by this time worked the cap a little off his eyes, and being as good-natured as he was brave and volatile, hurried, without speaking, to look for the paper to restore it, since it was so important to Mellifont, although they were mortal foes in the school, at open and perpetual warfare; but quickly he could not find it, since it required shaking the hangings with

some violence ere it would drop from its hiding-place; and this generous enemy was only in the act of picking it up when the doctors entered.

Bouverie, now heartily ashamed of his puerile prank, shrunk from the idea of walking out of the room composedly to pass undiscovered as the genuine Martha; his alternative was, therefore, to remain perdue at the far side of the bed, where he had gone to in search of the note.

"This is no time to lecture you, Mellifont," said Doctor Birch, kindly taking his hand. "I am come to congratulate you upon your escape from as near an approach to death as mortal could have been rescued from; so do not tremble thus, my poor boy, but come, cheer up, and tell me exactly how this accident happened."

Mellifont now commenced a faltering, unconnected account, in which he prevaricated so much, the good Doctor laid his hand upon his mouth.

"Hush! Mellifont," said Doctor Birch, "this will not do; and grieved I am to find, in the moment so awful a scene has passed, in which the goodness of a merci-

ful Providence has been made manifest to you, that you could so promptly fall back into sin—the sin of prevarication; an evil propensity in you which now, I much fear, is indeed incurable. I must proceed by catechism. Who was it threw you into the water, Sir?"

"Why! was any one so wicked, Sir?—My fall was so sudden, I did not remark it was occasioned by any thing but accident."

"By the affected, silvery tone of your voice I am instructed, from experience, to know you are not adhering to truth, Mellifont. Some one of your companions, in the moment after you were taken out of the water, informed the countrymen who aided in your deliverance you had been fighting in a tree, and your antagonist had hurled you into the stream."

"It was Bouverie I suppose, Sir, as he is always wrangling with me; but, but indeed my recollection is not yet clear enough to state any thing positively; though I am pretty sure was I to make oath to its being Bouverie I should not be perjured."

"Villanous traducer!" exclaimed Bouverie, dashing open the curtain which had

concealed him from observation, "dare you to my face affirm that I threw you into the stream?—No, you dare not; even hardened in duplicity as you are. You know, and so do I, full well who you fought with, whilst I, the moment of your scuffle, was many boughs above you, pelting you with nuts you feared to climb so high for, and singing out to you as you boxed, 'Britons, strike home!' Look, base as cowardly defamer! at this note you bid me seek for you: knowing the hand, and suspecting its import, I read it; with its contents I could crush you into the reptile that you are—could draw contempt on him who offered you in it twenty guineas to bring him off; but I will never do that which my heart would condemn me for. This paper you implored me to secure for you, and therefore it shall not rise in conviction against you, mercenary as you are:"—and Bouverie, tearing it into atoms, threw it out of the window, then returned to the bedside, and continued—

"When you are able to defend yourself, Sir, I shall make you acknowledge before the whole school that I was not the vin-

dictive wretch who aimed at your destruction; when, perhaps, you may learn I deserved not such a calumny as this from you."

"He shall hear it now," exclaimed Doctor Birch, impetuously; "he shall hear that you were seen by many witnesses to plunge into the stream to rescue him—that you saved his life at the hazard of your own,—and thus he rewards his preserver."

"My dear Doctor," said Bouverie, "I wish you had spared him that reflection yet:—but may I not ask you to forgive my intemperance? since that, I think, has some pretence to claim your mercy, while pardon for my truancy in straying out of bounds I dare not sue for, since there I feel myself culpable. Doctor Falkland's forgiveness too I have to seek, and to explain how, restless spirit that I am! I came to appear in his maid Martha's attire before him."

"Sorry am I to say, my young hero," replied Falkland, kindly taking his hand, "that I cannot forgive you. After all you sustained, and after the medicine you have taken, you have acted most imprudently;

and I cannot give up the further infliction of punishment by sentencing you, for a few hours, to the confinement of a bed."

"My noble, but too spirited boy," said Doctor Birch, "although you would not obey my commands by remaining within bounds, perhaps you will comply with my earnest request, my earnest wishes, and yield obedience to Doctor Falkland."

Bouverie bowed acquiescence, and instantly quitted the room, followed by Doctor Birch, who was anxious to hurry him into bed to counteract the hazard he had run; while Falkland remained with Mellifont, on whom he saw the noble conduct of Bouverie, with his obligation to him for life, had made a forcible impression, which Falkland taking judicious advantage of, added every influence to that impression; and at length, by the resistless magic of, his winning eloquence, lured the boy, in full contrition for his guilt and unconscious ingratitude, into a painful confession—

"That the torn note had been from Lord Leyburn, (the boy who, in vindictive passion, had caused his accident,) offering him a bribe of twenty guineas to conceal,

effectually, his having been the aggressor: that having a most cruel and tyrannic father, so penurious that he allowed him scarcely a shilling pocket money, he had unavoidably got deeply into debt, owing nearly five pounds, which he had no means to pay, not daring to apply to his father; and who would only ill use his beloved mother if he knew the circumstance: that all this was known to Lord Leyburn, which led him to offer that tempting bribe, which, circumstanced as he was, he possessed not firmness to withstand."

Falkland's comments on this confession were not the harsh ones likely "to break the bruised reed," since horror at the father led him to feel the crime of the son almost extenuated; and in commiseration for the unfortunate boy he spoke soft soothings to his troubled spirit, but yet such soothings as were calculated to bind him in the path of penitence—penitence which he at length acknowledged to Falkland he had to feel for a long catalogue of offences against the laws of honour and of truth.

"Since," he confessed, "the parsimony

of his father had been so invincible, so extreme, it had forced him, against the natural feelings of his mind, to many acts of meanness, then, to those of duplicity; until at length he found himself degraded, through his necessities, into the mercenary witness of the school, whose false testimony could be bought in any cause; for which he had become the open scorn and detestation of Bouverie."

When all these most painfully degrading confessions were made, Falkland prevailed on the agitated boy to allow him to reveal all to Doctor Birch, as some extenuation of his offences.

"And tell Bouverie too, Sir," said the sobbing boy, "and then I am sure the noble fellow will forgive me."

Falkland lost not a moment in conveying the confessions and contrition of Mellifont to Doctor Birch, who had, at the very moment of the entrance of this kind missionary for peace, announced his determination upon Mellifont's immediate expulsion from his school; and the instant Falkland made his communications, Bouverie, with all the energy of his ardent

nature, implored that Mellifont might not be expelled.

"For, driven upon the mercy of such a parent, what, dear Sir, might be his fate? Oh! you, who are a tender father, take pity on him, and by your goodness make the path of penitence alluring, until it becomes his unfaltering one of choice. His present debt allow me to pay, Sir, and you will save me from some extravagant folly; but let him not know it, neither allow the school to hear it, since Mellifont it would pain, and others might conceive it was a bribe for silencing his present accusation."

"Mr. Falkland," said Doctor Birch, "have I not told you this was a plant of great promise? Forbid it, Heaven, its ever finding blight from noxious influence!"

"But, dear Sir," exclaimed the blushing Bouverie, "do not let a promising plant, reclaimed from a pernicious soil, perish for want of aid."

"I do not mean it, my kind fellow," replied the worthy Doctor.—"We know what paternal severity has driven him to, and we will now try the power of kindness; but as

to the debt, my generous boy, I cannot leave you to pay all that, and therefore—

"This matter, my dear friends, you need not sacrifice your time in discussing," said Falkland; "since the unfortunate youth had found a banker ere I came to convey his confessions to you."

"Mr. Falkland!—Sir!" said Bouverie, raising his brilliantly animated eyes in admiring gaze upon him.—"I'll take physic for you every hour if you desire me, and keep my bed this month without murmuring."

"Very well," said Falkland, smiling; "I'll be sure to dose you with all I think necessary while you are bed-ridden at my command. But come, good Doctor, the apothecary presumes to remind you of a patient who requires the cordial comfort of your forgiveness."

Doctor Birch now hastened with his forgiveness to the penitent boy, whom he promised to try another year; and if, in that time, his conduct evinced his contrition was sincere, to prove a fostering father to him; and during that year of probation the snare of temptation should not be

spread by necessity for his honour, since he would make him the same allowance he gave to his own sons.

Poor Mellifont was so sensibly affected by his worthy preceptor's kind, parental conduct to him, that Falkland almost trembled for the boy's reason; and the day came not to its close ere Bouverie sat by his pillow to give him his full pardon—to encourage him in the path of rectitude—to promise him his present friendship and future favour, if he continued to deserve them.

CHAPTER VIII.

As Falkland arranged with Doctor Birch not to send the boys home until every apprehended effect from their immersion and agitation had subsided, Bouverie, whom he allowed to arise and dine, made one at Falkland's hospitable board this day; and who had many suspicions awakened in his mind by the evident dismay Miss Alicia evinced on learning he had been personating the primitive Martha that morning.

"Do not look so terrorized, dear Madam," he exclaimed, "for, on honour, I executed your commission faithfully; and Mr. Crow, I doubt not, can assure you your letter is absolutely on its way."

"I put a letter of yours, Madam, into the post with my own hands to Lady Leyburn," said Mr. Crow.

"Lady Leyburn!" exclaimed Falkland, in alarmed amazement: "Miss Oldworth Lady Leyburn's correspondent! Why I knew not you were even acquainted."

"Why, as to that, a—a—" returned Miss Alicia, in evident embarrassment, "our—our acquaintance commenced very lately, while a—a—you were gone to attend Major Walsingham. Her ladyship was then at the castle for a few days; and—and a—called on me to—to—to enquire the character of a servant who once lived with my dear uncle; when I, being but a babe at the time, could remember nothing of him; but I promised to inquire, but could obtain no intelligence until to-day."

"Very extraordinary you never mentioned this visit of her ladyship's, Miss Oldworth," said Falkland, with a penetrating look of incredulity.

Silence now prevailed (as the thoughts of all had found active employment,) until the entrance of Adelaide after dinner, according to established custom, when no particular company dined with her guardian.

Adelaide always exerted her abilities, whenever thus admitted, to evince her gratitude by showing off all her *agremens*, dancing, or singing, or holding forth in artlessly fascinating relation of all she had

heard and seen that day; yet through all this active part to please, in recompense for being admitted, the natural feminine timidity of her nature never sunk from view, and the brightened tint of vermilion mantled her cheeks as she commenced each new requested exploit; and if she caught an eye in earnest gaze upon her, or if a word of praise or admiration sounded in her hearing relative to her, her spontaneous blush was accompanied by a rising tear, ready to betray that bashfulness was pained.

"How fascinating your lovely little ward looks, Sir, when she blushes!" said Bouverie, gazingi n delight upon her as, at the desire of her guardian, she capered in a corner for their amusement. "How graceful the animated little creature is in all her movements, and how beautifully formed she is! There! she blushes still more brightly!—Oh! how I do love to see the dear innocent blush!"

"That is a gratification you will often receive, my young friend, if your praises are so unqualified," said Falkland, expanding his arms to admit the bashful Adelaide, whose dancing had been promptly termi-

nated by Bouverie's remarks; and who, finding a hiding-place on her guardian's bosom for her blushing face, softly whispered—

"May I go to nurse, papa?"

Falkland perceiving Bouverie was pained at having distressed her would not accede to her request, hoping soon to allure her from her confusion, and him from his embarrassment, by talking on other themes; when gently reminding Adelaide she had not yet had any fruit, Miss Alicia, with her jealous fires kindled to a blaze by the significant glance of Mr. Crow as he retired from table, in a burst of asperity exclaimed—

"Pardon me, Mr. Falkland, if I do say you are enough to ruin a hundred children: to pet, and indulge, and pamper, where severe reproof ought to be given for pride and ill temper. Any one but you must see what you call timidity and sensibility in Miss Adelaide is nothing but humour, arrogance, and petulance, that cannot brook a remark, or to be looked at."

"Is it of my ward you are speaking, Miss Oldworth?" demanded Falkland, in amazement.

"Yes, Sir; I named Miss Adelaide."

"Well, Madam, as you never can convert me to your belief," replied Falkland, impressively, "I shall thank you not to make the attempt; since I should be sensibly grieved to break the bonds of perfect amity with the niece of Mr. Oldworth."

Miss Alicia, highly enraged, arose indignantly, and left the room in majestic *hauteur;* when Falkland promptly commenced a conversation upon the peculiar forlornness of his young ward, thrown off by every relative; and with impressive eloquence censured the inhumanity of those who could neglect or could treat her with unkindness: and upon these subjects Falkland expatiated earnestly, for some moments, since he wished to impress them upon the mind of Bouverie, who being much at Lord De Moreland's, he thought it no unsound policy to make a friend of for poor Adelaide.

From the theme now given to their conversation, it naturally reverted to Miss Oldworth's correspondence with Lady Leyburn. Falkland, for her uncle's sake, forbore to betray his suspicions of Miss Alicia's rectitude

in the business, but he painfully cherished them; and from Bouverie he now learned "that Lady Leyburn and Lord Roscoville had been at De Moreland Castle for two days, at the period Miss Oldworth stated, and where they separated, her ladyship to return to Roscoville Abbey, and his lordship to proceed to the continent, where he was supposed to have some attraction."

"Lord Roscoville at the castle!" exclaimed Falkland, in dismay, "and not visit the orphan of his amiable brother!—In my neighbourhood, and not even send for me to answer, in any part, those letters I have addressed to his lordship and his father in behalf of my ward!—But, surely, it was—yes, it was at that very time a stranger of striking appearance called and refused to leave his address, as I was, unfortunately, not at Seaview. Surely this must have been the uncle of my Adelaide."

"I doubt not that it was," said Bouverie; "since it would have been strange had he made no effort to see her, since it was to visit his father's and his brother's tomb that he came hither: and Leyburn told me he

was dreadfully affected by his melancholy visit to the remains of those dear relatives."

Adelaide again entreated leave to go to Norah and Falkland, knowing how sensibly the mention of her parents ever affected her, instantly permitted her to go; and his conversation relative to the De Moreland family terminated for the present with Bouverie's information—"that Lady Leyburn had accompanied her brother into Kent to prevent his introduction to his niece; and, like a wary sentinel, she had not left her post until after the departure of Lord Roscoville from Seaview."

Two whole days succeeded ere Falkland would permit Bouverie to return to school; and during this period every predilection of Falkland's in favour of that engaging youth hourly augmented; whilst Adelaide and he became strong allies, playing their pranks, taking walks, and gardening together; and when Bouverie departed from the house of her guardian, in his breast was fixed a firm resolution to love Adelaide, all his days, as a tender

elder brother—to be watchful of her interest—and to fix a wary eye upon all whom he believed wished to injure her.

Four years now rolled on without any incident occurring worthy a place in our present records, Falkland hearing nothing from any of the family of his beloved ward; and as it had been the hapless Ellen's desire, that no hostile measures should be resorted to for the possession of her child's paternal inheritance, he forbore to apply for legal redress; still hoping, whenever Lord Roscoville returned from the continent, that he at least would awaken to a sense of justice.

And during this period Bouverie's intimacy with Falkland seemed to increase with the progress of time; since, independent of the allurements he found in Falkland's conversation, Bouverie aptly discovered him to be more deeply versed in classic lore than even Doctor Birch; and often, in Montagu's search for knowledge, he applied to Mr. Falkland for that information in which he found his preceptors failed; information which the amiable Falkland gladly imparted to him, for he

hoped his uncommon thirst for knowledge would prove an antidote to the poisons which, in spite of himself, he sipped of, each vacation since his mother's death, in his visits at Lord De Moreland's, where the dissipated Lady Leyburn presided as mistress of the gayest revels.

At length, at the close of these four years, just as Bouverie had attained the age of seventeen, it was decreed by Lady Leyburn that her son and grandfather's ward should quit school for college, which Bouverie had long been ready for, but who had been compelled to wait for his lordship, who, although one year his senior in age, was many his junior in every branch of knowledge.

Falkland, fraternally attached to Bouverie, felt happy for his sake that he was at length permitted to improve his talents at the university; but for his own felt sorrow at being deprived of the occasional society of so engaging a companion; and a few days prior to his intended departure for Cambridge, Falkland invited him, with Doctor Birch's family, and Mellifont, to dinner.

From the hour of Mellifont's promised reformation he had most conscientiously adhered to it, growing each day in grace as in strength and stature, whilst his attachment to Bouverie became as conspicuous as his former animosity had been evident; and upon the arrival of the mandate for Bouverie's quitting school the grief of Mellifont knew no boundary, and no longer would permit him to keep a secret which Bouverie had enjoined him to; and now it was known to all that for the last four years the purse of Bouverie had been lightened every quarter of five pounds, which he had placed in the Dover bank for the use of Mellifont, when the time should arrive for his quitting school.

The insinuation which Miss Alicia had failed not to throw out to her friend Miss Patty Birch of Falkland's meditated union with his ward, had changed that young lady's speculating kindness to the poor unconscious Adelaide into hatred; nor could Miss Oldworth more strongly pant for her removal, in the visionary hope of her own charms then finding effect in Falkland's captivation, than the love-stricken Patty

did; whose mamma, in all her daughter's secrets and wishes, arrived at Falkland's house to dinner, fully instructed to second all Miss Alicia's efforts for the prompt despatch of Adelaide to school.

In compliment to Bouverie, who now always called her his *sœurette*, Adelaide was permitted by her guardian to dine with the party; and shortly after the commencement of the desert, from some turn in the conversation, Doctor Birch vehemently uttered a strong invective against match-makers.

"Nay, dear Sir! do not reprobate all," said Bouverie, smiling, "for I am meditating to become one myself; and have just been projecting an union between the youngest female present and a hopeful youth of her own name."

Falkland started, and blushed with joy at a cherished hope awakening to reality. His emotion was observed by the ladies present, who promptly placed it to jealous apprehensions; and the green-eyed monster, active in their own bosoms, now panted for the moment to seek revenge.

"Mr. Falkland will smile at my specu-

lating arrangements," continued Bouverie; "but it is more than a year since I predestined his ward for my brother, the most heavenly boy that nature ever formed; who, when we calamitously lost our angel mother, three years since, went to reside with his guardians, my maternal uncle and paternal aunt, Lord and Lady Clyde, who having no children spared to them of their own, consider him as their son, and breed him up under their own roof with the most scrupulous care of his morals. He is four years my junior, and he is so beautiful in form, and so celestial in mind, that I cannot doubt Adelaide was created as the counterpart of my dear Theodore. Indeed I have long since informed my aunt I had found a female for her male saint."

Falkland smiled; but his heart heaved a sigh of disappointed hope. Adelaide blushed, until tears were ready to bedew the roses on her glowing cheeks; and Miss Alicia, with a sarcasticgrin, exclaimed—

"If you expect to find a *saint* in Miss Bouverie for your brother, Sir, you must prevail on Mr. Falkland to send her to a

boarding-school, to try and have her modelled into one."

"Indeed, Mr. Falkland," said Mrs. Birch, with a most amiably conciliating smile, "it is full time now for Miss Bouverie's education to commence. You will, I hope, excuse the liberty I take in giving my opinion unsolicited; but from Dr. Birch's situation I must know the consequence of leaving children too long in ignorance."

"That consequence, my dear Madam," replied Falkland, with an expressive smile at Dr. Birch, "I have happily avoided with my young ward."

"She can read, to be sure," exclaimed Miss Alicia, spitefully, "and it would be a shame for a girl eight years and—I mean going on nine years old, if she could not; but she has not learned to dance, or to play the music."

"These are sad charges exhibited against me," said Falkland, smiling; "yet I plead not guilty, and can call a most potent witness in my behalf. Doctor Birch being sworn, deposeth——"

"Deposeth," said the Doctor, smiling

in his turn, "that not a lady in company can puzzle the little ignoramus in astronomy and geography—that she is a better mathematician than any one of them—that she is astonishingly well versed in sacred writings and ancient history—that she can not only read Italian and French correctly, but can translate them both very prettily—and that she understands Latin as perfectly as any boy in my school of eight years, *and—I mean, going on nine years old.*"

"But what is the use of Latin, Mr. Falkland?" exclaimed Miss Birch, the first of the ladies who recovered from the stunning force of amazement inspired by the acquirements of the supposed ignoramus; who had glided out of the room the moment Doctor Birch began to betray her information. "What is the use of Latin, Sir, but to make women pedantic?"

"Not Miss Bouverie, you perceive, my love," returned her father, archly; "for you see Miss Oldworth did not even suspect she knew more than simply how to read her primer."

"Nor I either, much as I have been

with the dear soul," exclaimed Bouverie, his eyes irradiated, and his whole countenance illumined with pleased applause: "and often, when I have read children's amusing books to her, believing they were only such as her tender years could comprehend, she has expressed her gratitude with as much humility as if her acquaintance with letters reached no further, and has suffered me to explain French and Latin quotations with many classical allusions, as if she understood not one word of them."

Some conversation now ensued relative to Falkland's intentions respecting the accomplishments of Adelaide; when it was found she had already commenced her acquirement of drawing, as well as the theory of music, from the instructions of her guardian.

The fair ladies, foiled in their attempt to get the impeding Adelaide packed off to school, soon after adjourned in great chagrin to the drawing-room, to talk over their conviction that Falkland was certainly educating this chit to be a wife suited to his great *scholarship*, and their

consolation in the disappointment which obviously awaited his romantic if not mercenary scheme by the girl's premature death; "since the slightness of her form and transparency of complexion announced incontrovertibly she was of a consumptive habit; and such application to study, and early rising to attain such *heaps* of knowledge, even before Miss Alicia was up in a morning, must accelerate her doom."

At length the gentlemen attended their summon to tea, when, as Bouverie knew Adelaide took that beverage in her nursery, since Miss Alicia could never agree with her relative to the time she spent in drinking it, felt no surprise at the absence of his *sœurette;* but when some time elapsed after the tea equipage was removed without her appearance, he glided out of the room in quest of her, thinking the party wanted her interesting and playful *naïveté* to enliven it.

Concluding she was in her own apartments, Bouverie made his well-known way to them; and on approaching her sitting-

room he was surprised to hear Dennis's voice there, loudly exclaiming in a tone of great agitation—

"Och, then, the d—l burn the hearts that would have the cruelty to be making you shed one scalding tear, *darlingt* of heaven-born innocents!"

Bouverie, alarmed, quickened his pace; and concluding where Dennis was he might enter, he promptly beheld Adelaide with her face hid on the bosom of her nurse, sobbing convulsively, while tears ran down the cheeks of the evidently agitated nurse; and Dennis standing by them with a glass of water in his hand, his countenance pourtraying a bosom glowing with sympathy.

Bouverie, in an agony of alarm, enquired what caused the distress he witnessed; when Adelaide, raising her face from the maternal bosom of her tender nurse, she endeavoured to answer him, but a new rushing tide of anguished sobs destroyed her power of utterance; and Dennis motioning for Bouverie to adjourn with him to another room, the feeling-hearted Hi-

bernian there hastened to recount the cause of the "grief that was choaking the *darlingt*."

"Och, Master Bouverie!" he exclaimed, "it's cruelty that has murdered the *darlingt* with a big shock of horror. From the height of my wooden supporter, 'twas a way the jewel had, and the saint of a mother that bore her had it before her, to be feeding every thing that was helpless, and seemed to want her care or pity; so many's the time she would be cribbing from her own meals to share with the birds in the air, and, for that matter, with every creeping thing that flies to her for kindness; and so being mighty fond of feeding the *poultry*, his honour never thwarting her in any thing, had a corn-bin of her own, out of which she would be giving little treats every day to the *hins* and their brood, when one Solomon of a chick, from the minute ever it broke its shell, had the sense to love the *darlingt* for all the world like a Christian, making such a chirping and *hullabaloo* whenever she appeared; and at last got so tamed by his attachment to her, he would peck out

of her hand, and even take the grain from between her coral lips; and so the tender-hearted jewel obtained his honour's command but yesterday her pet chick should never be *kilt*; so with that, what does that spiteful *ould* carcass Mother Alice do but orders it to be murdered for dinner to-day, since the luckless chick, from the dear babe's fondness for it, being the best fed was the plumpest in the *hin*-yard.

"The *darlingt* being out all the morning, on the beautiful little nag his honour has got for her, did not visit the *hin*-yard until after dinner, when the murder came out; and what has added to the *darlingt* dismay and grief is, the horror of thinking that, unconsciously, she ate some of her gentle, fond favourite. So myself fears, Master Bouverie, she will be murdered too by that Turk-hearted sinner Alicia's massacre, unless his honour can pacify her with a little physic, that will send her to sleep."

"I'll summon Mr. Falkland instantly to her," said Bouverie, overpowered by sympathy for Adelaide; but as he broke from his conference with Dennis to de-

scend to the drawing-room, he could not pass the sobbing child without catching her hand, and pressing it with tender, affectionate commiseration.

"My own sweet, beloved Adelaide!" he said, "shall I kill that monster Alice?"

"No," faulteringly sobbed out Adelaide; "but teach her more humanity if you can, dear Montagu."

The highly incensed and sympathising Falkland said all that the compassion of his nature and the tender affection he bore her could inspire to give consolation to the sorrow of Adelaide; but the agony her mind experienced at the horror of having eaten of her favourite could not be lured to composure, and Falkland became terrorized at the probability of this agitation of mind bringing on some serious indisposition; and judging it expedient to give her a powerful soporific to lull her mental anguish, he was proceeding to order it for her, when Doctor Birch, informed by Bouverie of what had happened, presented himself in the nursery,

provided with a more efficacious opiate than any the materia medica could afford, in incontrovertible proof to Adelaide, as helper of the chickens, that she had not eaten of her favourite; for being the finest, it was all despatched before she got any.

Adelaide felt thorough conviction, from the clear statement of Doctor Birch, that she had escaped a horror torturing to her humanity, and that proved a cordial consolation: but yet her feeling heart was so distressed at having beheld her attached fondling cut up and devoured by others, that Falkland still thought a soporific necessary, and administered it accordingly.

Bouverie was at the house of Falkland ere breakfast the succeeding morning to inquire for Adelaide, whose night had been untranquil, and her anxious guardian and nurse had sat up by her pillow; but the morning had found her much better than Falkland's alarmed apprehensions had augured.

"The shock she sustained was a rude one," said Falkland, "and more than

such a gentle nature could sustain without visible effect. The susceptibility of her feeling heart is so exquisite, that——"

"The man who becomes her husband," said Bouverie, eagerly finishing Falkland's intended observation for him, "will have a fearful task to sustain, since he must hush every boisterous feeling in his mind, must suffer nothing but gentle tenderness congenial to her own to approach her; since one harsh word, one unkind look, would rend the heart of Adelaide: and, heavenly powers! who could be human, and wilfully wound the heart of Adelaide!"

The *heart of Falkland* thrilled with a latent hope once more, and the sympathetic smile that played round his mouth he gifted with other meaning, as with an arch look he replied—

"I trust the husband of Adelaide may not have so formidable a task as you, in fraternal anxiety, apprehend for him. The almost yet infantile years of my ward sanction the tenderness of her present feelings, but her understanding promises fair to be as strong as the susceptibilities of her mind

now are tremblingly feminine; *that*, with the callous touches of heart-hardening time, as he leads her on in intercourse with the world, I trust will cover with the graceful shield of becoming fortitude this present weakness of her tender years, long ere her hour for Hymeneal honours can commence."

"Oh!" exclaimed Bouverie with energy, "but let not that shield be of too solid a texture: let us see the feminine heart beneath it. Let us trace in Adelaide the wife the fascinating susceptibilities which endeared the infant Adelaide to us."

Bouverie had a keepsake to give his beloved *sœurette*, which he now obtained her guardian's permission to present to her, and he would not depart without seeing her. Shortly she appeared in the study of Falkland, eager to express her gratitude for his sacrifice of rest for her, when Bouverie saw by the flown roses of her cheeks, the dejection of her aspect, and the languor of her eyes, that sorrow in her mind was not the cloud that rapidly dispersed before the sunbeams of childish versatility.

Bouverie mentioning "that Lady Ley-

burn's carriage had arrived unexpectedly, the preceding night, to take her son and him to Roscoville to spend a few days ere they proceeded to Cambridge, and therefore they were to leave school that very morning," Adelaide instantly burst into tears.

"Oh!" she sobbed, "and must I lose a favourite *every* day?"

Bouverie caught her in his arms, and tenderly soothed her sorrow for his departure by assurances they would soon meet again, for during every vacation he would take a trip to Seaview, to see her and his other friends; and as time pressed for his adieu, he hastened to present her with a beautiful gold pencil, bearing an elegant seal with "Adelaide" engraved upon it.

With pleased emotion our young heroine blushed as she received it, and timidly she said—"This pencil will trace the kindness of your gift on my heart's faithful memory, Montagu, and the first impression 'Adelaide' makes is on my gratitude."

Falkland and Bouverie exchanged a glance of surprise and admiration at a being so young receiving a gift with a grace

in acknowledgment that maturer years need not have blushed at; and shortly after, with the reluctance of a fond brother to part from a favourite sister, Bouverie tenderly embraced the young Adelaide, and pressing the hand of Falkland in grateful friendship to his heart, he precipitately retreated, to quit in all the innocence of unsophisticated youth the school of Doctor Birch, to encounter the temptations of life in the first guidance of himself in a college, with a dissipated companion and counsellor in Lord Leyburn.

CHAPTER IX.

In about a year after Montagu Bouverie had quitted school for college, Falkland, whose practice every day extended, was sent for express to the house of a Mr. Mordaunt, about two miles from Seaview.

Falkland made no inquiry of who in Mr. Mordaunt's family he was sent for to, but, from the foam the courier's steed was in, concluding the person's life in danger, ordered his own fleetest horse, and at full speed obeyed the summons.

Report had instructed him to know this Mr. Mordaunt was an immensely rich old bachelor, so morose and unsocial in his temper he held no intercourse with any of his neighbours, whom, one after another, he had forbidden his house; while to the softer sex he was peculiarly uncourteous, not allowing one, on any pretence, to enter his dwelling, except a few female domestics, who, on the peril of instant dismission, had orders to scud from his view at the sound

of his approach, which was always announced by a tumult of accompanying dogs, the beings on whom his affections seemed now to rest, of whom he had great numbers lodged not only in superb kennels, but in the state apartments of his noble mansion; and the cause assigned for this disrelish to the human race was his being deceived in friendship and in love.

On Falkland's arrival at Mordaunt Priory he was promptly ushered into a spacious chamber, where an old man, of a stern, repellent aspect, was seated by a scarlet velvet bed richly laced with gold, and who, instantly as the door was opened, peevishly exclaimed—

"*Zounds!* won't this poticary come, either?"

"This is Doctor Falkland, Sir," the conducting servant said; and promptly retired, as if happy to effect his escape.

"No, no, young man, Sir, or my Lord, whichever you may be," exclaimed Mr. Mordaunt, knitting his brow, as from head to foot he surveyed Falkland, "this won't take. I see through it. You are some young fellow of fashion come to hoax the

misanthrope. Falkland, I perceive, was too great a man to come."

"Sir," returned Falkland, advancing, "a man ought to relinquish business ere he affects to be too great for it. My name *is* Falkland, and I was summoned hither, I do suppose, to exercise the profession of an apothecary."

"A d—ned deal too courtly looking for that, however; but as you speak plain sense," returned Mordaunt, "perhaps you are not such a cursed puppy as to think it beneath your dignity to set or amputate the leg of an honest, faithful Newfoundland dog, whom you hear moaning on this bed, who saved my life some time since, and whose life I will have now saved in return, if I can."

"Sir," replied Falkland, approaching the bed, "I cannot consider it beneath the dignity of man to alleviate the sufferings of any being; but dogs are the common friends of man, and yours has proved it so."

"Then you will undertake the case?"

"Most certainly."

"Then blessings on thee!" exclaimed

the old man, grasping Falkland's hand with energy; "I'll send my people in to assist you, but I cannot be present at the operation."

It proved a compound fracture of a most severe nature, but Falkland quickly reduced it; and from the moment he touched the animal's leg he ceased to howl, and, the operation ended, he licked the gentle operator's hand, as it seemed to express his gratitude.

The operation ended, and the dog laid in comfort on the velvet bed, all was promptly announced by the head groom to Mr. Mordaunt, with high eulogiums on Diver's fortitude, and the Doctor's tenderness and great ingenuity in forming a cradle for the "*poor mortal's leg*," with various precautions for saving it from the danger of movement.

Mr. Mordaunt was in an ecstasy at this account; and as the necessary infliction of pain was over, he returned to Diver's state chamber to congratulate him, and to speak his acknowledgments to his surgeon.

Every direction being given for the food

and treatment of Diver, Falkland at length made a departing bow, when Mr. Mordaunt attempted to put a fee into his hand.

"Excuse me, Sir," said Falkland, smiling as he recoiled; "the fee of the brute creation to mankind is their subordination to us. Should I ever be menaced with a watery grave and Diver near, I have no doubt but *he* will perform *his* duty without a view to recompence. Farewell, Sir, and rely on my visiting my patient in the morning."

The manner of Falkland, as he declined the fee, sent it instantly back to the pocket of Mr. Mordaunt; but the hand of the misanthrope was as instantly clasped in Falkland's, with a cordial pressure.

Falkland, true to his promise, found Diver the following day as well as could be expected, who, on beholding him, wagged his tail, and again licked his hand the moment he found an opportunity of effecting that token of his gratitude; and Falkland on his return home that day found a pipe of choice Madeira, with Diver's respects, awaiting him; and on the day this favourite animal sallied forth again as the

walking companion of his master the side-board of Falkland was ornamented by several pieces of superb plate, the "tribute of Diver's gratitude to humanity," as the engraving on each declared; and every week the rarest viands came, in their respective seasons, from Mordaunt Priory, to grace the table of Falkland, whom Mordaunt vowed "should never repent his kindness to a dumb animal; while the puppy who had been dosing his family for twenty years, and lived by their ills—he who found his dignity so wounded on being sent for to poor Diver that he rushed out of the house as if he had killed a patient prematurely—he should find the master of Diver knew how to reward the benevolent, and how to punish the inhuman."

But Diver's presents were not the only Falkland was in the habit of receiving: his fame extending, his practice rapidly increased far beyond even what Oldworth's had ever been; and from his liberality in pecuniary transactions adding to the gratitude of those he had saved from impending dissolution, with the munificence of those who, fearing death, wished by anti-

cipated reward to make the Doctor doubly diligent in saving them from the grasp of the ruthless leveller when he came to threaten them, Falkland was overpowered with presents from every quarter; and those for his table, from their superfluity, gave to his humanity the gratification of feeding the sick, who had no means to purchase delicacies.

It happened that, soon after the cure of Diver was effected, Falkland permitted his ward to form one in a gipsy feast, given by Mrs. Birch to her younger children upon the birthday of the youngest, a girl of six years old; upon which occasion they were to dine in a rustic cottage in the park of Mr. Mordaunt, the most beautiful one in even that romantically diversified part of Kent; and as it was a revel in the pure atmosphere of open air, and the nursery attendants to take care of the children, Falkland objected not to his *elève* forming one of the happy group.

Doctor Birch convened a requisition of donkeys to convey the party, with their provisions, to the park of Mordaunt Priory, where the sportive children, enchanted

with the scene, roved and scampered in every direction, finding all around them gifted with the charms the magic of their own happy season of life imparted; and at length the nurses thinking it time for dining drew off to the cottage to prepare the repast, desiring their charge to remain on a knoll in their view until all was ready.

"I ought to be a queen," said Miss Eliza Birch, the prettiest of the family, and, in consequence, the spoiled idol of her mother; "and you ought all to be my maids of honour and my pages, and I ought to hold my court here, while my slaves are preparing my grand banquet."

"Elizabeth cannot reign while her sister Mary lives to claim her right of seniority," said Adelaide, not much fascinated with the airs of this young arrogant.

"Oh! but she will, by right of always having her own way," returned Mary Birch. "Why, she'll beat, and bite, and scratch us all, if we don't give up to her in every thing. She must be queen, since she says so."

"Queen of what, then, is she to be?—Of the gipsies, I suppose," cried Lydia,

the beauty and pet of the Woodehouse family.

"Of the Amazons I rather think, since she can fight her own battles so victoriously," said Adelaide, laughing; "and from talking of her slaves has proved she is not a *British* queen. However, as her mighty majesty has attendants enough without me, I'll pay my homage to her I think the sovereign of this day. Come, little Charlotte, you shall be the infant princess whose name you bear; and if any one offers hostility to you, I'll be the British lion, and gobble them up for you."

Mr. Mordaunt, who had been strolling in his park, and had seen from a distance a flight of white frocks, which he conceived to be his swans strayed from the lake, hurried round in pursuit of them, and entered the copse which backed the knoll, when the sound of young voices informed him of his error; and he was making his way back again from the obnoxious view of the human species, when, feeling some gravel in his shoe, he stopped to take it thence, by which means he heard Miss Eliza's proposition and the dialogue that ensued, since

the children all, in wild spirits, gave the highest possible pitch to their tones.

The exquisite sweetness of the voice of her who betrayed more than common information for so juvenile a speaker, seemed to fascinate Mr. Mordaunt, and led him from his ambush to ascertain if it was a human child whose tones sounded in such soft melody.

The moment Mr. Mordaunt's form emerging from the wood appeared to the children, they all, but Adelaide and the little Charlotte, flew off towards the nurses on the full expanded wings of terror, screaming, and crying out—

"'Tis he!—'tis he!—Old Mordaunt!—He'll kill us!—kill us for dog's meat!"

Adelaide, with Charlotte by the hand, was standing with her back towards Mr. Mordaunt when he first appeared, so that she did not immediately observe him: and scarcely ever mixing with the children of the neighbourhood, she knew not he was the nursery bugbear that kept each froward child in order; and feeling shocked at the rudeness of her companions in thus treating the gentleman in whose park they

were amusing themselves, firmly stood her ground, and deeply blushing as she did so, gracefully courtesied to him.

"What were those squalling brats afraid of?" demanded Mordaunt, in a tone and with a brow half relaxing from habitual sternness, yet mortified at the infant terrors his presence had excited, though more than half appeased by the courteous manner of the lovely child who did not shun him.

"Indeed I know not what they could have feared, Sir," answered Adelaide; "for if there could be reason to fear your displeasure at being found in your park, Sir, I am quite sure my guardian would not have suffered me to come here."

"You speak like a properly brought up child, and you look like a very good one," returned Mr. Mordaunt, pleased for the first time since the desertion of his intended bride with the aspect of a female. "And pray who is your guardian, of whose attention to propriety you give so favourable a report?"

"Mr. Falkland, Sir."

"Falkland! Aye, I might have conjec-

tured it to be so, and that no female could have had a hand in forming you as you appear; but good day—good day, child:" and Mordaunt now hurried away muttering—

"A very pretty, modest girl that; nothing pert, no, nothing; but that is all because Falkland had the rearing of her."

"In about a week after this gipsy party, as Falkland, accompanied by Adelaide, was riding out one morning on a round of visits to patients in the direction of Mordaunt Priory, he met a groom of Mr. Mordaunt's on his way to summon him to this misanthrope.

Falkland conceiving from what the servant said that Mr. Mordaunt must be in his chamber, unhesitatingly permitted Adelaide to accompany him to the Priory, where, not alighting, she remained in charge of the groom; but to Falkland's surprise he found the eccentric master of the mansion in his breakfast parlour, who apprehended an attack of the gout, which Falkland ordered him by no means to check; and after giving the rueful expectant of a painful visitant some further advice, he was preparing to depart, when suddenly Mr. Mordaunt,

darting by him, flung open a casement, and vehemently exclaimed—

"You cursed fool! do you think such a babe as that can hold an umbrella and manage a horse too? Give her to me out of the rain, you savage!" and, to the amazement of her guardian, Adelaide was lifted in at the casement, from a sudden summer shower, by Mordaunt himself.

"Those blockheads," said Mordaunt, returning to his seat, and placing his foot carefully upon it's resting place, "have no discrimination: they can see no difference between a female serpent and a female cherub. And now, Falkland, my famous fellow, do tell me what is your method for keeping this d——l of a torment out of the stomach, where I thought it was travelling post to when I sent for you?"

"Why, in the first place, you must steer clear of open windows when you expect it, although it should be to let cherubim and seraphim fly into you," replied Falkland; who was proceeding to give his serious advice, when Mordaunt again broke from his seat, and impetuously rang the bell; then

returned, as before, to carefully nurse his foot; and, upon a servant appearing, shouted out angrily—

"What is that beldam in the house-keeper's room about? Does not the rattlesnake know there's a child in the house, that she sends in no cake or sugar-plums?"

"I thank you, my good Sir," said Falkland, "for your intended kindness; but my young ward, having trained her predilections in food to my wishes, is not fond of sweet things."

"Well then, she shall have something from the garden. What shall the gardener send you in, child? What do you like best?"

"Flowers, Sir," replied Adelaide, softly, and blushing to the eyes.

"What, you ninny! better than fruit?"

"A great deal, Sir."

"That is innocence, guided by temperance, indeed. Why, child, you will never have the gout. Tell the gardener to send in some peaches and a small, sweet nosegay, but without any of his plaguy thorns to hurt the child; and order him, also, to

send down a basket of the best flowers every day to Mr. Falkland's, for his little ward."

Adelaide's grateful rapture was pourtrayed on her countenance, but with it was combined emotion that puzzled Falkland to define. Eagerly she whispered him to thank Mr. Mordaunt for her; and when the fruit and flowers were brought in, while Adelaide eat a peach Mordaunt carefully examined the bouquet, to be assured it was devoid of thorns.

The shower having totally subsided, leaving no apprehension from appearances of a successor, Falkland and his ward took leave of Mr. Mordaunt, who desired "that dear child might never again be left outside his door, since she should always find a welcome within it."

At length, as they pursued their ride, coming to the verge of a long hill, Falkland slackened his pace to a sober walk, which he always did when Adelaide was his companion; and as they now began to descend the declivity, he laid his hand upon the pommel of her saddle, and anxiously reading her countenance as he spoke—

"Adelaide, my sweet child!" he said, "you are so ingenuous in all your words and actions, that I am seldom at a loss to account for any of them; but your conduct relative to flowers, I own, has puzzled me."

Adelaide's face became tinted with one of her brightest blushes; and violent emotion, agitating her frame, was visible to her observant guardian, who continued—

"Relative to no other thing have I discovered in you a system of inconsistency: it seems a darling passion of your heart to acquire them. You toil in your own little garden to rear them; you overcome the natural timidity of your nature to solicit for them, where I believe you would sooner die than assume courage to ask any other favour; yet as fast as they grow in your own ground you crop them; the moment you obtain them from others you disregard them, since never do you effect their preservation, for not one room in my house, not even your nursery, is ever decorated by a flower of yours; never do I recollect having seen in water one belonging to you."

"Oh! my dear, dear fostering parent!" exclaimed Adelaide, melting into tears,

"you will not chide me for the only secret I ever kept from you: you will not forbid my heart's prized pleasure if I tell you all? —My flowers go, fresh as I get them, to—to strew my mother's grave."

"Chide you! Deprive your heart of its filial gratification! No, sweet child of tenderly cherished duty and affection, no!" exclaimed Falkland, sensibly affected.—"But tell me, my own Adelaide, how has this sweet incense of your affectionate heart been effected? How did you procure permission to enter the castle cloister?"

"It is all done by stealth, papa; and that is the cause I kept it secret from you, fearing you would disapprove. It is a long, a very long time since I heard nurse and Dennis lament they could gain no admission into the castle cloister to weed their dear mistress's grave, and to strew it with fresh flowers daily; and then they talked, papa, of how the village girls in Ireland strewed the graves of those they loved; and so I longed to do so too, for well I loved mamma. All this I cherished in the memory of my heart, for there, when I

thought of it, I found the recollection always lay; and often when I walked the pasture ground with nurse and Dennis (which is their favourite walk, because a wall only divides them from their loved mistress's grave,) how I have envied the birds, and wished for wings too, that I might fly over the barrier with a rose, or a carnation, or a sprig of myrtle in my bill, to lay on the turf that covered my own mamma: and I have thought I need not be afraid of sportsmen's guns while so employed, for that spirits from heaven would turn each shot into dew-drops to refresh the flowers which a child toiled to lay on the grave of a parent.

"But at last, papa, one evening as we walked, Dennis discovered a chasm in the wall, hid from immediate observation by a screen of ivy; and through this chink could plainly be seen the little tablet, as mamma ordered it for herself, with—with simply, 'Poor Ellen' on it; so—so—so, papa, Den—Dennis, Sir, showed this to nurse, and sadly, bitterly they wept, and so did I, for they showed it to me; and having once seen the grave, how I longed to get

to it, to kiss and kiss poor Ellen on the tablet! You thought I was sick then, my own, kind guardian; but other things can destroy one's appetite, one's bloom, and rest.

"But at last I contrived to speak to little Mary Ashford, quite alone, and promised her my best doll if she would look under all the ivy within her reach on the wall of the pasture ground to discover a chink wide enough to admit me: and she found one, Sir, and quite low down; and then I watched so anxiously an opportunity to steal from you and nurse, but I could not effect my purpose until you went to Major Walsingham, at Winchelsea, and then I was so frightened! Oh! how I was frightened at stealing out to do any thing unknown to you and nurse! and so I never, never dared to venture again; but little Mary—who was my companion that day, and whom I taught not to feel fear at my gentle mother's grave, and showed how to put the loose stones in and out of the hole to prevent dogs or pigs from getting in to do mischief—Mary, Sir, has since

kept the grave wed, and daily strews my flowers there. I told her I would teach her to read and work if she would do this, and tell no one but her mother. Mary loved to learn, and so she agreed; and so that is the reason, papa, she comes every day to me to teach her, and that I am so anxious not to disappoint her, since she pays me for her schooling."

Falkland, affected by her little narrative, and the tones in which she uttered all, snatched her hand, and pressed it with the fervor of paternal sympathy, as he feelingly exclaimed—

"Sweet, affectionate Adelaide! how each hour you rise in my estimation! How each day, each moment, my vain wishes gather strength that I was indeed your papa—that you were my own daughter, sweet child of excellence!"

Upon the susceptible Adelaide this effusion of her guardian's approbation had its agitating influence, and several minutes elapsed ere she found sufficient composure to proceed.

"But, my tender, fostering parent!" she

at length feelingly articulated, "I must not omit to tell you another alarm I sustained the sadly happy day I ventured into the castle cloister. Sir, after I had kissed and kissed mamma's sweet name upon the marble, and wept for her, until the love I bore my father, too, led me to sit down on the foot of mamma's lone resting place to weep for both the treasures I had lost; and as I did so my face was turned towards that massy door which shut out poor Ellen from her husband's side; and at length, to my utter dismay, the doors lowly unclosed, a very tall man, with a handkerchief to his eyes, came forth; when the moment I beheld him I flew from my station, and hid behind the tablet; but Mary (who was busily employed, weeding, did not perceive him as soon as I did) the instant she saw him shrieked, believing, I think, papa, he was a spirit.

"Instantly the gentleman angrily demanded, 'why she dared intrude upon his sacred sorrows, and what she was doing there?'

"Poor Mary, only comprehending his

latter question, answered, 'Weeding Madam Bouverie's grave, and strewing it with posies.'

"Upon his demanding by whose orders she did so? I thought, as I had led little Mary into this fault, if it was one, I ought to answer for the consequence myself; so I emerged from my sad, sad screen, and said, as well as my stifled sobs would let me—'I hoped he would not be angry with Mary, for mine was the transgression; and if he had a dead mamma he could feel for me, and not be angry with a little girl for strewing flowers upon her mother's grave.'

"As I spoke, papa, he started, and gave me such a piteous look, he made my tears all gush out again; when opening his arms, he said something I did not quite comprehend, but it was like an afflicting remembrance that I had awakened; and yet he called me to him.

"But in this moment a lady rushed into the cloister through a door from the castle, calling out, Oh! so harshly!

"'Brother, brother, why will you indulge in this romantic weakness?'

"'Hide, children, hide!' exclaimed the gentleman. 'Await me here, and I will return in a few moments.'

"So then, Sir, he hastily left the cloister, and so did Mary and I, for we were so terrified at the tones of the lady's voice, that we feared she would have us punished if she found us there; and above all, papa, apprehended, should we await his return, he would ask us how we got in; and as we could not tell an untruth, he would have the chink stopped up, and then no more flowers could be strewed upon my mother's grave."

"Oh, Adelaide!" exclaimed the agitated Falkland, "I wish you had informed me of all this the moment you returned."

"Papa, I could not, because you were then at Winchelsea. But all my alarm ended not there; for as I was standing at the nursery window I beheld this very same gentleman walk up the paddock. Oh! I thought he was come to complain of my intrusion, and that Miss Alicia would hear all; but soon I saw him go away, and I was quite glad."

"'Alas! my poor, unconscious child, you had no cause to rejoice," said Falkland. "That gentleman, I have little doubt, was Lord Roscoville, who came hither to acknowledge himself to you, under the influence of the favourable impression you had made upon him."

MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASWATI MAHAL, THE TANJORE

CHAPTER X.

NINE years at length elapsed since the love-stricken Falkland had been forbidden, by the stern decree of General Aspenfield, to cherish a hope of ever being united to the lovely Rosalind; and during those years of invincible constancy much unequivocal encouragement had been given him to make his addresses in various families, and to some objects so fair in form and high in birth, that nothing but the impenetrable shield which Rosalind's image had placed before his heart could have saved it from a second captivity: yet in all that time he had never dared to enquire had the marriage, announced in the papers as being in contemplation, taken place. For though sometimes fancying this proof of Rosalind's inconstancy might effect a total revulsion in his affections, yet the thought of such a revulsion made him wreathe in mental anguish, and still withheld him from inquiries which might lead to the conviction of Rosalind's inconstancy commanding his

And these melancholy years of inauspicious love had just completed their ninth anniversary as the peace of Amiens removed the interdict to visiting France, when the wings of many a British subject expanding bore them rapidly across the channel; and amongst others the Earl and Countess of Beechbrook, who lived in the neighbourhood of Seaview, and were the intimate friends of Falkland; for his skill had restored her ladyship from a wretched state of health to a most perfect one; and her gratitude, in consequence, led her to place him in a most exalted station in her regard: but her husband's gratitude led him further still, even to consecrate Falkland as a being for his idolatry; and in every instance both Lord and Lady Beechbrook's only contest seemed to be which should evince the greater portion of regard, respect, and attention to him.

From this attachment to Falkland Lord Beechbrook was led to develop the secret of his friend's inauspicious love, and with a never slumbering sympathetic recollection of the cause of Falkland's melancholy in his mind, he lost not a moment after he

found General and Mrs. Aspenfield with their lovely daughter at Paris to get an introduction to them, and with equal promptitude and good management to discover that the fair Rosalind's attachment to his friend was unsubdued.

Rosalind was not slow in making her discoveries too; and the moment she developed the friendship the Beechbrooks entertained for Falkland she did her utmost to cultivate an intimacy with them; and soon, in the fulness of her heart, reposed in the bosom of Lady Beechbrook the griefs that oppressed her, the annihilation of every hope of happiness that threatened her.

With many tears and painful blushes she informed her ladyship of her long cherished affection for Falkland, and though so long a hopeless one, the importunities and commands of her parents to accept Mr. Saville had proved successless; when now, irritated by her long contumacy, her parents and Mr. Saville had planned their expedition to France, under the auspices and counsel of her aunt, Mrs. Harvey, (one of the most subtile amongst women,) for the purpose of trepanning her into this hated marriage:

that to her cousin Helena Harvey she was indebted for the discovery of this direful plot in meditation against her happiness; and that the arbitrary cruelty it indicated had led her to a determination, could she accomplish such an undertaking, to elope from her parents, and fly for protection to her uncle, Admiral Danvers, who was then stationed at Leghorn.

The moment Lord Beechbrook learned there was an unjustifiable plot forming against the beloved of his friend, and that she had in contemplation an elopement to avoid it, he offered her his advice and his services, when she unhesitatingly adopted the one, and accepted the other: she gave up her hazardous project of proceeding to Leghorn, and accompanied the Beechbrooks to England, to erase wretchedness from the tablet of Falkland's life by bestowing her hand upon him; a gift which this constant lover's letters to Lord Beechbrook convinced her he coveted as ardently as in the spring of their loves.

As this elopement of Miss Aspenfield's required some policy to accomplish, Lord Beechbrook hired a woman of concording

appearance to personate Rosalind, and with means and instructions to proceed towards Leghorn, as a fugitive anxious to elude pursuit; while Rosalind herself commenced her journey to her native country under the disguise of a Parisian governess, taken over by Lord and Lady Beechbrook to their daughters, having left with her ready friend, Miss Harvey, a letter to her parents, to account for her flying from them to seek the protection of her uncle at Leghorn, in her discovery of the cruel plot they had formed against her happiness.

At length Miss Aspenfield safely reached Beechbrook with her new friends, and as a speedy union was expedient (lest General Aspenfield should have discovered the wrong scent he was directed to, and arrive to tear his daughter from her lover), the very morning after she reached Beechbrook the long and ardently attached Falkland and Rosalind were united.

The raging phrenzy of the despair-maddened Alicia, when this marriage was announced to her in a note from Falkland, foils description; nor could his apology, in the necessity of its proving a clandestine

measure, preventing his intimating this to him most happy event ere it had taken place, silence her clamour "at the indignity offered to the niece of the benefactor of the pauper Falkland, in his not deigning the condescension of acquainting her with his projected union."

The summon of the indignant Alicia called Mr. Crow to hear from her of the ingratitude of Falkland to her uncle's memory, when this interested designer, artfully inflaming her wounded vanity, led her into his ambitious views by consenting to become his on the succeeding morning; and to prevent the possibility of the return of Falkland from operating to his disappointment, spirited her away to the house of his mother, where she remained that night, and the following day the knot was tied which gave to the subtile Crow full power over her fortune; since, in the phrenzy of her mortification, she thought not of securing one shilling to herself.

Falkland, through gratitude to Mr. Oldworth's memory, settled immediately upon Mrs. Crow, exempt from the power of her husband, an annuity, which Doctor Woode-

house named, as a handsome equivalent for the advantages she had derived from her residence in his house, and sent to her the furniture of her own apartments; but even this liberal conduct did not satisfy the rapacious Crows, who gave Falkland no peace until a moiety was delivered to them of all the plate, china, and other personal effects of Mr. Oldworth.

Soon as possibility would admit of it, Rosalind received a letter from Miss Harvey, informing her of many particulars relative to the implacable displeasure of General Aspenfield, and of his still pursued successless retracing of the flight of her fugitive semblance; and in this epistle were so many intimations conveyed of Mr. Saville's growing philosophy upon his disappointment, and of his increasing attentions to the writer, that suspicion was introduced into the minds of Mr. and Mrs. Falkland of the cause of her zeal in the promotion of their happiness.

For about three weeks after the marriage of Falkland, Adelaide was the happiest of the happy, because she saw her guardian was so, and that Miss Alicia was gone

from the house for ever; but at the termination of the third week, the novelty of Mrs. Falkland's cheering presence beginning to subside, Adelaide gradually discovered she was no longer the first object of her guardian's care, the companion of many of his rambles, the being to whom his every leisure moment was devoted. The filially tender affection she cherished for him led her to observe all this with painful feelings; and, in addition to the afflicting apprehension of having lost her place in her guardian's heart, was the actual ill of being deprived by his marriage of his valuable instructions; a privation which her judgment painted to her as incalculable.

"And I am sure Mrs. Falkland does not very much like me, nurse," said Adelaide, as in the surcharged feelings of her sorrowing heart she made her lamentations to her beloved Norah, "since she never desires me to sit with her; so I fear me sadly she will persuade my guardian to send me off to school: but I'll exert my every faculty to prevent that dreaded evil, for I'll study all things he has so kindly taught

me so indefatigably, that when he comes to hear me in each branch again he will not have the heart to send me from him, and you, my nursy."

Adelaide adhered to her resolution: her studies were, indeed, indefatigable. Her mornings were all her own, since Mrs. Falkland, although extremely charmed with her, seldom requested her company; as, in the devotion of her attachment to her husband, she feared the presence of this poor child in the short moments Falkland could snatch each morning from his patients to give to her, lest a word or look might be monopolized by Adelaide; and her excursions for exercise being now left to Obearn, who had lately sprained her ancle, they were but circumscribed; so that almost the whole of her day she could now exclusively dedicate to her improvement.

One honey-moon had terminated, and another was far advanced in equal redundance of sweets over the head of Falkland and his Rosalind, when at dinner one day Falkland was struck with alarm by the pale cheeks and visible attenuation of his still as ever tenderly beloved ward. His atten-

tion once attracted became stedfast, and soon he perceived her appetite was flown, when, wild with apprehension, he eagerly demanded "what was her ailment?"

Adelaide blushed with pleased emotion at a renovation of former interest, and answered, with a grateful smile, "Nothing, papa."

"Faith, but there is something the matter, Miss, and 'tis a shame for you to be denying it!" exclaimed Dennis, with unusual flippancy, and who was just going to withdraw with the other servants, their attendance being ended.—"Sure, myself agreed with Norah this blessed morning no longer to delay telling his honour of you, who might have seen fast enough, if he had observed you, that a morsel as big as a midge's fetlock you have not eaten this week past."

"*Tell* of my Adelaide! What can be the matter? Instantly explain yourself, I command you, Sir!" exclaimed the dismayed Falkland, knowing not what to build his terrors on.

"Upon my conscience, Sir, 'tis killing herself by cubits, let alone inches, she is;

never taking a morsel of exercise all the day long, not so much as a ride upon her little fattening up idler of a nag, nor food, nor natural rest. Four o'clock never finding her in her bed. Study, study, day and night, barring the time she visits her sick *pinsioners*, and fags in the dunces academy up in the village, teaching the children that can't learn, which she took pity on; and all this murdering of herself is for fear she would be forgetting one grain of all the instructions your honour gave her."

The deepest blush of conscious shame at having neglected his beloved charge so reprehensibly mantled the fine countenance of Falkland; and while a tear of pained sensibility and contrition trembled in his eyes, he caught Adelaide in his arms, and pressed her with paternal fervour to his bosom, exclaiming—

" Forgive, forgive, my Adelaide, the inattention which led you to that fear!" And as he liberated this loved child from his embrace, he beheld the naturally blooming cheeks of his Rosalind blanched to the hue of death, whilst the anguished terror her

countenance expressed betrayed to him the ill she suffered from.

An anguished sigh burst from the heart of Falkland, that Rosalind should have such an alloy mingled with every perfection a woman could be gifted with; but stifling the sigh in its utterance, he looked at his wife as if there was nothing unusual in her aspect; and again drawing Adelaide towards him, he gazed with tender anxiety upon her face, and asked her innumerable questions relative to her health, until a loud sob of Rosalind's broke upon his appalled ear.

"Rosalind, my love!" he promptly said, "weep not so piteously at this, I grieve to confess, inexcusable neglect of ours to this sacredly entrusted ward of mine—to this insulated orphan of your earliest, dearest friend."

Mrs. Falkland was subdued: she started from her seat, and pressed with tremulous, eloquent energy the hand of her husband, as she took from his arms to her own the sensibly affected Adelaide; her jealous pangs now changed to tender sympathy.

"Augustus," she exclaimed, "do not—in mercy do not, tell me the child of my Ellen is ill—very ill, through my cruel neglect!"

"Alas! my Rosalind, I cannot tell you she is not ill—very ill; but, for your consolation, I think it possible in a short space of time to rectify the injury we have done her by our inattention: yet we must be diligent in our care, for my sweet child has indeed pursued her studies within an inch of her life."

"Oh! do you prescribe for her, and I'll be her careful, tender nurse, inspired by affection for my Ellen's memory with all a mother's anxious love. What, Augustus, can be done for her? Oh! let us hasten to make amends for past neglect."

"I prescribe," said Falkland, "air and gentle exercise, with eight hours sleep out of every twenty-four; the most nutritious food, frequently taken, with a total interdict to every branch of study for one month at least."

The delicate state which Adelaide was reduced to was not wholly owing to the exertions she made to acquire proficiency

in her studies: she loved Falkland as his child, and to be deprived at once of the fond caresses of her parent, and, as she feared, his love, struck with a rankling wound to her heart; and the idea of being no longer tenderly regarded by any individual but her nurse filled her young bosom with anguish injurious to her health; and now, artless as innocence could make her, she proclaimed the true seat of her malady at once, by saying—

"Oh! papa, if you only look at me, and speak to me sometimes as you used to do, I shall have not one ill to make me pale and thin. I shall then sleep long and soundly; Mrs. Falkland will be spared her kind trouble in nursing me, and my poor studies need not be interdicted."

Falkland's cheeks were tinged by the accusing pangs of his heart as the words of Bouverie sounded there with pained remembrance—

"That being must be less than human who could wound the heart of Adelaide."

"My love!" he exclaimed, "if I ceased to look and speak as usual, it was not because you had lost your place in my affec-

tion, but that a treasure I had believed for ever torn from me was restored, and joy monopolized my every thought."

"Oh! Sir," returned Adelaide, impressively, "and the first in every thought that treasure's place I know will always be; but only let me sometimes see I am still dear to the affection of my tender, fostering father—let Mrs. Falkland regard me as a young sister, calling me to her, or sending me from her, as her wishes regulate, and your *elève* will be once more a happy girl."

"Ah! Adelaide," said Mrs. Falkland, tenderly kissing her, "I fear you will hate me for despoiling you of so much of your guardian's attention."

"Hate you, Madam!" exclaimed Adelaide, with strong feeling. "You! who illumined my guardian's eyes with gladness, and made him smile, and talk, and look like happy men!"

"And she shall give you happiness too, my beloved and estimable child!" said Falkland, as he looked with all the fascinating tenderness of his grateful soul upon his Rosalind, "by yielding you what your heart

pants for—knowledge and improvement; since she, by taking up much of my time from you, destroys my power of giving you as much instruction as I was wont to do, ought to make the amends honorable, by imparting to you some of those mental refinements, those exquisite accomplishments, which she excels in. No one, Adelaide, could have a more completely perfect preceptress; no one, Rosalind, since your own teachers were so fortunate, a more docile pupil."

The look with which this request was accompanied must have vanquished Rosalind, had she felt inclined to negative it; and now, with a respondent look at Falkland, she promised her instructions to his gentle ward.

And never, indeed, had child a more competent, indefatigable preceptress; and never teacher a more satisfactory pupil: and Falkland, wishing as ardently as ever to bear his part in embellishing the mind and giving greater firmness to the too femininely gifted intellectual faculties of this sensitive child, dedicated as much of his time as he could in possibility spare from

his Rosalind to the instruction of Adelaide, who became the chosen companion of many of Mrs. Falkland's hours, accompanied her out in her carriage (for Falkland, remembering all she sacrificed for him, strained every point to keep one for her), and even on pedestrian and equestrian excursions, when Falkland himself was with her, Adelaide formed a third in the happy party; and each day and hour her affection augmented for the child of her Ellen, although some anguished pangs would often thrill through her ardently adoring bosom, alarmed that any being should hold so high a place in the tenderness of her husband's heart as Adelaide so unequivocally did.

The marriage of Falkland had been celebrated just six months when the family tomb of the De Morelands was opened once more for the solemn rite of interment. The unnatural great-grandfather of Adelaide was "gathered to his ancestors."

The death of Lord De Moreland was no sooner known to Falkland than, with the zeal of a careful guardian, he wrote to the executors of his lordship upon the subject

of Adelaide's claims to her father's portion, and the bequest of her grandfather. The executors were the heir apparent and Lady Leyburn: the former was not returned from the continent, but from the latter he received the following laconic reply.

"To Mr. Falkland, apothecary, &c.
Seaview, Kent.

"SIR,

"There is neither will nor marriage settlement of my late father; therefore the imaginary claims of Miss Adelaide Bouverie can never be substantiated.

"I am, Sir,
"Your humble servant,
"ISABELLA LEYBURN."

Upon receipt of this epistle, Falkland determined to await an interview with the new Lord De Moreland, who would now necessarily return to England, ere he resorted to legal aid for the recovery of his ward's undoubted property; and at length two months more elapsed, during which Falkland made repeated inquiries if his lordship was yet arrived: when one morn-

ing Doctor Woodehouse abruptly entered to show Falkland a letter he that moment had received.

"The Rev. Doctor Woodehouse.

"*Roscoville Abbey, January 5th,* 1803.

"DEAR SIR,

"Only two days since I arrived at Roscoville, and have but this moment learned that the earnest request I made to my late grandfather, through my sister's embassy, several years ago, was not complied with. The power has now devolved to me to be the accomplisher of my own wishes, and therefore I delay not in requesting you, dear Sir, to have—with all the solemnity so sacred a measure requires, with all the respect and reverence such a pattern of conjugal and every other excellence claims from all who loved my inestimable brother—to have the remains of the wife of his bosom removed, at last, to her appropriate station—the side of her husband, in the mausoleum of his ancestors.

"I must further request of you, dear Sir, to take the trouble for me of ordering the simple tablet which told where my lament-

ed sister found a temporary rest not to be removed; as I mean to place a monumental urn upon that spot, as a tribute to the affecting filial piety of her infant child, who now in her more mature years, as soon as business, which at present overwhelms me, permits, I shall hasten to Seaview to embrace, and to improve the impression she long since made upon my heart; when I shall have the pleasure of returning you, in person, my sincere thanks for the trouble I feel convinced you will unhesitatingly take for me; and I remain,

"Dear and reverend Sir,

"Yours most truly,

"De Moreland."

The heart of Falkland felt the most enthusiastic gratification at this tribute of respect to the remains of the truly inestimable Ellen, and hailed with parental rapture all that was auspicious in the letter of her uncle to the future prospects of his precious ward, whom, early on the subsequent morning, he sent off with his Rosalind to spend a day and a night at Dover with Colonel and Mrs. Walsingham, that she

might know nothing of the solemn removal until after it had taken place; and when the unexpected and gratifying communication was gently made to her by her guardian, she was so powerfully affected that he rejoiced in having spared her feelings the agitation they would have been subdued by had she known the moment in which this melancholy, fondly cherished wish of her heart was realizing.

As Lord De Moreland's intention of visiting Adelaide was known to Falkland, he forbore to tease his lordship with any letter relative to her claims; but after some little time of expectation had elapsed, instead of his lordship, a request arrived, in a letter from Montagu Bouverie to Falkland, to grant permission to his ward, attended by her nurse, to visit her uncle, who was too unwell to undertake even the short excursion to Seaview; and who, on a particularized day, would send a carriage to convey Adelaide to Roscoville Abbey.

Bouverie was himself but a few days returned from sharing the glories of his brave fellow subjects in our successful campaign in Egypt. He had been pursuing his stu-

dies at Cambridge, with high renown to his superexcellent abilities, for nearly two years; during which, by the machinations of Lady Leyburn, he had never found a moment to fulfil his promise of visiting his friends at Seaview; when the indulgent mother of Lord Leyburn, discovering her son's protracted stay at the university would only be to proclaim his vices and want of talent to the world, granted his petition for entering the army; when two commissions were promptly purchased, and Bouverie, without being consulted upon the occasion, found himself gazetted as an ensign in the —— foot.

Fortunately for Bouverie, the army was the profession of his decided choice; and the two young ensigns had scarcely attended a dozen parades, and exhibited their then bullioned epaulettes at a dozen assemblies at quarters, when their regiment was ordered on foreign service, under the command of the gallant general who died the death of glory in the moment of conquest.

Bouverie's raptures knew no bounds at the idea of seeing service, and earning for

himself the character of a true soldier; whilst the pusillanimous Lord Leyburn, alarmed at the dangers of the profession, the holiday aspect of which had fascinated him, implored his mother to send in his resignation; but this disgraceful project his great-grandfather sternly negatived, and he was compelled to go:—but, ere the storming of Alexandria, his anticipating fears saved his fame by actually confining him to his bed with serious illness, brought on solely by alarm for his precious life; and whilst his lordship was combating with sickness in his bed, Bouverie, in combating the enemies of his country, contrived to signalize himself, even where every man who fought covered his shield with glory and his brows with laurel.

Bouverie's regiment had met with some detention abroad, and was only just landed in England, after its glorious career on the Egyptian soil, and Bouverie attended Lord Leyburn to Roscoville: his lordship, now fancying himself covered by the glory of his regiment, conceived this the golden opportunity of retiring from a service he had no relish for, and therefore lost not a

moment in flying to his mother to arrange with her for shielding himself from the terrors of death in battle; a measure which her ladyship promptly acceded to. This long-wished for resignation was sent in; and Bouverie was liberated from the chains that long linked him to the pursuits of a being he despised.

Bouverie experienced a most flattering reception from his new guardian, Lord De Moreland, who well knew how to appreciate that inherent valour he had lost his beloved father and brother by; and Bouverie was honoured with a share of his lordship's confidence, which he deemed his nephew unworthy of; and in one of their frequent conversations Bouverie took occasion to mention the interesting Adelaide, and to bestow just commendation upon Falkland's parental care of her, when Lord De Moreland, expressing much indignation at Mr. Falkland's inexplicable and inexcusable rudeness in never condescending to acknowledge the receipt of a letter his lordship had written to him on his arrival in France, after his last departure from England, relative to his interesting niece;

Bouverie hastened to exculpate Falkland from such a breach of urbanity, by a suggestion that the letter had never reached his hands, through interested interceptors and mercenary agents.

Lord De Moreland promptly subscribing to the possibility of such villanage having been practised, and apprehending a repetition of it, should he himself write to the guardian of his niece, he requested his ward to act as his amanuensis in Adelaide's invitation to the mansion of her forefathers.

Bouverie readily undertook to execute the commission; and as he sent his own trusty servant express with the letter, and orders to deliver it only to Doctor Falkland, he felt no alarm about its safe convoy to the hand of his friend; and therefore wrote in full confidence to Falkland, regretting the invitation had not been extended to him, as he feared without his encouraging presence the timid Adelaide would find her visit to Roscoville a most comfortless one.

"For Lord De Moreland's manners do no justice to his heart," he said; "as the invincible indolence of his nature presents

an insurmountable interdict to the trouble of making himself pleasing, except to those he highly estimates; whilst the languor of vanquished health, and the melancholy derived from a suspected hapless attachment abroad, have rendered him now almost habitually gloomy and unsocial, unfitting him for every exertion, and giving his Machiavelian sister a guiding power over him that he can make no effort to resist; and scarcely can I entertain a doubt that she will manœuvre, by her intriguing ingenuity, to overthrow our lovely, interesting Adelaide in her uncle's partially inclined favour, since his acquired and constitutional supinity will, I fear, not allow him to make the exertion of judging her himself; but whilst I am here you may rest assured I will prove a sovereign antidote to Lady Leyburn's subtile poisons."

CHAPTER XI.

This invitation from Lord De Moreland filled the mind of Falkland with extreme disquietude. The worldly interests of Adelaide demanded it should be accepted, but her more precious interests were to be imperiled by the pernicious example of vice in its, perhaps, most attractive forms, ere her judgment was matured to discover its deformity behind its specious mask; and without one guardian friend to form her estimation of characters and events in the impressions made on her immaculate mind on her first acquaintance with fashionable life and dissipated manners, and to support and comfort her in the many trials he doubted not the interested policy of Lady Leyburn would assail his timid, insulated child with: and though he felt full gratitude to Bouverie for his promised kindness, yet his was not the protection for her applicable to the occasion, although he might prove of essential service to the preservation of her temporal concerns.

Eagerly now Falkland sought the beloved partner of his bosom to confide in her all his anxious alarms, who warmly participated in them; and so much did she feel for the distressing situation of this timid child (now little more than twelve years and a half old) upon this inevitable visit, that she almost wept with vexation at the impracticability of her guardian and herself accompanying her in it.

At length, on the appointed day, a chaise and four, with two equestrian attendants, arrived for the reluctant Adelaide, to take her for the first time from the protection of her exemplary guardian, since she had been bequeathed to his fostering care; but even this protection, sent by her uncle for his precious charge, Falkland deemed insufficient, since, from the shortness of the days, she would be compelled to pass a night upon the road; and, therefore, ordering four horses to his own carriage, he and his Rosalind accompanied her on her first day's journey; and on the succeeding morning, when he parted from this adored *elève*, for her to proceed on her way to Roscoville, his regret at separation was so

augmented by her tender, affecting sorrow at leaving him, that Rosalind felt many a former obtruding pang thrill painfully through her bosom, at this further conviction of how fondly the affections of her husband clung to this child of his parental care.

Obearn was unlike her nursling in feelings relative to this visit; for she set out in joyful expectation of every good arising from it for the adored child of her care, whom she considered to see, and know, and love, as synonimous certainties; and that, therefore, Lord De Moreland would not only allow all her claims, but make her his own heiress, and unite her to some one of the duke's sons whom she and Dennis had been the preceding day studying the peerage to discover were unmarried, and in age suitable to their darling; and as all she uttered during their journey being anticipations of every comfort and happiness awaiting Adelaide through the spontaneous affection of her uncle, every trace of tears and line of sorrow were superseded by animated hope on the countenance of our young traveller ere she arrived at M——,

about two miles from Roscoville, where, at one of the principal inns, her chaise, from previous instruction, stopped, and Montagu Bouverie presented himself at the carriage side.

The memory of Adelaide, faithful to all who had ever evinced kindness to her, instantly recognized him; and with eyes sparkling and cheeks mantling with joy, she held out her ready hand to greet so dear a friend, as she in delight exclaimed—

"Oh! I am so glad to see you! I have learned from my dear guardian how kind—how very kind, you are to me; and so I am very much afraid I shall never, never while I live be able to tell you how grateful I am for your goodness, Mr. Bouverie."

"Then while you live never take the trouble of making the attempt;—but my name is still *Montagu*, Miss *Formality*," answered Bouverie, smiling with pleasure and admiration on the lovely girl, as, in obedience to his mandate, the carriage door was opened. "Come, now, dear Adelaide; exert a little of your self-possession to sustain you through an interview

with somebody who is much disposed to love you, and is waiting in this inn to give you his paternal welcome and embrace, without the annoyance of witnesses to his feelings and yours."

"Witnesses!" faltered out Adelaide. "Then will not you be present, Montagu? Will not you present me to him?"

"Had I not intended it, such a resistless look and tone of supplication must have led me to it," he replied, pressing her hand affectionately. "And now, my good friend, pretty Mrs. Obearn, do not you look so alarmed. I shall take all possible care of your idol for my own sake, as I very much suspect you would slay me if I failed to bring your treasure safe back to you."

Adelaide now got out of the carriage; but she trembled so excessively at the idea of being welcomed to the affection of her father's brother, that gladly she allowed Bouverie to put her hand through his arm for support.

"Heavens! Adelaide," he exclaimed, as he looked with surprised admiration at her form fast rising to perfection, "how asto-

nishingly tall you are grown! But thou dear, sensitive trembler, how you are agitated! Shall I get you a glass of water, to compose you ere you see his lordship? Yet indeed, my lovely sister, you have nothing to apprehend."

"Oh! but I have," said Adelaide; "for I know he resembles my own papa, and if he should not love me, it will be great unhappiness for me: but as to the water, Montagu, it could do me no good, since I always tremble when anxious about any thing."

"Well, well," said Bouverie, smiling, "you need not tremble in apprehension of not winning the affection of your uncle; since the heart, I fancy, is your native home, and no one can choose but give you your own dwelling."

At this moment they arrived at the door of the room where Lord De Moreland was impatiently waiting to receive the child of a beloved brother, who, on hearing their approach, rushed forward with a degree of animation that Bouverie expected not from his habitual indolence; and snatching Adelaide to his bosom, pressed her with fervent

tenderness to his heart, which had ever throbbed with fond affection for her father.

The moment his lordship relaxed in his embrace, Adelaide, gliding from his arms, sunk on her knees before him, and tremulously murmured out the pathetic overflowings of her grateful heart for his reverence to the ashes of her mother.

The seraphic look, the melting tones, the affecting language of Adelaide, all subdued his lordship to shedding of those tears which tender recollection of her father had caused to tremble in his eyes; and, raising her from her knees, and clasping her in his arms, he faltered out—

"My sweet child, how you affect me!"

A pause of some moments now ensued; for Bouverie, too, could have said, "sweet child, how you affect me!" but at length his lordship spoke in a low tone, addressed to Montagu.

"She is a lovely, very lovely, interesting creature."

"The most attractively so of any being I ever yet beheld," replied Bouverie, in a respondent tone.

"Why, then, you think her more beauti-

ful than her cousins?" said Lord De Moreland, with quickness.

"Perhaps not so dazzlingly so," replied Bouverie; "but Adelaide has looks

> ——'that deeply pierce the soul;
> Where, with the light of thoughtful reason mix'd,
> Shines lively fancy, and the feeling heart.'"

Lord De Moreland gazed scrutinizingly at Bouverie as he spoke of Adelaide, until suddenly he started, turned to the blanched hue of death, and heaved a sigh so like a groan of anguish, that his companions, terrorized, enquired "if he was ill?"

"Nothing of consequence, my kind children," replied his lordship, rising from his seat. "Montagu, reconduct this dear girl to her carriage to proceed to Roscoville, and we will pursue our ride."

His lordship tenderly embraced his niece, in adieu; and Montagu took her hand to lead her out, when Lord De Moreland called her back to him.

"I had nearly forgotten," he said, "that boys and girls like to spend money as well as men and women. There is a purse for you, *my* Adelaide, and when you have

emptied it, your banker, De Moreland, will have great pleasure in replenishing it."

"Oh! my dear, kind uncle!" exclaimed Adelaide, ready to cry with gratitude, "I am as rich as Crœsus, and do not want your intended goodness. Mr. Falkland gave me ten guineas this morning, which I can never spend in my visit, since I have no wants, and there can be no poor requiring aid near Roscoville."

"My dear, unsophisticated child!" replied his lordship, smiling, "I fear there may be found poor requiring aid on many a rich man's estate; therefore do you take this purse, and perhaps you may contrive to discover some on mine. Adelaide, this is my first gift to you, and pain me not by a refusal of it."

Adelaide instantly took the purse with graceful reverence, and pressed the hand of her uncle with gratitude and affection to her lips; and, as she departed with her attractive escort, his lordship heaved a sigh, that apprehensions of jealous feuds and envious littleness must prevent his encouraging this endearing child's affectionate attentions to him.

"I feel they would do me good," he mentally said; "I feel they would allure my thoughts, at times, from the misery that subdues me."

The carriage which conveyed Adelaide at length entered the extensive park of Roscoville, and, according to orders received at the lodge, drove to the back entrance, dedicated to servants and tradespeople, where an affected, coarse-looking woman, swathed into a fashionable mummy, awaited the arrival of Miss Bouverie, whom she pertly desired "to follow her," and ordered "Obearn to proceed down a long passage," which she pointed out, announcing, "it would lead her to the kitchen."

"This is my nurse, my respected nurse!" said Adelaide, in painful alarm. "Mrs. Obearn never sits in *kitchens;* she always sits in my apartments. I request the housekeeper may be informed of this."

"Lady Leyburn has made the *harrangement*, *Miss*, said the nursery damsel, scornfully. "You, *Miss*, are to be lodged with my Lady *Hambrosiar* and Master Leyburn, during your stay at Roscoville, *Miss;* and as your nurse is an Irishwoman, she can-

not be admitted in that there hapartments as they inhabits, *feared* she should barbarise the *pronouncation* of my Lady *Hambrosiar* and the Honourable Master Leyburn, *Miss*.'

Adelaide threw her arms around her painfully agitated Norah's neck; and as she tenderly kissed her, she softly whispered—

"Alas! we must submit; but the moment I see my own friend Montagu, he will *har-range* for the ears of your child to be blessed again with the sound of your dear, barbarous accents, my own nursy."

And now, in painful submission to arbitrary cruelty, the poor nurse and child separated; Obearn to find her way to the menial servants, and Adelaide to follow the wreathing mummy to the nursery, which she found a perfect Augean stable, that would indeed require the arm of Hercules to cleanse and clear from the accumulations of slothfulness; where poor Adelaide found, as she was informed, two of her cousins, Lady *Hambrosiar* and the *Ho-no-rable* Master Leyburn.

Lady Ambrosia was dazzlingly beautiful, but so diminutive in stature, that although

nearly three years older than Adelaide, her being confined almost exclusively to the nursery could not prove a matter of wonder to those unacquainted with her age; a measure her mother felt happy her appearance sanctioned, since she was as defective in every species of information as she was in height.

Her brother, Cyrus Leyburn, was a posthumous child, and was just two years younger than his sister Ambrosia; and from his mother's unnatural antipathy to him was chiefly confined to the nursery, except for a chance hour now and then, when his mother's chaplain, who was denominated his tutor, had time or inclination to affect the semblance of instruction to him; or for every stolen one he could stray away to the stables to his fast friends there.

Here, under the jurisdiction of a French milliner transformed into a governess, and an English teacher from "an establishment for young ladies," the youngest daughter of Lady Leyburn passed the greater part of her time, under the supposition she there was educating in the highest style of possible perfection; but the parsimony of Lady

Leyburn leading her to fear the conviction should be conveyed to her mind that more expensive instructors would be necessary for the acquirements of her daughter, shrunk from an investigation of the case, and rarely ever visited the nursery; leaving *Mademoiselle* to dedicate the chief of her time to work for different repositories in town; and Miss Watling, the English governess, to scribble love tales for itinerant book venders.

The moment Sharply, the nursery maid, announced Miss Bouverie, the *honourable* Master Cyrus fired a pea through a popgun at the entering stranger; and Lady Ambrosia, with a most supercilious inclination of her head, addressed her cousin with—

"Your servant, *Miss.* I am told I ought to remember you, but that is vastly impossible, I was so very a baby when my grandpapa, Lord Roscoville, permitted you and your Irish mother to take refuge in his mansion in Bruton-street. I suppose you can't remember me, for I must be grown totally out of your recollection."

"That's a good one, dang me!" exclaimed Cyrus. "If you were too much a baby

to remember her, how could she, a year younger than I am, recollect you, *stupido?"*

"Oh! *Monsieur!"* exclaimed Mademoiselle, you are so bad *sauvage! pis que jamais,* I will make a my *rapport* of you."

Cyrus, snapping his fingers, began to make faces at her, and then to fire his peas over her work, until her temper could no longer brook it; when, after infinite force being exerted on both sides, she succeeded in shoving him into an inner room, where he contrived, by the various ludicrously hideous noises he made, to allow no calm to succeed his boisterous departure.

At length dinner was brought in, and Mademoiselle was compelled to liberate the prisoner; and the nursery inmates sat to table, when Cyrus gave not an individual among them a moment's respite from his practical jokes upon their food, or from some other of his witty pranks, imported from the stables, where his invincible good-humour and wild flow of animal spirits had established him the favourite and buffoon, whenever he could steal from the nursery.

"There *is none on you* to go down this

evening," said the English teacher of Lady Ambrosia, "owing to your exploits, Master Leyburn, in the drawing-room last night; and I *assures* you, Sir, I am not a bit *obligated* to you, for I particularly wanted to go down to-night, and it was my turn to attend my pupil; but you are the *tiresomest* boy *as* ever lived."

In the course of time tea was served, and poor Adelaide hailed it with silent welcome, having been nearly deprived of her dinner by the achievements of Master Leyburn; but her joy was of short duration, for the moment she was handed her portion—for the ladies who presided, not relishing trouble, helped by wholesale divisions—Cyrus treated her with a shower of what he called "nutmeg," from *Mademoiselle*'s snuff-box, in her tea.

"The cup and the lip, again, Master Leyburn," said Adelaide, mildly. "You seem so fond of realizing that proverb, you will make a perfect philosopher of me ere I quit Roscoville Abbey."

"There!" cried Cyrus, penetrated to the heart by his cousin's gentleness, "take half of my tea, or all of it, or what you

like. Aye, were they all to take my pranks as you do, they would soon disarm me of the power of teasing them."

Adelaide promptly perceiving it would distress Cyrus not to accept his tea, took a little of it; and through contrition for his last exploit against her, he allowed the party to take this beverage in peace.

The moment tea was ended, Miss Watling desired Lady Ambrosia to go to her music; who, with an air of consequence, instantly complied, in the full expectation of overpowering her cousin with amazement at her brilliancy of execution; and for a few moments Adelaide was amazed at the rapidity with which she scampered over the keys, dashing through every bar, and deigning not to rest, in her helter-skelter race, to distance time: but soon she internally smiled at this anarchy of science, and wondered how Mr. Falkland would be able to manage his violoncello in accompanying such an impetuous performer.

"Is not Lady Ambrosia a most wonderful performer, Miss?" demanded Miss Watling, triumphantly, the moment her

ladyship had charged through her first show off.

"She has wonderful execution, indeed, Ma'am," said Adelaide; "and I am amazed how her fingers can sustain their part through such rapidity of exertion."

"Oh!" cried Cyrus, "she steeps them in warm oil every night to make them supple, and pumps upon them every morning to make them strong."

"Silence, Sir!" exclaimed Miss Watling: "Lady Ambrosia, pray enchant us by proceeding."

But it was too much to expect from Cyrus to be silent and inactive at the same time. The former he knew he must be, by his mother's absolute command, while his sister practised; therefore, after silently seeking about for employment, he beckoned Adelaide to approach the fire to behold a beautiful appearance in it; when, not in the least suspecting he had thrown a paper of gunpowder under the grate, she unhesitatingly drew near, and almost instantaneously the explosion succeeded; when, providentially, the probable mischief extended no further than the skirt of her

frock, where the powder lodged, and burst out into innumerable little flames; but, fortunately, being bombasine, they did not expand, and afforded Cyrus an opportunity of promptly extinguishing them, by aid of Miss Watling's new cloth pelisse, which he unceremoniously snatched from a chair.

For some moments the greatest consternation prevailed, and not until a glass of water was brought by the contrite perpetrator of the mischief to poor Adelaide could her tears be subdued, which alarm had taught to flow; and scarcely had this commotion subsided, and Miss Watling ceased thumping and scolding Cyrus for his mal-treatment of her "stylish pelisse," when the baggage of Adelaide was brought in, and awakened a general curiosity to inspect it.

"Where is the key of your *box*, Miss?" demanded Sharply.

"My nurse, Mrs. Obearn, has the key of my trunk," said Adelaide.

Obearn being applied to for it, answered, "she would not send it, as she always unpacked Miss Bouverie's clothes herself."

"*Enfoncer!* break a de box open," exclaimed the imperious Frenchwoman. A man was summoned for that purpose; and the dismayed Adelaide soon beheld her nice clothes hauled out of the trunk upon the dirty floor, for the general inspection of the nursery.

"Lauk!" exclaimed the under nursery-maid, addressing Sharply, "what stacks of linen, all so new and nice! Why we shall have no occasion to wash a stitch or mend a stocking, for there will be plenty for them both, if she stays this month."

"And a good thing too for us," cried Sharply; "for my lady is so mean about Lady *Hambrosiar's* under things, that I am sick to death of darning, and patching, and repairing. Look, if ever you seed a more beautifuler silk slip? laws! 'tis satin, to wear under this here jet black crape! My lady never gave Lady *Hambrosiar* no such mourning as this for her great grandpa! Lady *Hambrosiar* has nothing like this to appear in at the ball to-morrow night, and how well she would look in it!"

Mutual glances of intelligence were now interchanged between the governesses and maids of Lady Ambrosia; and the alarmed Adelaide, who had been reared to exercise the greatest neatness in the care of her wardrobe, now beheld her nice clothes, which had been so exactly packed, tossed like hay into the nursery drawers with Lady Ambrosia's, and evidently as a common stock for her cousin and herself.

At length, most welcome to the weary Adelaide, the hour for rest arrived; and with much difficulty Master Leyburne's departure to his room was effected. Adelaide found all the females of the nursery were to slumber in the same chamber, and soon saw Lady Ambrosia dressed in some of her night clothes; and though left totally to herself to undress and equip for bed, our young heroine was quickly ready for it; when, perceiving no retired spot to perform her important duty to her Creator in, she unhesitatingly sunk on her knees by her bed-side, and not supposing a common act of piety should attract observation, felt no embarrassment at commencing her devotion there.

"'Look! look!" exclaimed Lady Ambrosia in amazement, motioning for Sharply to observe, "what can she be about?"

"Saying her prayers, my lady. I suppose the poticary's people *is Methodistes*, to make her so strict," returned Sharply.

"Lord! Lady Ambrosia!" exclaimed Miss Watling, in a tone of extreme vexation at having such an unexpected discovery made of such dreadful ignorance of sacred duty in her pupil, and the obviousness of the neglect of it in those who surrounded her, "every one has different methods of doing the same thing. We, you know, always *says* our prayers in bed to avoid observation, as all innately pious folks *does*, and not go to make a display of what every tinker and tailor can do as well as bishops and nuns."

Those audible remarks, although they disturbed the devotion of Adelaide, did not enfeeble it; and the moment her fervent orisons were aspirated she went into her little bed, and slept the happy slumbers of health, peace, and innocence.

About twelve o'clock the succeeding morning an order arrived from Lady Ley-

burn to the governesses to go an airing with the children, for the benefit of Lady Ambrosia's complexion, for the ball, at which Lord De Morland had expressed a desire that all the children should appear.

For about half an hour after this mandate arrived, and for another half hour after the barouche was announced, the most extreme confusion prevailed in the apartments of the nursery, preparing for the excursion; Cyrus running off with, or throwing out of the window, the parapher-nalia of the governesses as fast as they took forth any thing from their anarchial wardrobes to put on; and the maids availing themselves of the welcome supply Adelaide's trunk had afforded for the equipment of Lady Ambrosia: and after demolishing several new silk stockings ere they could contrive to drag a pair on, they proved as successless as any of the candidates for the little glass slipper in forcing her ladyship's feet into any of Adelaide's shoes, or her hands into her gloves; whilst they all, in the most unqualified terms, pronounced Miss Bouverie's limbs preposterously diminutive; and the slightness

of her form altogether underwent the same asperity-inspired censures; since Lady Ambrosia's shoulders were found too broad, and her waist too thick, for Adelaide's frocks, without the necessary alteration of letting them out.

At length, the arduous labour of equipment being achieved, they sallied forth; and as Cyrus chose to mount the box, Adelaide had a happy respite while on her excursion of several miles; during which she gleaned from the conversation of the governesses, "that Captain Bouverie was designed by Lady Leyburn and Lord De Moreland for one of the Ladies Leyburn, but which, was to be left to the choice of the young people; both agreeing Lady Ambrosia would not be allowed by either of her sisters to have him, since they were both so violently in love with him; while Mademoiselle conceived Lady Seraphina would be the one, as she always carried her points by storm; so like her mother in violence of spirit, that no one dared to resist her sovereign will: and Miss Watling, on the other hand, contended, with

a self-sufficient toss of her head, "that should *interested* motives induce him to become miserable with either, Lady Celestina would be the one, since she ever successfully carried all her points by subtile wiles and mining arts."

The disunion of these sisters was next unceremoniously canvassed by the discreet teachers of Lady Ambrosia; and Adelaide learned Ladies Seraphina and Celestina were often weeks without exchanging a word in private, and acting the most diabolically envious and malicious part towards each other; whilst in public their display of fond attachment was fulsome, always sitting on the same chair, if possible, encircling each other in the intwining arms of tender affection, and not unfrequently kissing in company, to evince their sisterly adoration.

At length the excursion terminated, and the party returned to the nursery; when Adelaide was astonished at beholding Sharply at work at her new satin slip and crape frock, letting them out in the body; and she could not forbear telling

her " that trouble was unnecessary, since all her black clothes being lately made, she had not outgrown any of them."

" Don't you believe I am fagging for you, Miss," returned Sharply, insolently; " you must be content to figure at the ball in your black muslin and *sorsnet* slip; your betters must be *commodated* before you."

At length dinner arrived, without one attempt made during the whole day by the governesses to give instruction to Lady Ambrosia; and the moment this now hurried repast was ended, the commencement of the delightful employment of adorning took place; when the turbulent Cyrus was consigned to his valet's hands, in his own chamber; and Adelaide, for the first time in her life, beheld the toil of vanity for appearance; and luckily for her, it had been one of the directions left by her inestimable mother for her education, that she might acquire one species of independence by early habit in learning to attire herself; so that without one offer of assistance she was decked for the ball,

long ere Lady Ambrosia, with the aid of her handmaids, was adorned in Adelaide's best clothes.

Mademoiselle and Miss Watling were profuse in their exclamations of rapture at her ladyship's beautiful appearance in this "*elegant costume*;" when Adelaide, with all the inherent sweetness of her nature, stepped forward to rectify some little errors in the putting on the frock, by which her cousin's *tout ensemble* was considerably improved.

"Why what a good little thing you are!" exclaimed Lady Ambrosia; conduct so amiable striking upon some of the natural tones of her own heart, which yet had escaped the pernicious contagion she had been long exposed to. "I am sure no one in all the world could have behaved so sweetly upon such an occasion as you have done."

"Ah! well," exclaimed Cyrus, who was by this time adonized, and had forced an entrance; "honesty is the best policy, after all; for, by *goles*, Adelaide looks ten thousand millions of times sweeter and

prettier, and more attractive every way, than the thief who has so meanly stolen into her clothes."

The governesses and maids now flew like wild cats at Cyrus for his impertinence; while Lady Ambrosia wept with vexation, to think any one could say her cousin looked prettier than she did; until Mademoiselle remembered weeping would take from the beauty of her pupil's eyes, and scolding from the amiableness of her own aspect; when the suppression of Lady Ambrosia's tears was instantly commanded, and the resumption of her own engaging smiles spontaneously effected.

CHAPTER XII.

The governesses being full as impatient as the juveniles to make their appearance in the gay scene of action, they led the way to the suit of apartments laid out for the evening's revel, long before any of the guests had arrived, or the other inmates of the abbey emerged from the dining-hall or their dressing-rooms.

Lady Leyburn was the first who appeared to the anxiously-expecting nursery party; and the poor trembling Adelaide promptly recognised in her the fear-inspiring individual who had interrupted her first interview with her uncle.

Her ladyship instantly advanced toward her daughter to examine her appearance; when Adelaide (who with a timid blush and graceful courtesy saluted her approach) arrested her attention, with a painful thrill of maternal envy; and her expressive brows knit to a scowl as she ungraciously scrutinised the young trembler.

"Miss Bouverie," she at length said, endeavouring to recover her self-possession, and assume the deceptive semblance of cordiality by a smile; "Miss Bouverie, I have had no opportunity afforded me of paying my compliments to you before. You are well, child, I hope?" and not waiting for any reply, she snatched her daughter's hand, to pull her to a distance from Adelaide, not brooking to make her meditated examination where the contrast in form spoke so decidedly in favour of the being she most hated.

Inmate after inmate entered, and formed a group around Lady Leyburn, whose maternal vanity they highly gratified, by the most extravagant eulogiums upon the surpassing beauty of the "divine Lady Ambrosia's" appearance.

At length a party of gentlemen from the dining-hall made their wished-for appearance; and not a heart fluttered more joyfully at the approach of any individual among them than Adelaide's did when she beheld Bouverie, and saw him almost instantly advance to her; and her mantling bloom, her illumined eyes, and the ineffa-

ble sweetness of her spontaneous smile, told the gladness of her artless bosom at meeting a friend who would be kind to her.

Bouverie, who had ever considered Adelaide as a truant cherub strayed to pay a short visit among the coarser sons and daughters of mortal descent, now started in amazed conviction of her celestial stamp; and whilst he gazed in admiration, he took her hand with tenderly pleased emotion, and pressing it with fraternal affection, said,

"How rejoiced I am to see my sweet and lovely sister!"

"And I am so glad, so very, very glad to see you, I know not which, to laugh or cry about it," she replied.

"Do neither," said Bouverie, smiling, in sweetness of expression responding to her own; "but continue to look your joy at seeing me precisely as you now do; and, believe me, I shall not feel inclined to shorten its duration. But why are you here separated from Ambrosia, my dear Adelaide?" And now, drawing her hand through his arm, and civilly bowing to the

governesses, walked off with his lovely young friend, to join the group round Lady Leyburn.

"Lady Leyburn!" he exclaimed, "I have found some little difficulty in attracting your lovely niece to your hemisphere: she is a timid trembler, who will require all the benign kindness of your nature to draw her forth; but you will find your recompense well worth your pains."

Adelaide's bosom thrilled with gratitude to Bouverie for this kindness; but Lady Leyburn repelled the cordiality it meant to awaken by an ungracious silence; when promptly perceiving that now at least he must fail in the attempt of conciliating this inflexible woman, he turned off with the trembling Adelaide to a seat at a little distance; and wishing to attract her attention from the unkindness of her ladyship, eagerly demanded, "why she had played truant so long in the morning?"

"For every time Lord De Moreland sent to request to see you, this whole morning," he said, "word was brought

us you were out airing. Why you must have been to Seaview, at least?"

Adelaide had scarcely done expressing her regret at what she had lost by her excursion, when the Ladies Seraphina and Celestina Leyburn, with arms encircled in fond affection's intwining grasp, entered, armed cap à pee for universal conquest, and in exulting self-conviction of the invincible prowess of the weapons they should conquer and enslave by.

Eagerly their brilliant eyes sought the attractive object they each thought proper to be desperately in love with, in dutiful compliance with their speculating mother's intention of uniting him to one of them, as soon as she should feel full conviction of Lord De Morland's often repeated declaration of never intending to marry being sincere; and who they each were more resolute in their determination to captivate for the glory of outrivaling her sister.

At length Bouverie was discovered by the beauteous searchers for him, seated in the back ground, in earnest conference with her they knew to be their obnoxious

cousin, by having seen her enter the barouche in the morning, and from whom vain were all the glances they shot forth to summon him; for Bouverie never appeared to comprehend glances he chose not to understand, and who felt too indignant at that moment with Lady Leyburn to bestow the smallest particle of attention upon any of her progeny.

The rooms at length were thronged with nearly every expected guest; and Lady Celestina, perceiving her mother purposed that dancing should speedily commence, could no longer brook her fears of not being the partner of Bouverie for the first two dances; hastened to the spot where he sat talking over every well-loved scene of his juvenile haunts with Adelaide; when her ladyship, with artfully imagined manœuvring and soft bewitching sweetness, said—

"Have pity on my memory, Bouverie, and do remind me which two of the four first dances you engaged me for, and which two Seraphina?"

"My memory is really as much at fault as yours, Lady Celestina," returned

Bouvérie gaily, "not presenting me with the recollection of the honour of having formed an engagement with either."

"I wish you would not *badinage*, but tell me truly, which is to be your first partner; as I assure you I forget all about it."

"By every thing serious—even by the beard of Trophonius—and so do I, fair Celestina!" exclaimed Bouverie; "and so totally had it escaped my ungallant memory, that I actually meditated requesting the pleasure of this lovely stranger's hand for the two first dances. A stranger, so apparently unknown to you, that you seem to have no presentiment, Lady Celestina, of her being your cousin, Miss Bouverie, the guest of your uncle."

"Oh! I know all that!" returned Lady Celestina; "but mamma would be displeased was I to give my *dear* cousin the welcome my heart hails her with, until she thinks proper to introduce us to each other. But as to your dancing with her, you know it is not a children's ball; and if they are permitted to dance at all, it must be with each other: but if you are resolved

upon forgetting your engagement with me, you have my full consent for such politeness."

"But had we nót better apply to Lady Seraphina?" said Bouverie, resolving to torment her for her conduct to Adelaide: "her memory may be more faithful than ours."

"Really one would imagine I was something hideous you had engaged yourself to in an eclipse," said Lady Celestina, still achieving the effort of maintaining her semblance of sweet gentleness; "and when the sun emerged from darkness you wanted to shirk me: but you need not go to Seraphina to expose your rude lapse of memory, unless you choose it, since I now perfectly recollect all about it, and you engaged me for the first set."

"Indeed!" said Bouverie with a provoking look of amazement; "then what a Lethean gulph must I since have taken! But I trust the honour thus conferred will at least prevent my gratitude from ever slumbering in forgetfulness."

Lady Celestina, though certainly not highly flattered by the gallantry of Bou-

verie in accepting her for a partner, yet exulting that by any means she gained her point, since it would mortify her sister, flew back to her station by Lady Seraphina, to await the triumph of Bouverie coming there to seek her; whilst this highly favoured being, in pained perplexity, glanced his eyes around in anxious search of some companion for the interesting, neglected Adelaide—some one whom he could wish to leave her in charge of—but in vain.

"Pshaw!" exclaimed Bouverie; "those odious governesses too are going to dance: with whom can I leave you, my dear Adelaide?"

The beautiful eyes of Adelaide filled with painful tears of conscious insulation. "Oh! do not, my ever kind friend, take any trouble to seek a companion for me here, where none seem too partially disposed towards me. I shall be safe in any part of the room; but only instruct me where I shall be most out of the way of those who wish to shun me."

The touching tones of Adelaide's voice thrilled to the heart of Montagu as she

spoke, and the expression of her countenance totally subdued him. "Lady Celestina must manœuvre for some other partner. I will not leave you, my sweet Adelaide, thus insulated."

"Lady Celestina would never forgive me should I prevent your dancing with her; since I suppose, Montagu, she is to obtain some wager by managing to get you for a partner. It will not be too pleasant a thing, certainly, for me, reared in comparative retirement, to feel myself alone in this large assemblage, but still you will be in the room with me; and surely it is possible to get a seat where I may see you all the time you dance, and that will be such comfort, and give me courage too; for while I see you I cannot think myself friendless and forlorn."

Although the reluctance of Bouverie to quit her increased with every word she uttered, yet thinking it impolitic to permit her to prove the cause of his offending a Leyburn, seated the object of his voluntary care and solicitude upon an elevated form; and assuring the grateful girl he would come and speak to her as

often as his duty as a dancer would permit him, he sought Lady Celestina, and gave her triumph in her envying sister's eyes.

Poor Adelaide, the moment Bouverie quitted her, felt she was alone: her heart thrilled in saddest measure, her eyes sought the ground, and shame's painful blush tingled on her cheeks, for she feared that every eye would turn amazedly on the poor solitary being, and wonder what improper creature, to no one belonging, was there admitted; but as she grew more accustomed to her situation it became less grievous to her; and her courage augmenting by degrees, she dared, at length, to look around her, and even found amusement from the conversation, observations, or character of those who were stationary, and those who took temporary seats upon the benches around her.

At one period the ingenuous Adelaide, new to the world's dissimulation, was amazed by a lady on a form before her, who highly complimented a young lady that stopped to speak to her upon the extreme loveliness of her appearance.

"But I believe," she added, "your dress is peculiarly becoming to you this evening. Always wear blue, always, dear Miss Seabright, if you wish to captivate, appear in blue."

Miss Seabright smiled, bowed, and passed on; when this adulating lady instantly addressing a gentleman, who then approached, said facetiously—

"Well, Sir John, I have heard people *talk* of blue devils, but I never saw one until I beheld Miss Seabright this instant. Heavens! what an object the girl has made of herself this evening!"

"She has made herself an object of envy, Madam, this evening," rejoined Sir John, dryly, *en passant*, "by her captivation of my only son, who has just offered himself to her, with my full approbation, and has been accepted."

"Lord, have mercy!" exclaimed the highly disconcerted lady, with her face crimsoned with confusion: "I beg ten thousand pardons; but I had no idea of such an event:" and not being able to remain stationary with such a piece of news in her possession to communicate, flew off

to impart it to every one whom she thought would not like to hear of the superior good fortune of another; when instantly her seat was occupied by an ancient dame, who, with much difficulty, pulled her daughter into a vacant place beside her.

"I tell you what it is, Anne," said the ruffled mother, so angrily, that what she meant for a whisper was distinctly audible to Adelaide; "I will not have you so gracious with that Lady Harriet.—Shall I never convince you of the ruin you will bring upon yourself by such an improper intimacy?—Indeed, whilst you were *under* five-and-twenty I had no objection to your herding with your elders; but now it should be your strenuous object to cultivate intimacies with girls in their teens, that you may pass current for their contemporary, and not, as you do, add to your age by such injudicious associations. Don't you know, girl, if you handle antiques, some of the rust will naturally adhere to your fingers?"

"Lord!" exclaimed the daughter pettishly, "I cannot break off with her; for

if I do I shall lose all chance of her nephew: but there she goes; I must join her."

"Of her nephew! Heydey! How is this? You a chance of her nephew! Of that great match!" cried the mother in an altered tone: but her daughter flew off without deigning to answer her; who, all wild anxiety to be answered, hurried after her more craftily speculating daughter; and in a few moments after these vacant places were filled by Lady Ambrosia Leyburn and her partner, Viscount Aberavon, a most dashing young officer of dragoons, in full uniform, being stationed in an approximate barracks.

"Really," exclaimed her ladyship affectedly, as she sunk upon the bench, "I could not stand a moment longer for the lower house. The commons are so much more numerous than the peers, 'tis quite unreasonable to expect one to toil for all."

"Oh! utterly," returned Lord Aberavon; "but could we not manage those multitudinous commoners by proxy?—Would it not be an admirable plan to send

our substitutes when we grow weary, most divine Lady Ambrosia?"

"Oh, that would affront the people; many of whom, you know, are admitted guests here for the talents they bring with them to entertain their superiors by; and were we not to flatter them up by the incense of our civilities, they might grow sulky, and refuse to pay us for suffering their society."

"How divinely expounded!" exclaimed this very young, transcendently handsome, and something foppish peer, in a rapture. "By Heaven! no woman should attempt explanations who has not, like you, a beauteous mouth to send conviction to our senses by."

At this moment two more officers of his lordship's regiment approached, arm in arm; one of whom eagerly requested the honour of dancing the next set with Lady Ambrosia.

"Cannot, positively," she returned; "am engaged nine deep already, Sir Charles."

Sir Charles Longuiville was courteously inconsolable at having his happiness so

long deferred, but eagerly engaged her ladyship's fair hand for the tenth set; and now these additional officers remaining to adulate Lady Ambrosia, the attentive Adelaide, to her utter amazement, beheld the nursery babe, who there appeared all puerile frowardness, wrangling with her brother, or joining in his boisterous pranks, now flirting as adroitly as any woman in the room. At length, Sir Charles raising his eyes above the beautiful face of Lady Ambrosia, beheld Adelaide.

"Heavens!" he exclaimed, "what an angel! Who is she, Lady Ambrosia?"

"Oh! it is my little cousin," said her ladyship, looking behind her. "Adelaide, how do you do? And why are you not dancing? Could you get no partner, child?"

"I shall be most happy in the honour of dancing with your cousin, Lady Ambrosia," said Sir Charles and his companion.

Adelaide blushed, and looked alarmed; yet contrived to articulate her thanks "for their *goodness* in offering to take the *trouble* of dancing with *her*, which she must decline, since Lady Celestina had said it

was not a children's ball, and therefore she must not dance, unless, indeed, she could find a child to dance with."

"The ill-natured thing!" said Lady Ambrosia; "she well knew there would be no boy here but Cyrus, who is never permitted to dance, because he mimics the odd dancers as he capers with them, and affronts them."

"But who is this fascinating cousin of yours, Lady Ambrosia?" asked Lord Aberavon.

"She is the only child of my uncle Montagu Bouverie, who married an Irish re——a— a— to displease the family; so we are not allowed to be cordial to her. Indeed, we have been all taught to hate her; and I felt as if I did so yesterday."

"But to-day you don't," said Sir Charles, smiling.

"Indeed that is true; and to-morrow I shall not be surprised if I like her very much, for she is the sweetest tempered little creature in all the world: for though I was led to be ungracious to her, she behaved so well to me this evening that I can never forget it to her; so I'll go and

ask mamma's permission to let her dance, she is such a good little soul."

Lady Ambrosia hurried away with her three beaux, not a little exalted in the opinion of them all; and scarcely were they gone when Bouverie seated himself beside the insulated Adelaide.

"Well, thank Heaven!" he said, "one of my dances with Lady Celestina is ended; but how do you like a ball, Adelaide?"

"They are very pretty to look at," she replied; "but I cannot speak of their fascinations from experience, since this is the first real ball I ever was at; and only for you, Montagu, I should have found myself very uncomfortable at it."

At this moment a summon arrived from Lady Celestina to Bouverie to join the dancers; and scarcely had he reluctantly complied, when Lady Ambrosia and her train returned to tell Adelaide her embassy to Lady Leyburn had been successless.

"Ambrosia!" exclaimed Lady Leyburn sternly, now advancing, "why do you thus play truant from your duty as a dancer? Sir Charles, and Mr. Clayton, I

want to introduce you to very charming partners."

"But, mamma," said Lady Ambrosia, led to persevere in kindness to her cousin, since it had already drawn forth commendation for her amiability from her attendant beaux, "I cannot endure leaving poor Adelaide here, like a bird, alone."

"She can go to bed then," answered Lady Leyburn with asperity, her natural enmity augmented to the child of Ellen by the admiration she unequivocally excited. "If she is to be made a fuss with, I shall not permit her to appear another evening."

Tears started to the beautiful eyes of Adelaide; and, terrified at her haughty aunt, she tremulously said to her cousin, "I had better go now to bed."

"Not yet, my love!" said Lord De Moreland, emerging from a station behind Lady Leyburn, where, amid a group of ladies, he had escaped the observation of his sister, or the party she was distressing, yet had heard her unkindness to the gentle Adelaide.

Lady Leyburn was electrified by his lordship's appearance, so unexpected there; and in consternation at the tenderness of his tone to Adelaide, and at apprehension of his having heard her unkindness, could scarcely command her usual self-possession to address him.

"Oh! my lord," she exclaimed, "this is, indeed, a most unexpected happiness. I thought you feared the heated atmosphere of a ball-room, and did not mean to honour us with your company to-night?"

"This, my attraction hither, will lead me to brave many an unpleasant encounter, as well as that of a heated atmosphere," said Lord De Moreland, taking Adelaide's hand, and pressing her tenderly to his bosom; for the unkindness he had heard addressed to her had aroused his indolence to resentment, and determined him at once no more to fear the jealous teazing and violence of Lady Leyburn; but to secure at once the kindness and respect of the world for the child of his beloved brother, by no longer veiling his own parental feelings towards her.

The menaced interest of Lady Leyburn

blanched her cheeks, even visibly through her rouge, with dismay, and placed the fetter of silence upon her lips; while Adelaide only by a resolute struggle could suppress the rising tears of gratitude, and tender feelings sensibly affected.

"Who is your partner, my *own* child?" said Lord De Moreland. "I anticipate much paternal pleasure in seeing you dance, my Adelaide."

Lady Leyburn's dismay increased; and Adelaide's emotion from feeling was not diminished.

"Had my wish been gratified," said Sir Charles, gracefully bowing, "I should now have the honour of announcing to your lordship that I had the happiness of being Miss Bouverie's partner; but, from Miss Bouverie's youth, the boon of her hand has been withheld from every candidate."

"As I now am here to exonerate every one from the trouble of answering for *my* niece, I can now grant the boon of her hand to you, Sir Charles, as a partner in dancing, if not too late for your other engagements," said his lordship.

Adelaide clung to her uncle's arm, and

looked so terrified at the idea of going to join such a formidable set of strangers, with a stranger for a partner, that Lord De Moreland promptly conjecturing the cause of her emotion, made her excuses to the handsome baronet.

"And in pity to this juvenile bashfulness," continued his lordship, smiling, "we must, with your permission, allow her to make her *debut* here as a votary of Terpsichore with an old friend. You shall dance with Montagu first, my love; and then, if Sir Charles Longuiville will condescend to think longer of so young a partner, you will be happy to fulfil an engagement with him."

Sir Charles politely acquiesced in his lordship's arrangements for his niece, and then attended the highly alarmed Lady Leyburn in pursuit of the partner she had promised him; and Montagu, catching a glimpse of his lordship through a momentary vista made by the moving throng, effected a temporary escape from Lady Celestina to pay his compliments to him.

"I want my child to join in the general amusement," said his lordship. "When

can you dance with her, Montagu, since her timid fears will not overpower her if you are her partner?"

"The next set I can be her devoted," replied Bouverie, smiling.

"The next set, you know, you are to dance with Lady Seraphina," said Adelaide, timidly.

"I have not asked her for any set, meaning to dance no more this night," replied Bouverie; "but since you are to be my dear little partner, Adelaide, with pleasure I shall rescind from my determination, which was formed for the gratification of a *tête-à-tête* with you, to rove through, in imagination, our old haunts once more together."

Bouverie was now again summoned by the impatient Lady Celestina, when Lord De Moreland seating himself and niece in a conspicuous place, that all might observe his attention to her, he entered into conversation with her.

"A complaint has this evening reached me, through my valet, from your nurse, of your cruel separation," said his lordship. "She shall be restored to you, my Ade-

laide, to-morrow; for I shall order apartments to be appropriated to yourself, where I can visit you when I please, and not, as to-day, be foiled in all my attempts to see you."

Lord Leyburn now approached with an adulating message from his mother to his uncle relative to the injudicious seat he had chosen, liable to a current of air from open windows in the antichamber.

"I thank your mother, but I feel no inconvenience here," said his lordship. "And permit me to announce to you, Lord Leyburn, that I have discovered those letters relative to an honourable, aspersed man, which Montagu mentioned this day after dinner; and it is my command that to-morrow you attentively peruse them, and learn from them henceforth to treat with reverence a name that does honour to human nature."

Lord Leyburn, overwhelmed with confusion, slunk away, and Lady Leyburn was foiled in her effort to remove her brother from the side of Adelaide; for his lordship continued earnestly to talk to her, although, from having had proof of the

susceptibility of her feeling, he forbore then to explain to her what letters he alluded to in his address to Lord Leyburn.

For they were all the letters which her grandfather Bellenden had ever addressed upon the subject of politics to the traitor Murrough Mac Dermot, seized with all that rebel's papers at the time of his attainder and execution, in the late rebellion of his deluded countrymen; and which not only completely exonerated St. Leger Bellenden's fame from every imputation of disloyalty, but proved him an individual who merited the homage of every sincere lover of their Creator, their king, their country: which letters the Irish government, with a most just and noble confession of their own misconception of a character so inestimable, enclosed to the late Lord De Moreland, as head of the family the child of the aspersed Bellenden had married into, but who, from the infirmities of his advanced age, never made the exertion of inspecting them; and too probably our young heroine had never known the gratification of having her grandfather's character justly appreciated, had not Mon-

tagu Bouverie learned the circumstance in Egypt, from the very gentleman who had been deputed by the Irish government to deliver these letters to her great-grandfather.

Montagu Bouverie lost no time in making known this circumstance to the present lord, whose indolence led him to procrastination in his search for these documents, until he caught alarm that day after dinner from the manner Montagu expressed his indignation at some unjustifiable liberties taken with the name of St. Leger Bellenden by Lord Leyburn; an alarm which led his lordship to a successful search the moment he arose from table.

Montagu's impressed service ended, he flew on the wings of alacrity to claim his voluntarily chosen partner, and took his station by her and Lord De Moreland until the commencement of the first dance of this set called him and his young favourite to join the votaries of Terpsichore.

Adelaide, trembling in alarmed timidity, joined the dancers; but soon the kindness and vivacity of her lively and attentive

partner lulled her apprehensions, and restored her own animated spirits to her bosom ere she was to commence her lively career, which she did as the light zephyr playing in the summer breeze; when with all the fond rapture of parental pleasure her uncle attended her through her performance, to gaze at her as she, unconscious of any thing but her own amusement, was attracting the eye of universal admiration or of envy.

"Adelaide," said Lord De Moreland, when she arrived at the bottom of the set with her attractive partner, "how did you contrive to acquire the art of dancing in so finished a style at the village of Seaview?"

The beautifully moulded cheeks of Adelaide were instantly suffused with the brightest tinting of modesty's vermilion, as she unvauntingly answered—

"The celebrated Mademoiselle Hillesberge spent part of every summer, for the last three years, at Seaview, for her health; and who considering herself under incalculable obligations to my guardian for his

advice, which essentially benefited her, she took me for a pupil, and was very indefatigable in her instructions; since that way she promptly saw, my lord, would be the most acceptable one to my guardian of evincing her gratitude."

Lord De Moreland and Bouverie now entered into an earnest conference relative to Adelaide, when Cyrus taking this opportunity of their attention being withdrawn from his cousin to accost her—

"Now is my time, my gentle coz," he said, "for my revenging your cause upon the thief who robbed you of your pretty clothes. See her there, the nursery babe, with her group of Strephons telling her as many whappers about her beauty as would sicken the very d——l; so now is the nick of time for me to go and tell her that her broad shoulders have burst open her borrowed plumes."

"Oh! pray do no such ill-natured thing, I conjure you!" exclaimed Adelaide, in alarm.

"Will you give me a kiss if I oblige you?"

"Oh! I'll give you a pound of kisses

when I can get them from the confectioner's for you," returned Adelaide, blushing, while she affected to misconceive his meaning.

"What, in the name of Jove's own nectar, Cyrus," exclaimed Bouverie, "can you be in treaty for that merits such sweet recompence?"

"Why this young rose here, who puts out a new leaf at every word that is said to her, won't allow me to treat Ambrosia's cheeks with a visit of a stranger blush, just in revenge for their taking this girl's best clothes from her, and dressing Ambrosia out in them."

"But, you know, it was the nursery-maids who did it; and therefore why should you hurt the feelings of your sister, Master Leyburn?" said Adelaide, eagerly.

"Cyrus," said Bouverie, impressively, "if you have no regard for the feelings of your sister, I have for those of Miss Bouverie, and her noble, generous heart shall not be pained by your contumacy; and if you had a particle of sensibility in your composition, your cousin's conduct, in this very instance, would fill your heart

with the warmest glow of fraternal affection for her."

The hour for supper at length arrived, when Lady Leyburn, for once kind to Adelaide, permitted neither her or Lady Ambrosia to sit up to partake of it; and therefore from the ball-room they proceeded to the nursery for repose.

CHAPTER XIII.

Lady Leyburn had too many themes for perplexing cogitations for sleep to occupy any part of the time she remained in bed. An entanglement, which she had suffered love and interest to draw her into, between a handsome, young, dissipated officer, and Mr. Blackthorn, her chaplain, the tool of her mining machinations;—her brother's alarming predilection for the obnoxious Adelaide, so menacing to all her high erected castles of ambitious structure; by turns agitated her mind, and engrossed her serious meditation upon her mode of action relative to each subject.

Upon every one her own interest was the actuating adviser of determination; and in conformity with the suggestions of that leading influence of all her actions, she resolved to shape a new course with Adelaide. She now perceived, that by treating her with unequivocal unkindness and contempt she had erected her into an object of enthusiastic pity for Bouverie to commiserate, and

Lord De Moreland to pacify and indulge: she would now, by one master stroke of generalship, destroy that interest she had injudiciously awakened; by drawing her into intoxicating notice, and by attracting observation round her, discover all her ignorance and faults; and through the overwhelming tide of insidious adulation wreck every amiable propensity upon the shoals of frivolity and levity, and bereave her by such manœuvring of every pretension to a greater share of her uncle's estimation than her own daughters could claim.

Thus diabolically disposed towards the orphan Adelaide, Lady Leyburn emerged from her chamber the morning after the ball to attend an appointment with Lord De Moreland, in which, although her heart was stung to maddening pangs of wounded ambition and avarice by the affectionate manner in which his lordship spoke of his brother and his orphan child, she acquiesced with the semblance of cordiality to every arrangement he made for Adelaide's establishment at Roscoville.

This conference ended, Lady Leyburn gladly left her brother's presence to give

new orders to her children, her satellites, and the domestics, for their conduct to Miss Bouverie, for whom, in insidious respect (since Lord De Moreland had ordered distinct apartments from the nursery for), she commanded the most magnificent suit in the abbey to be prepared; even those in which the late lord had so recently breathed his last, and which had not been occupied since his decease.

Soon after his lordship's conference with Lady Leyburn, Adelaide was summoned to attend her uncle, who, in conformity with the parental part he had aroused himself from his habitual supineness to perform by her, now wished to develop how far her education had been attempted.

His lordship was a perfect master of languages, and by no means deficient in classic lore; for although he hated the exertion of action, he often took the trouble of reading, and even studiously; so that he was perfectly adequate to the task of examining into Adelaide's progress in mental acquirements: and with anxiety which allowed not of a superficial inquiry he entered seriously into every subject; and after two

hours of minute investigation of her intellectual cultivation, his lordship pronounced in a tone of parental gratification—

"Mr. Falkland has indeed performed a father's part—he has not been idle."

"Mr. Falkland, my lord," said Adelaide, with tears of mingled gratitude and affection drawn to a trembling station in her radiant eyes—"Mr. Falkland is never idie, whilst he can find a fellow being to benefit."

"From the manner in which he has reared you, my child, he has proved himself both a good and a clever man; and I do not withhold from you a large portion of my approbation, Adelaide, for the diligence you have evinced in acquiring those valuable attainments your guardian's goodness led him to bestow upon you: but I am not fond of giving very great praise to juvenile candidates for commendation, since it is too prone to inspire young hearts with vanity, reared on the supposition of superior talents in themselves.

"In you, Adelaide, I have yet discovered no symptom of this vanity in its associate affectations, and I am going to put

its absence from your bosom to the test, my child. I would have you loved at Roscoville, not envied. Will you in your intercourse with the society here, to oblige me, conceal as much as possibility will admit of (without affecting ignorance) the attainments you have made—the accomplishments you excel in?"

"The little attainments I have, through the patient exertion of Mr. Falkland, made, my lord," replied Adelaide, timidly, "he has always told me were for my own individual use and advantage, and not for public exhibition; for if it was not so, I must dedicate my whole life to science, studying like a professor, or in obtruding the little I could in possibility ever know into notice, I should lead to the detection of the shallowness of my acquirements; and as to accomplishments, my lord, I excel in none. Mr. Falkland has not yet permitted my voice to be exercised in singing; I am only a shabby practitioner at the piano-forte yet; I can contrive in drawing to make it a matter out of doubt whether I have attempted a figure or a landscape; and as to dancing, that I have

exhibited here, and I am afraid, such as it, my lord, that of all my accomplishments it is the only one I ought not to shrink from a display of. It is therefore, my uncle, no great sacrifice of vanity in me to keep the little I do know in the shade of that retirement best suited to it."

Lord De Moreland expressed himself infinitely pleased with the point of view her guardian had taught her to consider her information in, and with her, for her ready and modestly arrayed acquiescence in his request; and desiring her to take the books she wished for from the library at any time, he rang the bell, and ordered his curricle.

"You may come with me, my Adelaide, if you like it—and so may Ambrosia, since she seems partially disposed towards my child," said his lordship, tenderly embracing this rapidly increasing favourite.

Adelaide was flying off upon her embassy to Lady Ambrosia, when suddenly recollecting Cyrus was full as kind to her as his sister, she stopped to tell her uncle so, that he might also be taken to his lordship's

favour for it; and while she yet was speaking, Bouverie entered.

"Cyrus and you seem mighty friends," said Bouverie, gravely.

Adelaide smiled, and blushed, and flew away on her mission to her cousin, and to equip for her airing.

"But why," said his lordship, in the moment succeeding Adelaide's departure, "why did you look so grave, Montagu, at the idea of my Adelaide's amity with Cyrus? From her account of him, the boy seems to have really some goodness of heart"

"That I firmly believe," replied Bouverie, rapidly twirling a chair on the axis of one of its legs, to conceal a conscious embarrassment in his air, which he feared might be visible to his guardian; "but my gravity, my lord, I acknowledge was founded on absurdity. I—I do not wish Adelaide to commence a friendship for any boy so near her own age as Cyrus; because I—I have rather romantically, your lordship will say, set my heart upon seeing her united to—to a—my brother. It has been

long, you know, my favourite project; but since she came to Roscoville it occupies so many of my speculating visions, that it absolutely draws my thoughts from every other theme."

"Indeed!" said Lord De Moreland, endeavouring to suppress a smile. "Why what an incomparable brother you are, to dedicate your every thought to speculating for the happiness of Theodore! But suppose, dear Montagu, he should disappoint your fraternal arrangements, and not agree with you in liking Adelaide?"

"Why then I would sentence him to the cell of the anchoret, as a clod without a heart!" exclaimed Bouverie, enthusiastically.

"The child is certainly pretty, and her manners fascinating," said Lord De Moreland.

"Fascinating, in very truth; yet so unconscious of her perfections," returned Bouverie, "that—— But you are going out in your curricle, my lord: I, having no curricle, cannot offer my services in taking one of your lovely nieces from incom-

moding you; but may I not attend you on your airing, an escort *à cheval?*"

"Since you seem so much to like the idea of an airing," said Lord De Moreland, again suppressing an arch smile, "suppose you take the reins for me, and drive these urchins a round of a dozen miles. I think it will do my child good, after her unusual *reveillon.*

"But mind you do not in your drive, Montagu, turn the head of my Adelaide by any allusions to her attractions, mental or personal. She is at present inartificial in all her thoughts and actions. An humble child of artless *naïveté* I brought her hither: I cannot endure the idea of sending her from me; and yet here I expose her to the pernicious poison of example, and may have her transformed into a baby flirt, like that brat Ambrosia, whom my blood boiled at last night to see her languishing airs, her studied lures for attracting, and to hear her keep up a running fire of coquetish artillery, whilst I knew in my heart her mind was as uncultivated as the Arabian deserts. Now my Adelaide, in

the simplicity of nature's child, and adorned with the retiring modesty of youthful innocence, is my delight; a character so new, so rare, that I would transfix her, such as she is, to refresh, to regale the senses satiated by affectation, boldness, and frivolity; and do not you, I implore you, Montagu, while you appreciate this darling work of unsophisticated nature, by a word or look of flattery's pernicious incense, aid in blighting a blossom of such promising sweetness."

Bouverie, as anxious as Lord De Moreland for Adelaide's remaining the unsophisticated child of fascinating *naïveté* she then was, readily promised not to aid in an attempt to spoil her; and scarcely had he done so, when the object of all this solicitude returned with her beautiful cousin.

Bouverie took his young companions a most beautiful excursion; and Adelaide, through knowing him from her earliest days, felt not that timid bashfulness before him which operated upon her retiring reserves in the presence of strangers: and now all enthusiastic gratitude to him for bringing the purification of her grandfa-

ther's loyalty to public knowledge, added to her lively recollection of all her other obligations to him, her natural spirits ebulliated into full expansion; and in the liveliness of her fancy she was so animated, so playful, yet so interestingly gentle in even the wildest sallies of her innocent vivacity, that Bouverie was more than ever charmed; whilst Lady Ambrosia, generally vapid when not surrounded by adulators, and rather inclining to pensiveness, in coveted contemplation of the manifold fascinations of Lord Aberavon, remarked to Bouverie "how widely different was the Adelaide of the ball-room to the Adelaide of the curricle."

"Last night," added her ladyship, "you did nothing but blush and seem alarmed at every one who looked at you, and answering those who spoke to you in faltering accents, scarcely to be heard. Now you talk as fast as Bouverie himself, and are even more funny and ridiculous than he is. What is the meaning of it?"

"Why," said Adelaide, "I suppose a ball-room is not my element, and that air is; so while I am frisking through it with

a friend whom I have known from my earliest days I feel more happy."

"More happy! Dear, how odd! I should have thought, as you had never been at a ball before last night, that you would have been intoxicated with delight?"

"Perhaps I was so," answered Adelaide, smiling. "Inebriation affects people differently, I have heard. Some it exhilarates, some it maddens, and some it stupifies."

At length the circumscribed round was terminated, and the curricle trio returned to Roscoville: Adelaide in high raptures with her excursion, and Bouverie in full conviction that her mental excellence would not easily be subverted.

At the time appointed by Lady Leyburn for her daughter to emerge from the nursery this evening, Adelaide accompanied her to the drawing-room, where a very large party of inmates were assembled; some engaged at cards, and some deriving entertainment from professional and amateur performers of the highest musical abilities, who at the harp or piano

forte exercised their talents: when, after one strain of surpassing harmony, which had fascinated every listening ear, Lady Leyburn, judiciously for her own politics, desired Adelaide "to favour the company with her musical exertions to entertain them."

Lord De Moreland seldom made his appearance in the drawing-room after dinner, upon account of his delicate health; but he was there this evening, and awaited in anxious expectation to learn how Adelaide would conduct herself.

"I am sorry, Madam," replied the blushing child, timidly, "I cannot obey your ladyship; since I yet know too little of music to make my attempts before any one but my instructors."

"You amaze me!" exclaimed her ladyship, elevating her finely arched eyebrows in surprize:" not play well enough *yet!!* —But you can sing?"

"No, Madam."

"What! have you no voice? How terrible!"

"Mr. Falkland, Madam, does not ap-

prove of my voice being yet called into exertion," replied Adelaide, provokingly blushing to yet more striking loveliness.

"And who is to teach you when this absurd interdict is removed, my love?" demanded her ladyship, in affected tones of interest.

"Mrs. Falkland, Madam."

"Mrs. Falkland, my love!—What can make her competent to the task?—Was she a music mistress, or a teacher at a school? an actress, or what this worthy a-po-the-cary married?"

"Mr. Falkland, Madam, married the only child of General Aspenfield," replied the timid Adelaide, now roused to audible and firm articulation by indignant, wounded gratitude, "the niece of Lord Aspenfield, and, by the maternal side, of Sir Rupert Danvers."

"What!" exclaimed Lord De Moreland, starting from his seat, and almost flying to a chair by Adelaide, "was Mrs. Falkland the beautiful Rosalind Aspenfield?"

"Indeed she was, my lord."

"I know her intimately, and know her

to be one of the most perfectly elegant and accomplished young women in existence. I met with her in Italy; and her talents I well remember, for they are of the first order, and cultivated to perfection; therefore I congratulate you, my Adelaide, and call you a fortunate girl to obtain such instructors as Mr. and Mrs. Falkland."

The succeeding day was Sunday, when Adelaide, disappointed in all her expectations of a public performance of her sacred duties, was just preparing to be officiating priestess for herself and nurse in her own apartment, when she received a summon from her uncle to his library, to form one of a little congregation he had assembled there, consisting of himself and Bouverie, with their own immediate domestics, for his lordship's health was too delicate to allow him to venture to church in wet weather; and Bouverie absented himself, to perform as chaplain to Lord De Moreland, who, through his long residence abroad, had not one belonging to his own establishment, and who recoiled from the idea of requesting the services of Mr. Black-

thorn, since prayers pronounced by him, he firmly believed, would only prove an insult to the Deity.

This sacred duty ended, Lord De Moreland desired Adelaide to remain awhile with him and Montagu; when, both finding her each passing moment become more interesting to their affection, they would not let her leave them until she was summoned to attend the nursery dinner.

This evening, as on the preceding one, Lady Ambrosia and Adelaide, attended by one of the governesses, visited the drawing-rooms; where, to our young novice's surprise, she beheld card-tables laid in readiness; and soon after, to her infinite horror, she saw them surrounded, and parties formed; when, in all the simplicity of her heart, she flew to Bouverie, and lowly whispered—

"They forget it is Sunday; and see, they are gone to cards! How frightened they will be when they recollect themselves!"

"They always forget it is Sunday, and never recollect themselves," replied Bouverie, gazing with delight upon the ex-

pression of amazed horror her eloquent countenance pourtrayed. "You will find no alteration in the amusements of Sunday evenings at Roscoville from those of any other in the week, except that there is no regular ball given on this day."

"But you don't play cards on Sundays, Montagu?" said Adelaide, in a tone of deep interest and alarm.

"I seldom play cards any day, Adelaide, and assuredly never on this day," replied Bouverie, looking with such unequivocal admiration upon her, that the observing Ladies Leyburn, in high alarm, called him to execute some promptly thought of service for them.

"That little apothecary, I begin to suspect," exclaimed Lady Seraphina, as he approached her, "has contrived to give you some powerfully operating philter; for now one cannot command even the common civilities of urbanity from you, she so exclusively monopolizes your attention."

"The filter of nature's refining process, which has given to her a mind pure as translucent innocence, is Adelaide's charm

for awakening love; and so powerfully her witchery operates, that I cannot but wonder the susceptibilities of your ladyship's affectionate heart can have remained so long invulnerable to such fascinating influence," replied Bouverie haughtily; his bosom glowing with resentment, awakened by the sneer at Adelaide.

Bouverie performed the services assigned him by these enamoured sisters with the most frigid stateliness; and then resumed his station by the little apothecary, determined no sneer or innuendo should give her invidious cousins the triumph of withdrawing his attentions from her; nor could all their manœuvering through the evening call him from the side of Adelaide to join in any of the varied amusements devised to beguile time, since the presence of Lord De Moreland prevented their usual resource of acting a play, or dancing reels and waltzes.

CHAPTER XIV.

The three succeeding days were passed by Adelaide most uncomfortably, through the wiles of the diabolical Lady Leyburn, artfully drawing her into notice, to intoxicate her by the pernicious cup of flattery; but vain were all her subtile lures to seduce our young heroine into the toils of vanity, which were so judiciously spun, they were imperceptible to Lord De Moreland and to Montagu; but upon the susceptible Adelaide they promptly and painfully operated, since the adulation she was assailed by oppressed her timidity, and taught her only to droop her head in tortured bashfulness, and to wish more ardently for the moment in which she could escape from attentions and strains so new to her.

Another morning dawned in dread to Adelaide, as another day of oppressive adulation from the satellites of Lady Leyburn, when, to her infinite joy, her uncle invited her and Montagu to accompany him on a

long round of visits, which detained them some hours from Roscoville; but at length they returned, and Bouverie, on the moment of their arrival, being called off to inspect a horse for Lord Leyburn, Adelaide alone attended her uncle to his library; where on the table lay several letters, which had been delivered during his lordship's absence. One with the postmark of Seaview he first opened, and presented the happy Adelaide with an affectionate and beautiful letter from her guardian; and so absorpt was she by her feelings of gratitude and delight, she observed not the motions of her uncle, until she heard a direful groan burst from his bosom; when, as her spontaneously attracted eye turned in anxiety upon him, it was to behold him fall senseless on the ground, with an open letter grasped in his hand.

The shrieking Adelaide first flew to the bell, to summon, by a loud peal, assistance—then to her uncle, whose neckcloth she instantaneously untied; and then, in promptly active judgment, took the letter from his lordship's now relaxing hand, and placed it, as a secure asylum from inspec-

tion, in her own palpitating bosom, ere the emphatic summon of the bell, aided by her own piercing shriek, drew some of the alarmed domestics, with Mr. Blackthorn, thither.

Every thing now was done by the weeping Adelaide and the domestics to effect the recovery of his lordship; while Mr. Blackthorn overwhelmed Adelaide with a torrent of impertinent questions, relative to what could have occasioned her uncle's swoon; yet with so little feeling respecting his lordship himself, that her wounded affection led her to persevere in the taciturnity of the dumb.

"Oh!" he at length exclaimed, on perceiving Falkland's letter, which had fallen from Adelaide's hand to the ground, in her first moment of alarm, "it was the perusal of this letter which subdued his senses; and it is expedient Lady Leyburn should read it, to act with proper caution upon his lordship's revival:" and off he flew with what he believed a momentous spoil.

Lord De Moreland began to evince symptoms of returning respiration; and his advancement in recovery became

so rapid, that soon was perceptible to Adelaide his eager look around for some object of his almost agonizingly anxious search; when she softly whispered him—

"The letter you were reading, when taken ill, my uncle, is safe in my bosom, unseen by any one."

Lord De Moreland emphatically pressed her hand; and whilst he beamed on her a smile of gratitude, his bosom heaved deep sighs, which seemed almost to rend it; and at this moment Bouverie rushed into the room.

"I will answer the eloquent anxiety of these looks myself, dear Montagu," said his lordship; "I am nearly recovered—indeed quite myself again; therefore all my good friends may now depart, and leave me to the sole care of my Adelaide; whilst you, dear Montagu, go to Lady Leyburn, tell her I am quite well, and prevent her coming hither, if such is her intention; but do you return to me."

"And bring with you, if you can recover it for me," said the once more smiling Adelaide, "my dear guardian's letter,

which Mr. Blackthorn decamped with, mistaking it for some other."

The instant his lordship was alone with Adelaide she restored him his letter, with an apology for having secured it, through her belief that from the effect it had caused it ought not to be left for the eye of curiosity to pry into.

His lordship gratefully kissing her, took the letter, and, with convulsive agitation that nearly again subdued him, perused it to the end; when, in dreadful agitation, he said—

"Adelaide, my love! I have now a promise to exact from you: by the discretion you discovered in the moment of alarm—by the regard for me, evinced so forcibly in your interest for what concerned me, I feel assured I may place reliance on your faith.—Will you, then, promise me never to disclose to any individual that it was the perusal of a letter which operated with such a dire effect—never to betray the suspicions you may entertain of this letter having any share in influencing any subsequent proceedings of mine?

Adelaide promised, with the simplicity of

truth and the firmness of sincerity; and the moment she had done so, Bouverie re-appeared with Falkland's letter in his hand, which he hastened to explain the cause of Mr. Blackthorn's taking away, and to announce "from this officious gentleman's awakened suspicion, that some letter from abroad, arrived that day, had caused his lordship's indisposition, Lady Leyburn, in defiance of all he could urge to prevent her, was coming with all a sister's fond solicitude, to implore a participation in the calamity or grief that had subdued him."

"Then I will disappoint her curiosity, and foil the suggestions of Mr. Blackthorn too," exclaimed Lord De Moreland, angrily. "How dare such a miscreant presume to form conjectures upon any causes or effects that operate on me? Dear Montagu, ring for Baronello, and lend me your arm, to assist me to my chamber, where, I trust, I shall escape the impertinent intrusion of interested individuals."

"Adieu, my Adelaide!" continued his lordship, tenderly kissing her: "I shall

never cease to remember and appreciate your goodness to me."

The anxiety of Adelaide for her beloved uncle led her frequently, this day, to his chamber-door, to inquire from Baronello how his lordship did; and to the nursery dinner she received a formal invitation from her aunt; and also, to her infinite surprise, a kind message, to say, "that all the Roscoville party were going, in the evening, to see a set of strollers perform a play in the village, and that her ladyship should obtain Lord De Moreland's permission for her dear niece to accompany them."

About half an hour before the party were to set out for the theatre the nursery detachment were summoned to the drawing-room, where Lady Leyburn most graciously received Adelaide.

The carriages were at length announced, when the general rising of the company to envelope in shawls, and take their hats in hand, occasioned such a commotion, that the absence of Adelaide was not perceived, who was gone to attend the summons of her uncle; who, having learned Lady Ley-

burn was going to the village theatre, had, secure of no visit from her, ventured to emerge from his dressing-room, and to take his station in the library.

"I have sent for you, my love! for the pleasure of again thanking you for your goodness to me this morning," said his lordship, the moment she appeared, "and also to request you will have the further kindness to read to me. You know I have already heard you, my timid child; therefore first fears are removed. I am not equal to the exertion of reading myself, as I feel but very so, so; and I think the tones of your voice will lure my attention from thoughts that almost distract me. I should have sent for Montagu too, but find he is going to the play."

Adelaide now perceiving by the dejection of his lordship's expressive countenance, and the mournful tones of his voice, that his firmness was indeed subdued by some direful mental anguish, she instantly, without one impeding hesitation from her timidity, opened the page his lordship pointed to, and began to read with a steady voice, in her very best manner; with the

pleasing hope, animating her courage, of being the humble instrument of beguiling for even some moments the sorrows of her uncle.

The wish of Adelaide was realized in the party setting off to the play without observing her absence, since the only persons who bestowed a thought upon her were carried off by force of arms. Lady Ambrosia, encircled by two adulating swains, was borne off to form a trio in a chaise; and Ladies Seraphina and Celestina, each fastening on an arm of Bouverie, led him off to form a party of three in another, saying, as they hurried him away—

"You need not stay for your *dear sœurette*, since mamma has arranged for her to go with the gouvernantes."

But when the governesses arrived, and Bouverie saw no Adelaide; when he mustered the whole party, and beheld her not, he instantly conceived some cruel trick had been thus devised to wound her youthful heart, by inflicting disappointment in the moment pleasure appeared to be realizing, and seized the first opportu-

nity of gliding out of the theatrical barn to return to Roscoville to seek her, when Baronello informed him—

"*La illustrissima signora* is with *Monsignore.*"

Bouverie instantly hastened to his lordship's library, filled with a new and painful alarm; since he feared Lord De Moreland was worse, or he would not have detained poor Adelaide from amusement.

"What ails my dear Montagu?" exclaimed his lordship, extending his hand to Bouverie, the moment of his appearance: "What agitates you thus?"

"Oh! I feared you were ill again, by Adelaide not coming to the play."

In answer to the obvious question of Lord De Moreland, the fact of Adelaide's relinquishing the play for him transpired; when his lordship, after gratefully thanking her for this new proof of attachment, proposed that she should immediately accompany Montagu to the theatre; but against this measure Adelaide earnestly supplicated and implored not to be sent from her uncle, while he was so evidently

unwell, with all the resistless energy of her affectionate heart.

"No: you cannot send her from you; it is impossible," said Bouverie, sensibly affected by her; "nor can you send me from you either, I trust; when, with sincerity equal to Adelaide's own, I request permission to stay and unite my efforts with her tender ones to be of service to you:—but, alas! I fear our powers will little avail, since I am apprehensive that you are ill, seriously ill, my dear lord!"

Bouverie now fixed his expressive eyes, beaming with affection and pity's tender anxiety, upon his guardian, whose very soul seemed penetrated by the look of Bouverie; on whom he intently gazed, until the changed expression of his countenance awakened the most powerful alarm in Montagu and Adelaide, which was not decreased, when, in a few subsequent moments, a deep groan burst from his lordship's bosom. They flew to him; each took a hand, which they found chilling as ice; in a moment more his frame became convulsed by the contortions of bodily an-

guish, and he moaned and writhed in the direful agony of a perilous malady raging in his stomach.

Lord De Moreland had lately suffered considerably from lurking gout; but although he had never suffered thus from it, Bouverie and Baronello hesitated not to pronounce it that malady; and, knowing the imminent danger of such an attack, sent off express, in every direction, for medical aid.

In the general consternation and call for assistance Adelaide summoned her nurse, who perfectly agreed with her that the mode in which his lordship was attacked, the way he seemed affected, his very contortions, and the hue of his complexion, were completely such as they had often witnessed in poor Martha Drayner; for whose instantaneous relief, should he be out of the way to afford it, Mr. Falkland had instructed every individual in the family what was to be done for her, and in the medicine to be administered.

Bouverie was promptly informed by them of all this. The name of Falkland st[illegible]ped on [illegible]viction infallible relief.

Adelaide remembered the names and quantities of every ingredient which composed this medicine: and, writing all down with accuracy, Bouverie flew to the stables, and only waiting to bridle a fleet hunter, darted off at full speed to the nearest apothecary's; but, ere he returned with Falkland's prescription, the family apothecary and a surgeon from the neighbouring barracks had arrived: when both, in consternation, affirmed, "that his lordship's last sand was run, and that no human skill could save him."

His senses had totally forsaken him when Bouverie rushed in, and without deigning a question or word to either of the medical men present, poured out the draught, and, by the aid of Obearn and Baronello, contrived to effect his lordship's swallowing it; by whose revival, in less than twenty minutes, its efficacy was incontestibly proved.

During the terrible dismay that prevailed, whilst death seemed suspended over Lord De Moreland's head, no one thought of summoning Lady Leyburn from the theatre; and when his lordship was suffi-

ciently recovered for thought to resume its action in his mind, he ordered that no intimation whatever should be conveyed to his sister of his indisposition; "since he felt," he said, "that his exhausted frame required repose, and her presence would be only productive of unnecessary agitation to him."

Lady Leyburn, therefore, was not recalled, and knew nothing of how near she had been to reap the harvest, or find the disappointment of all the long train of mining policy she had toiled to lay for the gratification of her avarice; and by the time she returned from the play his lordship was settled in his bed for the night, and every arrangement made for his care and comfort; more of the infallible medicine procured; and Bouverie, the family apothecary, with Baronello and Obearn, whose presence as the high priestess of that oracle of Apollo, Mr. Falkland, neither his lordship or Bouverie would dispense with, were to sit up to attend their patient; and poor Adelaide, something loath, retired to slumber alone in the suite of immense apartments, and in the

very bed too, where her great-grandfather had so lately died.

"Nurse," said Adelaide, as she was putting her to bed, "you do not believe in— in ghosts?"

"Ghosts, my love! no, certainly; but what could put it into your head to think about such things?"

"Why, I dreamed once, when I was quite a child though, that I saw the ghost of an old man."

"Well, my love! and, like Giles Scroggins, when you awoke you found it but a dream."

"Certainly I did; but I shall not dream of ghosts to-night, my nursey; since thinking of the direful agony my dear, dear uncle suffered, the awful state I saw him reduced to, will banish sleep. Oh! how I longed to give him one kiss of pitying affection ere I left his chamber! but his bed was so high, and so wide, it was as much as I could do to kiss the hand he extended to me."

"High and wide, indeed, darling! pretty contrivances for sick people!" exclaimed Obearn, indignantly: "but good night

now, my dear, sweet, precious treasure! The Almighty will protect you for me until we meet again: but shall I draw the curtains round you?"

"No, thank you, my own kind nursey; yet yes, if you please—I think I should like them drawn at the side next to the tapestry, lest if a moon-beam should stray in I might mistake some of the grim figures for, for—robbers."

Obearn now departed reluctantly, perceiving she had not left her adored nursling quite comfortable in her solitude, it being the first time in her existence she had ever been left to sleep alone in a room. Adelaide, however, the moment she was left to herself, began to exert the firmness of her mind, and to reason herself out of innovating fears, which the recent alarm her spirits had sustained, and the newness of her situation, had awakened.

CHAPTER XV.

The apothecary, Bouverie, and Obearn, were all in Lord De Moreland's antichamber when Lady Leyburn, just returned from the theatre, entered in all the apparent anxiety of an affectionate sister to make her way to her brother's bedside, when the previously concerted information of his lordship's being sunk to rest had the desired effect of withholding her intrusion.

In the course, now, of her ladyship's numerous questions relative to how "her adored Edwin" had been affected? what had been done for him? and the plans which were yet to be pursued? she expressed the most evident pleasure on hearing Obearn was one of the individuals who was to watch by his lordship.

"That is a most satisfactory arrangement," she said, in a tone of joy.—"Adelaide you have, of course, put into her old quarters in the nursery for this night?" and not waiting to hear the reply of Obearn,

her ladyship rapidly made an excuse for her prompt departure, and retired.

Adelaide conquered every fear but that which trembled at her heart for her uncle's life should a relapse take place, and Mr. Falkland's remedy not again prove efficacious; but even the mental pangs she felt for him were at length lulled to temporary rest by a profound sleep, earned by the exercise she had taken that morning, aided by the late hour her designing aunt had permitted her to seek her pillow the three preceding nights.

So deep was the repose of Adelaide, that she remained undisturbed by Lady Leyburn's entrance, attended by Mr. Blackthorn, from whose recognition the drawn curtains concealed her; and not conceiving any child of her age could have been endowed with sufficient courage to rest there alone, security of her absence taught them incaution, and the noise they made in talking and in their movements at length dissipated her deep sleep.

The moment Adelaide's slumbers terminated she was wide awake, with every faculty in readiness for action; therefore no

gradual progress towards returning animation led her to make any movement as she awoke, and her alert senses secured her from alarm that could induce a betraying exclamation.

She therefore distinctly witnessed the scene she thus awoke to see and hear, and promptly Mr. Blackthorn murmured out—

"I fear we are upon a false scent. You know I have already examined this wainscot, inch by inch, and could discover no keyhole."

"Pshaw!" exclaimed her ladyship, "can you think I do not know my belief to be well founded? I am positive, Blackthorn, the recess is in this identical chamber; and should death this night carry off my brother, I shall lose my power of moulding Montagu to my purposes if I obtain not possession of this packet."

"I have examined every compartment of the mosaic bordering of these curious pannels, and am, on my part, positive there is no keyhole here to admit this extraordinary looking key," returned Blackthorn. "But should your brother tip off to-night, surely we can contrive to have all the pan-

nels taken down and replaced ere this Montagu takes possession, and routs us."

"Impossible!" answered Lady Leyburn, "since the recess I am in quest of is constructed to deride human skill to penetrate it, except by means of this key, which my grandfather thought of such consequence to preserve, that he constantly wore it suspended to a chain round his neck, from whence I took it the moment succeeding his decease; and both lock and recess I know to be invulnerable to force."

They now moved away, in their investigation, out of Adelaide's view, impeded by the curtains, until convinced their scrutiny in their present direction was fruitless; when, moving to depart, Mr. Blackthorn, in amorous dalliance, caught Lady Leyburn in his arms, who angrily struggling, he exclaimed—

"Nay, nay, my Lady Leyburn! you know the conditions upon which I embarked in transactions for your interest which even menace my life. I will have no struggling, Madam; you are mine by compact." And Blackthorn took, without repulse, his meditated kiss.

They now departed, leaving the mind of poor Adelaide in such a tumult of agitation that sleep no more visited her pillow; and morning she thought would never arrive until she should tell to Bouverie all she had heard, that, if he thought it expedient, it might be revealed to her uncle.

Lord De Moreland passed a night devoid of bodily suffering, and his mental pangs he concealed from his anxious attendants, whom all, but Baronello, he sent from him about five o'clock.

"Baronello," said his lordship, the moment they were left together, "you must set about immediate preparations for another expedition to the continent; but say not one word to mortal upon the subject. I shall set out to-morrow at early dawn for Seaview, from whence I shall send information to Lady Leyburn of my projected tour."

The astonished servant remonstrated against the imprudence of such a measure, after the late dangerous attack his lordship had sustained.

"My good and attached Baronello!" said his lordship, "I may as well die of malady

as the mental misery which occasioned that attack. But I shall go in quest of consolation for my sufferings, and shall have my Adelaide's prescription with me; beside, I mean to consult Doctor Falkland ere I quit Seaview, therefore fear not for me, man: and now I have formed my resolutions I think I shall be able to take some rest; do you, therefore, retire to seek repose, to sustain you through the toil of preparation for our departure. Leave my Adelaide's medicine near, and entertain no apprehension at quitting me."

Baronello reluctantly complied.

When Obearn retired to her pillow, she sunk into so profound a sleep that Adelaide arose at seven, and dressed herself, without awakening her beloved nurse; when, it being sufficiently light for her research, she resolved to pass the moments of Obearn's continued sleep in examining the pannels round the room; but ere her cautious footfalls, fearing to awake her nurse, bore her many paces, she felt some hard substance beneath her tread, and hid amid the high pile of the carpet she found a gold key, of shape and workmanship so

singular, she doubted not its being the identical key she had seen with her aunt in the night; and that, in her degrading struggle with her libertine coadjutor, she had dropped it.

Finding this key now stimulated Adelaide to persevere in her meditated research for the talked of keyhole; and, after about an hour's minute investigation, her accurate eye discovered one compartment, forming a leaf in the mosaic bordering, was a degree larger than those of the other component parts; and instantly, guided by the suggestion this observation inspired, she worked her taper fingers upon this leaf until she found it move, and then with little difficulty she extracted it from its station, when with rapture she beheld a keyhole exactly corresponding with the wards of the key she had found, but propriety of feeling forbade her exploring further: and now, carefully replacing the leaf, an idea presented itself of Lady Leyburn missing the key and coming thither to seek it, ere she had put it out of her power to be frightened into the restoration of it; when, winged with alarm, she promptly glided off

to the antichamber of her uncle, to leave a message with Baronello for Bouverie, where, instead of the former, to her infinite surprise and joy she found the latter, anxiously expecting Baronello to emerge from his lord's chamber to announce how he did.

Adelaide now, in a lowly whisper, gave to the ear of the astonished Bouverie the scene she had witnessed in the night, suppressing only what her delicacy led her to conceal so degrading to Lady Leyburn.

"And now," said Adelaide, when she had finished her history, "I leave you to inform my dear uncle of all you think necessary to impart to him, and to give him this key."

"My own, dearly loved Adelaide! how well, how surprisingly for your tender years, you act upon every occasion!" said Bouverie, taking her by both hands, and looking on her blushing countenance with the most animated approbation.

At this moment Lord De Moreland, in his robe de chambre, opened his door: his lordship started, and so did Bouverie; but Adelaide, unembarrassed, flew to her uncle

to express her joy at seeing him so well, when his lordship clasped her in his arms, and tenderly kissed her; then, giving his hand to Bouverie, said—

"My beloved, anxious boy! have you not been to rest at all, that I find you here?"

"Oh! I slept most industriously for two whole hours," replied Bouverie; "and then, refreshed, and blithe as a bird, I arose, since staying in my nest after I found I had sleep sufficient would have been a supererogation of indulgence."

"You have satisfied me upon that subject, and now may I question you upon another? said his lordship, beaming one of his ever mournfully impressed smiles.—"Was it in the act of pleading to Adelaide to preserve her affections for Theodore that I found you, Montagu?"

"Indeed, my lord," replied Bouverie, blushing, "I was not even thinking of Theodore at that moment."

Lord De Moreland felt perfectly convinced this assertion was true; and Bouverie proceeded to state what he had been

saying to Adelaide at that moment, and the causes which had called forth his commendation.

Lord De Moreland never had even heard of the existence of this recess before; so that, probably, all it contained would have fallen into the hands of his rapacious sister, had it not been for the goodness of Providence in turning the malicious unkindness of Lady Leyburn, in putting the young Adelaide to occupy that fear-inspiring chamber, to a discovery so probably important: and as Lady Leyburn had announced, in positive terms, to Mr. Blackthorn, that only by means of the key could this mysterious recess be explored, his lordship now determined to remain silent upon the subject of it to his designing sister until his return from abroad, whither he now informed his distressed companions he was about immediately to wing his flight.

"I will leave this important key in the care of Doctor Falkland for you, my dear Montagu; but ere I go hence our Adelaide shall instruct us both in the secret she has discovered. My meditated visit to Seaview I must depute you, my dear Montagu, to

announce to Lady Leyburn without delay; but let nothing yet transpire to her of my projected visit to the continent."

Bouverie executed his guardian's commission, in announcing to Lady Leyburn her brother's intended departure on the morrow for Seaview to consult Doctor Falkland; and although she hailed this intelligence with terror, as a sure prognostic of an immense portion being now secured to the hateful Adelaide, yet she commanded her self-possession sufficiently not to betray her feelings, which found some distillations of a tranquillizing balm from reflecting that this opportune absence would yield her time to secure more plunder, and to complete many of her unfinished schemes: but great and direful was the blow she received, stunning to her mining mischiefs, when on the morrow she discovered seals she could not counterfeit were placed, ere the departure of her brother, to her total exclusion from the apartments lately occupied by Adelaide.

Bouverie had prevailed on Lord De Moreland, in consideration of his delicate health, to make it two days journey to Seaview,

whither he was accompanied by his loved niece and Montagu in his own travelling chaise; Obearn, Baronello, and Lee (Bouverie's servant), following in another.

"I hope," said Bouverie, as they were rapidly approaching the coast of Kent on the second day of their journey, "that your lordship's chamber is kept constantly aired at De Moreland Castle, or I should very much fear your sleeping there after your late attack."

"Why, to own the truth," replied his lordship, "I have so much business to transact with Doctor Falkland in a short period, that I should infinitely prefer a chamber in his house to one in the castle; but it would be taking a man so much by surprise to drive up to his door, and, without any preface, ask him to admit one as a guest, that I cannot think of it."

"My uncle," said Adelaide, "the moment I heard of your intended visit to Seaview I wrote to my dear guardian, to tell him 'how ill you had been, and how I feared your chamber might not be properly aired, and how I wished he could prevail on you to be his guest whilst you remained

in Kent;' and that letter Mr. Falkland received at ten o'clock this morning: therefore I well know if you will honour my guardian as his guest, that he will not be unprepared to receive your lordship in that hospitable mansion, which my grateful remembrance has taught me to believe a haven of comfort to all who enter it."

"You are a dear, affectionate, attentive girl, that wind your way through every inlet to one's heart!" exclaimed his lordship, gratefully; "and if Doctor Falkland asks me to become his guest, I will thankfully accept his invitation."

As they drew near to Seaview, Bouverie began, with the delight of memory attached to former scenes, to retrace some of the haunts of his more juvenile days; and as they drew nearer yet, to wander once more, with Adelaide participating in the reminiscence, through many of their rambles, and recognize by name each farm, each house, each hovel.

"And there, by all that is animated," Bouverie at length exclaimed, "is Dennis O'Rourke perched, performing a telegraph on the summit of Giant's Footstool!"

Adelaide now looked to the pinnacle of the highest cliff, and there beheld the joyful Dennis performing the double duty of making signal swith a blue handkerchief to some one in Mr. Falkland's grounds; while with a white one, and his hat waving in the air, he was hailing the return of Adelaide and Norah.

As the carriage now wound rapidly round an angle of this tremendous cliff, which formed a magnificent feature in the sublime scenery of Seaview, they lost sight of Dennis, but soon discovered him again many feet precipitated in his descent, by the dexterity with which he slid from projection to projection, where his wooden leg would not afford him safe footing, yet which seemed as the feathered heel of Mercury, so swiftly he made his way with it; and when the carriage arrived at the turnpike gate, there stood the almost breathless Dennis, with his obeisance *en militaire*, ready to present a letter for Lord De Moreland.

His lordship now ordered the carriage to stop whilst he read his letter; and while he was employed in doing it, Adelaide almost

shook her head off with kind nods at the delighted Dennis, who received some gracious ones from Bouverie too.

"I will answer Doctor Falkland's letter immediately, in person," said his lordship, with a condescending bow to Dennis; who now darted off on his rapid way across a short path through the fields.

"This letter," said Lord De Moreland, as they moved on, "is, thanks to my provident child, a most kind and polite invitation from Doctor and Mrs. Falkland to partake of the comforts of their hospitable mansion during my short stay at Seaview."

"But must it be a short stay?" asked Adelaide, in a tone so expressive of concern, that it promptly made its effect upon the heart of his lordship.

"It must, indeed, my child," he said: "twenty-four hours must be its extent."

"But that will not be allowing Mr. Falkland's abilities fair play, my lord," said Bouverie, mournfully.

"My dear Montagu," returned Lord De Moreland, with a deep groan-clad sigh, "Falkland cannot cure the malady that preys here!"—and he touched his breast.

"The torturing pangs of a direful uncertainty I cannot longer sustain, for I find my frame sinking beneath the anguish it inflicts. To-morrow, therefore, my children, I shall leave you for a very short visit to the continent, there to end, I trust, the agony of suspense I am subdued by. When I know all, however torturing, my fortitude can rouse to action; but tossed in the Biscayan gulf of incertitude, that rudder is denied the power of aiding me."

At this moment the carriage stopped at the house of Mr. Falkland, whose heart as eagerly led him to the hall to welcome his darling ward, as his feelings of respect placed him there to receive his lordship; and where he had the unexpected pleasure of finding his cordial reception called for by a second beloved young friend.

"Mr. Falkland," said his lordship, "I am not, believe me, going to quarter so large a force in your mansion of kind hospitality. My attendants have their billets for the castle."

The hospitality of Falkland, and the consideration of Lord De Moreland, soon made their amicable arrangements with proper

politesse; and Falkland conducted his lordship and Bouverie to the drawing-room, where Adelaide had anticipated them, and was still in the embrace of Rosalind when they entered.

All that was kind, and cordial, and polite, Lord De Moreland now addressed in his meeting compliments to Mrs. Falkland, mingled with the congratulations of sincerity upon the fortunate choice she had made in her union; and, next, to Falkland himself were the effusions of sincerity offered, as his lordship expressed his grateful sense of the tender care he had taken of the long insulated Adelaide; and so fond Lord De Moreland seemed of this theme, that after Bouverie's introduction to Mrs. Falkland had taken place, he resumed his acknowledgments to both husband and wife for their goodness to his orphan child; and most unwillingly ceased these ebullitions of his feelings to turn to less interesting subjects, which they now discussed until the travellers retired to change their attire for dinner.

Adelaide emerged from her toilet sooner than any of the party, as she was all impa-

tience to be with her dear guardian and his Rosalind again; but ere she returned to the drawing-room she took a scamper round the haunts of all the dumb animals, to see how they did, and peeped in at the kitchen door, with a nod at Martha, whom she knew was a fixture there until dinner was cooked.

But not until this round of visits was paid, and that she had arrived in the hall on her way to the drawing-room, did she encounter Dennis, who rushed out of the dining parlour the moment he heard her nimble step, and with joy in every look and tone he exclaimed—

"Och! welcome, *darlingt!* welcome to your people; for sure we have been murdered with grief for your absence! Sorrow blithesome note have the birds in the air even given us; the fowls in the *hin* yard clapt on their *moulting* array, and looked, poor mortals! as if each day was a rainy one with them; the snowdrops and crocusses in your garden seemed to be catching the blight of grief as they blew; the *childer* at the dunces' academy *stud* stock still in their *larning;* sorrow neigh has the

poney neighed since you *wint*, jewel! Pompey never so much as wagged his tail; and dickens a one of *ould* Nanny Perkins would die, herself said, until you come back to close her two blind eyes for her."

"It was, in this case, unlucky Adelaide's coming home at all, Dennis, my fine fellow!" exclaimed Bouverie, laughing, who now, with Falkland, emerged from the latter's study—"for Nanny Perkins would then live on until doomsday if Miss Bouverie never appeared to close her eyes."

"Upon my conscience it's no joke, Master Bouverie!—but myself *axes* pardon, 'tis your honour you are now, since you bear his majesty's commission, and have stamped that honour, too, with the sterling mark upon the arms you bore; and success to yourself! and good luck too! for I'll tell no lie, it was always a noble spirit you had, and 'tis my friend I would rather be having you than my foe in battle; but as to Miss Adelaide, the *darlingt!* it seemed, your honour, as if 'twas to the world's end she was gone, and would never be returning: gentle and simple, all bemoaning her ab-

sence; and sorrow wonder at that same, for herself is the summer sun to the chilled outcast, the dew of heaven to the drooping flower."

"And your praises, Dennis, are like the hounds of the chace to the timid hare; for look how Adelaide, as usual, flies from the sound of her own eulogium, Bouverie!" said Falkland, while with paternal rapture he gazed up the staircase after the retreating child of his tender care.

"But how, dear Bouverie! tell me, and do not deceive me, did the dear child conduct herself at Roscoville?" continued Falkland, eagerly catching the arm of Bouverie, to take a few turns in the hall whilst his question was answered.

"Why, with such fascinating innocence, goodness, and propriety, she conducted herself," said Bouverie, "that nothing under heaven but her extreme youth could have saved me from falling over head and ears into the quicksand of enthusiastic love for the young enchantress."

"I rejoice to hear this," exclaimed Falkland, in a tone of rapture.

"What! To hear of my peril?"

"Why, not exactly, perhaps; but that my dear *elève* should have conducted herself so well as to awaken such admiration."

CHAPTER XVI.

It was shortly after the elegant dinner of Mr. Falkland was ended Mr. Mellifont was announced, who entered, trembling with agitation.

"Mr. Falkland," he said, "pardon, pray pardon my intrusion; but I could not resist it, since I just learned that Bouverie is here."

Instantly his friend rushed forward, and was clasped with almost frantic energy to the ardent bosom of the grateful Mellifont.

For the first moment after this embrace Mellifont was unable to articulate; but the next he burst forth, unmindful of Lord De Moreland's presence—

"My friend! my friend! my benefactor!"

"Your friend, most certainly," said Bouverie; "but, my fine fellow, the appearance of this same friend seems to have routed your senses. Do take the wine Mr. Falkland has filled for you. Come, drink, man, drink, and do not talk wild nonsense any

more; but tell me how is the dear, worthy doctor?

"Oh! Bouverie, call it not wild incoherence my styling you what you are—my benefactor!" Mellifont exclaimed, with impetuosity; "for did you not first awaken my heart to its dormant sense of honour? have you not supported me for the last two years at school? and now are you not enabling me to pursue my studies to fit me for the profession I——"

"Pshaw! Mellifont! Do tell me about the Birch's.

"Montagu, have you done all this out of your moderate means?" said Lord De Moreland.

Bouverie could not utter an untruth; but his fine countenance glowed with the betraying blush of innate benevolence on the discovery of its goodness, and his eyes bent to the ground as if they feared to encounter the glance of approbation; and Adelaide precipitately arose from her seat and left the room, afraid that one moment's longer stay would disclose to all how much the beauty of beneficence affected her.

"Since thus you employ the talent com-

mitted to your care, I must make it fourfold ere I depart," said Lord De Moreland, in a tone of tremulous emotion.

"Twofold will outdo my pretensions to such liberality," said Bouverie, gratefully pressing his lordship's hand. "Mellifont paints with glowing colours; and let not the flattering array he pourtrays a friend he loves in allow his partiality to lead your generous feelings to extravagance."

"Well, my dear! boy when Mr. Mellifont is more composed we will talk together without enthusiasm of you, and he shall tell me of this profession you are preparing him for; when, perhaps, I may prove a useful auxiliary:" and his lordship now wishing to relieve both Bouverie and Mellifont, turned to Mrs. Falkland, and commenced an interesting conversation with her.

Falkland and Bouverie now soon succeeded in drawing poor Mellifont from the thraldom of his grateful sensibility; although, from the moment of Adelaide's retreat, the thoughts of Bouverie, however he rattled to restore the composure of his friend, were rivetted on her. On his vision still was reflected the expression of

her countenance as she fled; for, in the midst of his own confusion, he had stolen a glance at her as she passed him. To define the effect her retreat in such a moment had upon his feelings he found impossible; but all he could be certain of was an eager wish that fastened on his heart for her prompt return.

Lord De Moreland and Falkland retired to a long conference this evening in the study of the latter, where, after every thing relative to his lordship's health was discussed, prescriptions given, and a handsome fee presented, Lord De Moreland put an order upon his banker into Falkland's hands for the sum of twenty-five thousand pounds, principal, and ten thousand pounds, interest, for Adelaide's use, as the incontrovertible portion of her late father.

"But," said his lordship, "this is not to be my dear child's all. Every thing my honoured father intended for my lamented brother, his Ellen, and their precious babe, shall be hers, as soon after my return from abroad as I can in possibility arrange my, I fear, most complicated affairs."

Falkland, after gracefully expressing his

thoughts upon the subject of his lordship's generous conduct to his niece, hastened explicitly to state the sum of interest he had accumulated upon his ward's original portion, which in all made her fortune, even at that moment, amount, without his lordship's further addition, to rather more than forty-five thousand pounds; which he thought, in perfect unison with her amiable mother, was full sufficient for any woman to possess.

Lord De Moreland perfectly coincided with him in that opinion; but the will of his father, he said, was too sacred to be disobeyed.

"Beside," added he, "I fancy it will prove of little consequence which, she or Montagu Bouverie, become possessed of the family wealth; for, my good Sir, if I augur truly, what is his will be hers, and *vice versa.* It is a hope very dear to my heart, and I fondly cherish it; but still I shall never intimate my wish to them, for all shall be left to their own unbiassed inclinations.

"Yet, Doctor Falkland, without undue influence exerted over those inclinations, I

think I may conscientiously ask the favour of you to bear this wish of mine in your remembrance, and where you can, without inflicting pain in her gentle bosom, draw my Adelaide from forming any attachment inimical to it; but without one betraying allusion to my wish, lest it might lead her, through the influence of her fancied duty to me, to nurture her affections for a man who, from a combination of mental and personal charms, aided by the attraction of being presumptive heir to an earldom, and in the profession he is embarked in, must be open to so many allurements of the fair sex, can scarcely be expected to preserve through his unavoidable absences his heart for Adelaide; who now, if only a little more advanced towards maturity, would, I am convinced, enchain his affections so firmly that not all the witchery of her sex could draw him from her.

"But as it is, and that my hope has its overthrow to apprehend from their inevitable separations, may I entreat a still greater favour in forbearance of you? May I ask you to keep my dearly cherished hope a secret from your wife also? Well do I re-

member the fascinating vivacity of Rosalind Aspenfield, ere you raised the gloom of hopeless love to cloud it. That mist is now dispersed by the sunbeams of her happiness; and may I not fear, when the time shall come for Adelaide to be wooed, when admirers swarm around my lovely flower (as swarm they will, where beauty, talent, sweetness, birth, and immense wealth combine), that, in moments of *badinage*, in arch raillery at coldness to some ardent suitor, your lively Rosalind may not allude to Montagu as the cause; may not by a word, an innuendo, betray my wish; when either the delicacy of my child's sensitive nature, shrinking from the suspicion of cherishing love unsought, might chill her heart towards Bouverie; or lead her in the chain of duty to preserve it for him, to find the bitter pang of disappointment. Not having the page of their future destiny open to my view, I tremble at her being influenced to turn one step from the path which may have been marked out by fate for her happiness."

Falkland, as anxious as his lordship for the future union of the child of his fond

care with the amiable and interesting Bouverie, and knowing the volatile vivacity of Rosalind, when in the altitude of her high spirits, might be led to such raillery, readily acceded to his lordship's intreaty.

"This matter, then, adjusted," said Lord De Moreland, "may I now, if not presumptuously interfering with your province, my dear Sir, speak my wishes relative to the disposal of the interest of my niece's fortune?"

"Your wishes, my lord, I pledge myself shall be my law," returned Falkland, with animation.

"Your hand, dear Sir, to sign your hohour's bond," said his lordship, with a smile more cheerful than his usually woe-fraught ones. "I flatter myself I can calculate expences rather more fairly for you than you have hitherto done, most disinterested Sir; and therefore, from this moment, beg leave to appropriate sixteen hundred pounds per annum to reimburse you for the expence my child must necessarily prove in her maintenance, that of her nurse, and the Irishman you so kindly took into your service, to please her infant fancy, and

whom I should now wish to be considered as Adelaide's servant."

Falkland now said all that his upright mind could suggest, consistent with respect to the individual he argued with, to subvert this arrangement, so advantageous to himself; but Lord De Moreland was absolute.

"My dear Doctor Falkland," his lordship said, "your word is irrevocably given; and was I to sink both principal and interest of Adelaide's portion in the cause, it could not, even then, repay the incalculable debt she owes you for your tender care, and for the mental treasures you have enriched her by. Hitherto you have been playing a losing game, I perceive, by your guardianship, and you must now consider your ward's expence to you will increase every year. Adelaide now wants no accumulation of interest to make her fortune large, for, let my affairs turn out how they may, her portion will be immense.

"I have heard that Doctor Falkland was too disinterested in all his dealings to be a rich man; but he is now a married one: he should now look to the not impossible

event of coming issue; he should a little consider the luxuries his lovely wife was reared in; and for her sake, at least, accept a compensation unhesitatingly, which even his too fastidious honour can sanction, since it comes from the hand of justice to him.

"As to the remaining interest of this wealthy girl's fortune, with your good leave, dear Sir, I should wish to be appropriated to her own individual expences. You, Sir, will not allow her to be extravagant; but let her learn from you to be generous and benevolent. I wish her to know how to use, not abuse, riches; and an early acquaintance with the management of money, under the guidance of judicious counsellors, teaches us, I think, to set a true estimate upon its value. While Adelaide remains unmarried, I would wish her 'to lay up treasures where neither moth nor rust can corrupt;' for when her wealth passes into the hands of whoever fate ordains for her husband, she may then have no power to show how aptly she had learned the science of christian charity from that adept, Doctor Falkland."

His lordship arose at an early hour the

succeeding morning to make the proper arrangements for Bouverie's receiving in future the full revenue of his paternal inheritance, and to transact business with the steward of De Moreland Castle, whom he ordered to consider Miss Bouverie as mistress of it during his absence, and to have the library in constant readiness for her to study in, when it suited her inclination to go thither.

Immediately succeeding the departure of the steward, Lord De Moreland called Adelaide to a private conference with him; when, after an impressive exordium to continue in that path which should make her estimable in this life, and secure her fair claim to a blissful inheritance in a better world, he told her he thought it highly necessary for her to make a wedding present to the wife of her guardian, to whom, as well as to the Doctor himself, she was under incalculable obligations.

"What shall it be, my dear, dear uncle?" Adelaide exclaimed, in an ecstasy of joy. "I have still, untouched, the ten guineas I took with me to Roscoville; may I lay them all out for Mrs. Falkland?"

"Why no, my love; your ten guineas will not quite suffice for the present purpose. You told me, Adelaide, that when Miss Aspenfield arranged for her union with your disinterested guardian, that he requested her to leave all her valuable ornaments behind, since it was enough to rob her father of his child, and not to despoil him of his property too: from this account, my love, I presume a suit of pearls would be acceptable to the fair Rosalind. I will, therefore, write this moment to Gray, to send down, as speedily as possible, an extremely handsome suit for you to present to Mrs. Falkland."

The idea of making presents now put into Adelaide's head, her heart began to pant to make many, but one more particularly, as time pressed for that to be the first; and now she began to blush, and to attempt to impart her wish to her attentive uncle.

"Shall I interpret what my Adelaide's hesitation and blushes mean?" said his lordship, benignly. "She wishes to make a wedding present to her guardian."

"Not just yet, my lord," she replied: "but I do want to lay out my ten guineas

on a little remembrance for—for Montagu, who was so very good to give me a beautiful pencil when he left school; and I have often wished a great deal to present him with some little gift, if it would not be wrong for me to do it, dear uncle."

"What would you wish to give him?" asked Lord De Moreland, smiling.

"Wish to give him! A shield, the ægis, to protect him in the hour of battle, if I could," replied Adelaide, with animation.

Lord De Moreland caught the astonished girl in his arms, and from an impulse of spontaneous gratitude, affected and delighted, pressed her with rapture to his bosom.

"Although you cannot procure him a shield, you can a sword, my love," said his lordship; "and, as bucklers are out of use, a good sword may act the talismanic part of the ægis. He will use it as your knight; and never, I'll answer for it, will he disgrace the fair donor in his wielding it."

Adelaide trembled at the idea of so formidable a present, but, as it was the proposition of her uncle, would not object to it; and his lordship, in defiance of his long

habitual indolence, wrote a most particular order for a sword, such as he should wish the life of Montagu to be guarded by, and directions to have it forwarded to his regiment for him the moment it was finished.

"And then, my dear uncle," said Adelaide, "will you contrive to let him know it was my keepsake: for now I had rather he should not be told about it; for if he was he would thank me, and then I should be so ashamed."

"Then what will become of you, my love, when Mrs. Falkland thanks you for her pearls?" demanded his lordship, smiling with delight upon her, since every word she had uttered relative to Bouverie appeared to him auspicious to his project.

"Oh!" said Adelaide, "the pearls will be your gift, not mine, my lord; and Mrs. Falkland's thanks I shall only receive in trust for you, and I shall not blush at all in that business; except with pleasure to see her wear such pretty things, and with gratitude to a kind uncle, for evincing so sweetly his feelings for the obligations conferred on me."

At length the hour arrived for Lord De Moreland to set off for Dover, to be in readiness for the packet that was to sail the next tide. His sea-stores were provided with every delicacy by Mrs. Falkland, while her husband presented his lordship with a medicine chest, stocked with every specific against the maladies he laboured under, with plainly written directions for Baronello to observe in administering them.

"What shall I bring my Adelaide from France?" said Lord De Moreland, advancing to take a parting embrace.

"My uncle safe and well, to make me happy, and to do honour to the skill of my dear guardian," she replied, in faltering tones, in vain attempting to conceal how much the thought of parting with him affected her.

His lordship pressed her to his bosom, and tenderly kissed her, when Adelaide's tears could no longer be controlled: again his lordship tenderly kissed her, and half seriously, half gaily, articulated in a low whisper—

"Remember, Adelaide, I charge you to preserve your affections for this brother of

Montagu's, or at least for the man Montagu shall recommend to your favour."

The blushing and astonished Adelaide now withdrew from her uncle's embrace; when his lordship, bidding Mrs. Falkland adieu, attended by Bouverie and Falkland, set out for Dover.

It was very late ere Falkland and Bouverie returned from Dover. They had seen his lordship embark with an auspicious wind; and Bouverie experienced such sincere sorrow at his departure under the mental anguish he was subdued by, that he immediately retired to his pillow to give uncontrolled indulgence to the concern he felt; for in the short period he had now been in the constant society of his guardian a most powerful affection had arisen in his bosom for him, and he now loved him as a father, and deplored his mental sufferings as a son.

Bouverie arose next morning much more himself than he had retired to his chamber the preceding night; and after rambling an hour with Adelaide along the beach, talking of the beloved friend whom the sea they gazed on had so recently borne from

them, and partaking of Rosalind's elegant *déjeûné*, he accompanied Falkland to Doctor Birch's.

The Birch's were all too partial to Bouverie to say a negative to an invitation to dine that day at Falkland's, although, since the handsome doctor's marriage, they entered his house as seldom as possible.

The dinner at Mr. Falkland's passed off more pleasantly than the females of Doctor Birch's family expected, which they failed not to attribute to Bouverie's cheering presence, since to Mrs. Falkland they could ascribe no merit.

The following day the Falklands, with Adelaide and Bouverie, dined at the doctor's; when the misses, determined Mrs. Falkland should have no opportunity of showing off her musical excellence, persuaded their father to have a dance, in compliment to his favourite Bouverie; when, to their utter dismay, they found her dancing as much admired as her musical abilities could possibly have been.

At this ball Adelaide was the happiest of the happy: she danced with her guardian, with Bouverie, and even with Doctor Birch

himself, who would have her for a partner, to the great annoyance of many of his pupils, who languished for that happiness; but Adelaide tripped away most gaily with him, although not a little disconcerted that he would address her in Latin at every cessation of their lively measure, which caused her to blush so conspicuously, that a universal curiosity was awakened to know what the sage doctor could be saying to his juvenile partner to occasion such an effect; but no one except Falkland could learn the secret from either.

On the following day there was a dinner party of some of the first families in the neighbourhood at Falkland's, and in the evening a most delightful concert was formed, in which the beautiful Rosalind fascinated the chaste ear of taste and feeling, whilst she established her claim to a first rank in the attractive science of music.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE succeeding morning several officers of the garrison of Dover arrived at Sea-view to visit the Falklands, who prevailed upon them to stay dinner; and who, with a few friends of the neighbourhood, formed a large and cheerful party: amongst the number was Mellifont, though claiming no rank with the cheerful, being in the secret of Bouverie having, by that morning's post, received an order to join his regiment immediately, to proceed with it to Ireland; a secret which Bouverie believing would awaken pain in the bosom of Falkland and his lovely ward, since it was to occasion his departure much sooner than was expected, forbore to intimate yet to them.

In the close of the evening, at the period when Mr. Falkland was paying his parting civilities to his Dover guests, and Rosalind engaged with her other visitors, Bouverie drew Adelaide into a *tête-à-tête*; the object of it no less than seriously to warn her against an early tender attach-

ment, and to believe, as she grew up, that so few men were deserving of her heart, she must be wary ere she should yield it.

The advice was such as a tender brother might be supposed to give a beloved sister nearly about to enter life as a candidate for universal admiration; but whilst his arguments against an early prepossession seemed to aim at setting her heart in adamantine security against the lures of all mankind, but more particularly of the military likely to be stationed on that part of the coast, he yet uttered no allusion to her reserving her affections for his brother.

Bouverie excused the apparent immaturity of his advice, by the probability existing of having no other opportunity afforded to him ere it might prove too late.

"But I thought," said Adelaide, with a sweet and playful smile, "you had made my future election for me, Montagu. I thought I was to be, in reality, your sister.

"Ye—es," replied Bouverie, blushing deeply; "but you know, Adelaide, you may not meet until I appear to introduce you to each other. I may be ordered

abroad for years; and in the intervening time, who knows, without you assist my project with your caution, who may despoil poor Theodore of your affections?"

"Your best method, my good friend," said Mrs. Falkland, gaily, who, attracted by the evident seriousness of Bouverie's conference with her husband's ward, had approached them just in time to hear his last reply to Adelaide—"your best method will be to take her affections with you; place them in the regimental magazine, and guard them with your ammunition from every combustible spark, in preservation of them for your brother."

"Would Adelaide intrust me with the charge of her affections," said Bouverie in a tone of respondent gaiety, "I would preserve them most faithfully, yet not, perchance, for my brother, although most possibly for my father's son."

On the subsequent morning Bouverie arose at an early hour, in the anxious hope of fortifying the mind of Adelaide against a premature attachment by all the new arguments his restless night had supplied him with; all of which he thought more con-

clusive than even those he had used the preceding night: but this interesting Adelaide he could no where find in her usual morning haunts; and, at length, placing himself upon the summit of a commanding cliff, to descry her, if possible, from thence, he encountered Falkland, who had ascended this height for a similar purpose; for he, too, was in search of Adelaide, who was gone out with her nurse, he knew not whither.

Soon becoming weary of their inactive station, they began their descent into the village; when, in a new direction taken in their meandering, they beheld Obearn emerge from a cottage, and enter an opposite house.

"Our stray lamb is found," said Falkland, "and found where few would think of seeking a being of such tender years. The sweet child is now, I prophesy, endeavouring to compose the mental anguish of a miserable maniac."

"A maniac!" exclaimed Bouverie in alarm, and by quickening his own pace accelerating that of Falkland's, whose arm was linked in his. "Gracious Heaven! dear

Sir, leave not Adelaide to the mercy of a maniac."

"Fear not harm to Adelaide from this hapless creature; since her only lucid intervals seem those moments in which she rests her head upon the sympathizing bosom of this dear child.

"This poor unfortunate, now scarcely seventeen, attracted the fancy of a profligate, who holds a permanent naval station here, and who, by the aid of his diabolical arts, and the charms of his gay barouche, seduced this once fair promising child of innocence and beauty from her widowed mother's cottage, and placed her as mistress of his revels at the head of his table ere she attained her fifteenth year.

"For six months this miscreant, Walton, was confined to his chamber with rheumatic gout; and during the tedious period of this painful attack poor Lucy nursed him with all the tender, unremitting care of an anxious wife; and by her attention, I firmly believe, preserved his existence. Upon his recovery, finding this unfortunate creature far advanced in a state to give her the strongest claims to

his protection, as a climax to his turpitude, the ungrateful miscreant discarded her.

"Lucy returned to her heart-rived mother, who kindly received her, and never uttered one sentence of reproach; yet so deep, so direful, was the impression made on the mind of this hapless parent by her daughter's seduction, that in the moment after she had discharged her duty to her child in the hour of her travail, and had beheld an illegitimate grandchild born to disgrace her humble roof, she fled to yonder cliff, and plunging amid the rolling waves that rushed to its base, sunk to the fate she sought.

"This direful catastrophe was told too suddenly, too unguardedly, to the unfortunate Lucy, in her weak state; the shock was too direful, and her senses were subdued for ever; and now for above a year has she been a melancholy maniac, whose cure is hopeless; whilst her destroyer—the destroyer too of many a Lucy—continues the admired, the courted, not only of the neighbourhood, but of the young and fair who visit Seaview for health or amusement."

Bouverie burst forth in an indignant censure against the seducer, and those who could thus encourage profligacy by smiling cordially upon so diabolical a miscreant; and then demanded, "What became of the monster's disclaimed child?"

"It fortunately died."

"And who supports the hapless Lucy?"

"Adelaide," replied Falkland.

"Adelaide!" repeated Bouverie with emphasis, "Adelaide! sweet excellence!"

"Yes," resumed Falkland, "she pays a Widow Ashford for her board, and visits her often, to see she is tenderly treated, and to soothe and comfort her troubled spirit."

They now arrived at the asylum of the hapless Lucy; and at that moment Adelaide came forth.

"You shall take a turn on the beach, my love!" said Falkland, anxiously, "to refresh you, after your distressing visit in that small, close room."

"I was thinking it was a very close room for poor Lucy, papa," returned Adelaide, eagerly; "and that, perhaps, was she removed to a more airy one, it

might do her good; and, besides, somebody she has reason to abhor has taken the pretty white house that looks immediately down upon Mrs. Ashford's garden; and it would be so very shocking for Lucy to see the terrible creature, that I was planning, if you would permit it, for Obearn to look out a larger house for Mrs. Ashford and Lucy to remove to."

"Be it so, my child," said Falkland, beaming on her a tender smile of parental approbation.

"Adelaide," said Bouverie, in the tremulous voice of vainly suppressed emotion, "may I not contribute my mite for aiding your benevolent purpose of removing this hapless victim of barbarity from the torture of beholding the demoniac miscreant who could seek to view the misery of his own creating! Allow me to present you, when we return to breakfast, with five-and-twenty pounds for Lucy's use, and to remit you that sum annually to aid in your benevolent care of her."

"Montagu," replied Adelaide, so affected by his prompt and pitying benevolence she could scarcely articulate her answer,

"I shall now experience no difficulty in taking every care of poor Lucy; therefore pray, I beg you, reserve your beneficence for some other afflicted being whom you may see suffering, who has no Mr. Falkland near them to mitigate their calamities."

"No Adelaide Bouverie, you mean, my love!" said Falkland; "I have only given my professional services to Lucy."

"Adelaide," said Bouverie, "you will sensibly wound my feelings if you permit me not the pleasure of joining in this benevolence of yours."

"I would not wound one feeling of yours for worlds," returned Adelaide, artlessly: "you shall then assist us; and your benevolence shall yield poor Lucy a constant nurse to guard her; and, chosen by my guardian, we need entertain no fear, Montagu, of her not being a humane one."

"After breakfast, Bouverie will accompany us, my child," said Falkland, "to view a cottage I think will exactly answer to remove your protegée to."

"Alas!" exclaimed Bouverie, in a tone

of deep dejection, "I must, after breakfast, wing my unwilling flight to Portsmouth."

"Portsmouth!" repeated Falkland, in dismay; "then you are ordered abroad again?"

"Not exactly abroad; but we are under orders to proceed immediately to Ireland."

Adelaide's large bonnet was now drawn in impenetrable shade over her expressive countenance, but the heaving of her bosom and the agitation of her frame left not a doubt upon the minds of her companions that she was sensibly affected by the intelligence she had just so unexpectedly heard; but neither seeming to observe her emotion, turned their hurried footsteps homeward; where, the moment they arrived, Adelaide winged her rapid way to her chamber, there in secret to give free indulgence to her tears for the speedy departure of him she now loved as a dearly estimated brother.

At length the breakfast bell arrested the tears of Adelaide, and called her to reflect upon the appearance she should make, so demonstrative of how much the departure

of Bouverie affected her; and now every effort she promptly made to take from her aspect the evidence of her grief, but in vain; and Adelaide, in tremulous emotion, entered the breakfast-room painfully embarrassed, and afraid to look on any one assembled there, lest they should read in her eyes how dear the preserver of her life was to her affection, although that affection was no more than the tender one of a grateful sister.

No one of the party but Mrs. Falkland had any appetite for breakfast; since Bouverie's grief at the coming separation from Adelaide fully rivalled hers for his departure; and Mr. Falkland's desire for food was absorpt by anxiety for the future happiness of the two young people now about to part, who were both so dear, so interesting to his regard. He saw most unequivocally attachment tender and ardent had commenced on one side, and that the basis of it was laid on the other. They were about to separate: years might intervene ere they should meet again; and what might not absence effect? If it led each alike to forgetfulness, there might

be little to regret; but should they meet again, one firm in constancy, the other with heart ali nated, the happiness of one would be then destroyed, their life consumed away in the anguished misery of hopeless love; and he trembled, he grieved in anticipated apprehension of such a hapless fate being realized for either.

At length the melancholy breakfast ended. Doctor Birch and Mellifont made their appearance; the former to bid Bouverie adieu, the latter to accompany him to Portsmouth. The doctor's time was precious, he could not delay his valediction; and his affectionate farewel to his beloved pupil overset the little structure of poor Adelaide's firmness, and she fled to her garden from observation.

"This taking leave is but a comfortless business," said Rosalind: "you ought to make it a point of conscience to lay aside all your fascinations, Mr. Bouverie, while you remain in the odious army, for it is too unreasonable for any man to tax one's feelings so unmercifully with parting pangs as you do."

"'Tis too true," said Falkland: "the

poor doctor was quite unhinged at parting from you; and my young ward so subdued by the idea of it, that I really wish we could manage to spare her the affliction of a final adieu."

"Mr. Falkland! Do you mean, Sir, for me not to see Adelaide again? For me not to say one parting word to Adelaide?" exclaimed Bouverie, pale with dismay.

"Why, certainly no, if the idea gives you pain, dear and interesting friend of my little treasure! but I thought my plan would spare you mutual affliction."

At this moment the chaise drove up to the door that was to convey Bouverie away, and the servants began to arrange his baggage in it.

"Bouverie," said Mellifont, "I must remind you that you have lingered at Seaview full six hours longer than prudence sanctioned. Delaying will not decrease your parting pangs; then why not at once dash into the distressing inevitability?"

Bouverie started from his seat, and with a grateful pressure of Mrs. Falkland's hand, he thanked her for her kindness to him, and bade her farewel.

To part from her husband was not so easy. Bouverie's full heart allowed him to say little to Falkland in his valediction. He wrung his hand with fervor, and emphatically reiterating, "G—d bless you, Falkland!" he darted into the garden in pursuit of Adelaide.

He found her weeping in the arbour in her own little garden. She started from her seat as he entered, and endeavoured to avert her face: but Bouverie was come to behold that face for the last time for an unknown period; and he caught her in his arms, to arrest, he feared, her meditated flight; and as he gazed on her grief-blanched countenance he falteringly articulated—

"Oh, Adelaide! I implore, I beseech you, forget me not! Let neither time nor space lessen me in the regard you now bestow upon me!"

Adelaide sobbed convulsively.

"I shall write sometimes to Mr. Falkland," continued Bouverie, in hurried tones, "often to Mellifont, and shall hear of you from them both; but to you I must not *yet* write. Adelaide, my beloved Ade-

laide! farewel, farewel! May Heaven still guide, still protect you, and spare you to those you have fondly, unalienably attached to you!"

And now he clasped her to his heart with energy that seemed unwilling to relinquish its pressure; but the village clock announcing ten, told him he must be gone: again he pressed her to his throbbing heart, imprinted the tender kiss of love's adieu upon her quivering lips, and, with a blessing from his inmost soul, he tore himself from Adelaide; and, not again entering the house, darted into the chaise, without uttering one word to any one; when Falkland, well divining he wished his parting with Adelaide to terminate his present adieus, desired Mellifont to follow him into the carriage; and a farewel wave of the hand finished for this period all communication between poor Bouverie and his friends in the house of Falkland.

"Augustus," said Mrs. Falkland, the moment Bouverie drove from the door, "surely it is not possible this interesting young man is really what he appears to be

—overwhelmed in love for the little more than baby, Adelaide?"

Falkland felt disconcerted at Rosalind's suspicion being awakened of what he believed to be a fact, lest she should do exactly what Lord De Moreland apprehended, and rather hesitatingly he answered—

"Why I think she is so very a child it must be impossible, although there is certainly every appearance of it. But for Heaven's sake, my love, do not rally Adelaide upon the subject; who, with a heart already softened by gratitude to her life's preserver, might be led by the supposition of his attachment to her to train up her affections for him, who, after years of absence, may return from foreign service with a heart estranged from this early predilection."

"Augustus," replied Mrs. Falkland with visible emotion, "I observe every reliance upon my prudence is lost where Miss Bouverie is concerned. I should scarcely, without your admonitory caution, put the subject of love into the head of such a chit as she is."

"Nay, nay, my Rosalind wrongs me! I fear not her prudence in any instance

where her *gaieté de cœur* allows her to think of consequences. Those who are so playfully gifted with fascinating vivacity as you are seldom pause to weigh the scruples of speculating prudence ere their lively fancies find an utterance; but in the present instance I will confess I fear more for Adelaide's future peace from her too apparent susceptibility of Bouverie's excellence than I do from the mirthful sallies of my lively Rosalind, who only frowns upon me to convince me that in every expression her face assumes I must still admire the beauteous Proteus."

Rosalind, half smiling, called him "a deluding flatterer;" and peace was sealed upon her late pouting lip.

But however Mrs. Falkland might shrink from her husband's evincing more interest and affection for his ward than she could brook his feeling for any being but herself, she yet, uninfluenced by any visionary pang of apprehensive jealousy, found her own regard augmenting hourly for the child of Ellen; and not enduring that dear child should indulge too unrestrainedly in her grief, which from the moment of Bou-

verie's departure she possessed no longer power to vail, she ordered the carriage, and took her to Canterbury, to repair the wardrobe her visit to Roscoville had injured.

At breakfast the following day, Mrs. Falkland, who had been seriously discussing with her husband the impropriety of suffering Adelaide to remain the occupier of an attic suite now Lord De Moreland so nobly remunerated him for his care of her, asked Adelaide what part of the house she should like to remove from her nursery to?"

Adelaide, divining the cause of her meditated removal, instantly answered, by requesting to remain in the dear asylum of her infancy.

"The range of attics are so extensive," she added, with a blush, "that I can never be in any body's way there."

"Yet still, my dear Adelaide!" replied Mrs. Falkland, blushing too, "the attics of Falkland's house are not the place for your apartments, whom he is so greatly remunerated for the care of."

"Mrs. Falkland," exclaimed Adelaide

with affecting emotion and impressiveness, "if you love me, I implore, I intreat you consider me now as you did ere I went to Roscoville, the tenderly reared nursling of your husband's benevolence and pity; the young and grateful sister of your mutual affection. And could my kind uncle put millions into the coffers of my dear guardian for his care of me, still should I supplicate for my treatment in your house being ever what my own conduct only could claim, and what your affection for a grateful sister would inspire."

"Then, my dear Adelaide," said Mrs. Falkland, "your treatment would be in the highest altitude of distinction, beyond all that wealth could purchase."

"It is indeed what wealth cannot purchase I sue for," said Adelaide, pressing the hand of Rosalind and Falkland, united by her, to her heart. It is for the unceremonious ease and unrestrained confidence of sisterly and fraternal affection I plead, not the frigid formality of right that is purchased. You found me here, Mrs. Falkland, an alien to my father's family, the protegée of your benevolent hus-

band's tender care; and anxiously I wish to prove that in me he reared a grateful child, whose heart would feel more gratification in one approving smile from him, one proof of growing affection from you, than in all the state of apartments, or other appendants of this my fancied claim to superior consideration.

"In the attics of this house I was placed by my guardian's tender attention to my health, and they have proved an earthly paradise to me; and there, with your good leave, I will remain, the unpretending little girl you found me when you came to restore to my fostering parent his long lost happiness."

"Well, peace be unto the will of the poor man who takes you for better for worse, Adelaide; for soon he will find none left him but the magic spells of yours! Your suit is won; and in the celsitude of your wishes you remain, in high convenience, to wing your way to your native spheres," said Rosalind gaily, yet tenderly; and affectionately pressing Adelaide to her bosom, and then placing her in the arms of Falkland, added—

"There, Augustus, give your *ci-devant* child, but henceforth sister, the fraternal embrace." And Falkland pressed his beloved ward, with every feeling of tender, paternal affection, to his approving heart.

Falkland was now compelled to tear himself from the two beings whom he most tenderly loved, to proceed on his professional round; and soon after his departure Rosalind summoned Adelaide to take her lesson in music, who was struck so forcibly, in the course of her instructions, with the uncommon beauty and exquisite symmetry of her pupil's hands and arms, that she exclaimed—

"I must positively teach you the harp."

Adelaide blushed to the eyes, and her heart bounded with joy at this intimation, since the harp was Bouverie's favourite instrument, and he had requested her to learn it.

"Oh! how good you are, dear Mrs. Falkland, to teach me that delightful accomplishment too!" exclaimed Adelaide, in the first glad tone that had escaped her since the departure of Montague.

Two hours had passed rapidly away in

music's sweet sounds; and Adelaide was seated at her drawing, forming a beautiful group of figures from Milton, under the inspection of Mrs. Falkland, when a card of invitation to a ball at Lord Beechbrook's, a short distance from Seaview, was delivered to Rosalind.

Adelaide blushed to the shade of the vermilion she was tinting her drawing with, as anxiously she inquired, "on what day the ball was to be?"

Mrs. Falkland misconceiving the cause of her blush and anxiety, said, as she handed the card to her—

"My love, you will see you are not invited. Lady Beechbrook considers you too young."

"My dear Mrs. Falkland," exclaimed Adelaide, "I was not thinking of the ball for myself. I know I am too young to be invited, or permitted by you to go to great and formal parties. I only wished to know when it was to be; because, if any thing was wanted new for the occasion, would there be sufficient time to get things made?"

"Oh!" returned Mrs. Falkland, smiling,

"although I had no wedding finery, I dare say, without buying any thing for the occasion, I shall find a dress that even my dear, anxious young sister will approve."

Adelaide's drawing now became irksome to her, in her anxiety to write, unknown to Mrs. Falkland, to hurry the pearls down for the ball; and at length some morning visits calling Rosalind from her lovely pupil gave Adelaide the opportunity she panted for, and her hurrying epistle was dispatched by Dennis to the post-office ere Mrs. Falkland rejoined her.

CHAPTER XVIII.

In a week after the departure of Bouverie from Seaview Mellifont returned, with intelligence that his friend had sailed, with an auspicious wind; and brought to Adelaide, from Bouverie, the most beautiful and expensive drawing-box that London could supply him with.

This superb present, with the certainty that Bouverie was now upon the ocean, borne by the swelling waves far, far from Seaview, renewed that grief which had been lulled to calmness by the tranquillizing power of reason in the bosom of the grateful Adelaide, who determined to evince her thankfulness for his beautiful gift by making every proficiency her most strenuous exertions could lead her to in the art of drawing. She knew it was an accomplishment highly estimated by Montagu, and he should not find his box thrown away, she resolved: and this secret determination soon produced a visible effect on the drawing she was then engaged in, amazing

Mrs. Falkland each succeeding day by the increasing powers of surpassing genius.

At length the morning of Lady Beechbrook's ball arrived, but not the pearls; and Adelaide, in grief of disappointment, thought church work could be nothing in tardiness to jeweller's work. Evening, too, arrived, and Mrs. Falkland emerged from her toilet, looking elegant and beautiful to a high degree, in a most becoming dress of simple style, unexceptionable, Adelaide thought, for an unmarried woman; but a wife—the wife of her dear guardian, she wished should have her beautiful neck and hair ornamented by something more costly than a row of white beads and a sprig of an exotic from Mordaunt Priory.

"Adelaide, my love!" said Mrs. Falkland, "why do you look so mournfully at me, as if I was dressed for sacrifice instead of a ball?"

At this moment Dennis, half breathless with the speed he had made from the coach-office, rushed in, with a carefully papered parcel, which he had taken, ready for Adelaide to open, from the deal case it had arrived in.

Adelaide snatched the parcel, with a "thank you, thank you, dear, good Dennis!" and scampering round the room, in a capering flight of joy's delirium, at length bounded back to the tea-table, and tearing and cutting away all impeding seals, papers, and packthreads, made her impatient way to a red leather case, out of which she drew a superb and beautiful suit of pearls, which she laid in Mrs. Falkland's lap, and requested her permission to assist in placing those ornaments in their destined stations.

The astonished Falklands desired in one breath to know the meaning of this scene, in every way, they feared, a scene of extravagance.

"Adelaide, you surely could not have allowed your affection to overstep the bounds of prudenc ein ordering such things?" they added.

"No," she replied, with a laugh of mingled *naïveté* and pleasure, "no, I had not the presumption to act in the business. My dear uncle arranged it all, and only left it for me to remit his draft to Mr. Grey, and to request Mrs. Falkland to accept this little set of ornaments from the

grateful *elève* of her husband, the child of her own once beloved friend."

Rosalind accepted the beautiful present with a kiss of gratitude, and Falkland promptly beheld, with tears of pleased emotion irradiating the brilliancy of his intelligent eyes, the lovely and adored wife of his bosom most elegantly adorned by the as lovely child of his affection.

"I thought," he at length exclaimed, "that the appearance of my Rosalind this evening defied the power of improvement; but Adelaide convinces me I was mistaken."

"Ah me!" cried Mrs. Falkland, in affected dismay, as she glanced her sparkling eyes into the chimney glass, "I fear my pearls are so exquisitely beautiful they will attract all admiration from myself."

"Oh!" said Adelaide, smiling in delight upon her beautiful friend, "can admiration be attracted by pearls where brilliants like these emit their radiant beams?" and she laid her finger on Mrs. Falkland's eyes.

"Or where such rubies tempt the spoiler's touch?" exclaimed Falkland playfully, as in earnest affection he snatched a kiss from the lips of Rosalind.

"Upon my word, good people, you will send me to the ball in a pretty state," said Rosalind, smiling, "if you thus contrive to inebriate my senses by the fascinating cup of flattery."

Accounts soon arrived from Bouverie to Mellifont of his safe arrival at Cork; and in about a fortnight after Falkland received a letter from him, to announce his having got the sword which Lord De Moreland had intimated to him Adelaide meditated doing him the honour of presenting him with; and these acknowledgments he requested Mr. Falkland to convey to her for him, Bouverie couched most beautifully and affectingly, as he alluded to the sympathetic influence of the spirit of Adelaide's sire guarding her sacred gift from being disgraced in the hand she had confided it to.

In due time letters also from Lord De Moreland had arrived to Adelaide, conveying to her the most pleasing intelligence of his amended health; and at length, in about two months after his departure from Seaview, she received an epistle from him, dated Paris, a most joyful one to her, announcing that he was almost immediately

setting out on his return to England: but sad was the disappointment which awaited Adelaide; for the cruel detention of the British in France at this period, May, 1803, most unexpectedly took place, and Lord De Moreland was flung into prison, without being allowed the privilege of writing home to announce his fate; and weeks, and months, and years at length passed on without one friend of his, save Baronello (the sharer of his prison), knowing where he was placed, or whether he was even in existence.

But as hope will cheer the human mind while certainty destroys not its pleasing inspirations, Adelaide still fondly fed her expectation with what her ardent wishes formed, that each new week would bring intelligence of her now more than ever beloved uncle; while Lady Leyburn, anxious only to hear of his dissolution, left no exertion untried which the fondest affection would have attempted to learn if her diabolical wish was realized; for, beside the hoped for gratification to her insatiate avarice his death would yield her, she trembled at the idea of his return, to learn the pub-

lic and develop the private infamy of her eldest son and herself.

Mr. Blackthorn had just obtained damages in the court of King's Bench against Lord Leyburn, for his lordship's seduction of his young wife beneath the roof of his mother; while that infamous mother, in remuneration for the sinister services of Blackthorn, had forfeited her claim to an unblemished reputation; and with heart and hand engaged to a dissipated young officer, her ladyship was now thrown into the utmost alarm by the vile associate of her villany pushing with all his power for a divorce, that he might take his guilty paramour for his third wife; who had now, by so many breaches of law, both human and divine, placed herself so securely in his power, that well she knew she must not dare to refuse him her hand the moment he should demand it: while Blackthorn's son by his first marriage, a profligate libertine of twenty-two, upon the presumption of Lord De Moreland's death, intruded himself at Roscoville, to amuse his fancies there; for being a lawyer's clerk, he had been made the instrument of many of

Lady Leyburn's illegal proceedings, and therefore he knew that let him attempt what atrocity he might, fear would shield his conduct from question or reproof.

From Lady Ambrosia Leyburn, Adelaide received many very vilely written but affectionate epistles, all filled with vanity's catalogue of numerous conquests; but at length complaints of Mr. Daniel Blackthorn became her theme, who, she said, was openly paying his devoirs to her sister Seraphina, whilst he attempted his secret addresses to her.

Adelaide, in her first reply to these complaints, conjured her cousin to communicate this conduct of Mr. Daniel Blackthorn's to her mother; and soon Lady Ambrosia informed her anxious cousin that she had complied with her advice, and that, although her mother appeared evidently disconcerted at what she imparted to her, and desired her upon no account to return his love, yet she ordered her not to be uncivil to him, and certainly had made no comment to him upon the subject: and now, in every subsequent letter, Lady Ambrosia more and more de-

plored the strange and unnatural apathy of her mother to the reprehensible and annoying conduct of young Blackthorn to her; and in every answer Adelaide, assisted by Mr. and Mrs. Falkland's sage advice, whom for her cousin's sake she had called into her confidence, gave her such impressive counsel for her conduct, that Lady Ambrosia, penetrated to the heart by its wisdom and its kindness, expressed herself so gratefully for it, that now each week from Seaview was sent, under clandestine convoy to Mrs. Sharply the nursery maid, the only portion of good this unfortunate girl derived—the only counsel that ever came from virtue interested in her happiness, and anxious to promote it.

Although Falkland had now the interesting hope of becoming a father in the following autumn, yet that anticipated happiness found considerable alloy by the distress of mind his Rosalind endured for the fate of her parents, who, loitering in France after the rest of the party returned in safety to their homes, (the general, apprehensive of being sent abroad, affecting ill health, to continue in the south of

France,) remained to be arrested, and became prisoners, with many a hapless fellow sufferer.

According to expectation, in the month of September the birth of a child, a most lovely boy, gladdened the fondly attached hearts of Falkland and his Rosalind; yet to all appearance the parents' joy on the happy event fell short of Adelaide's, for she seemed little less than frantic with rapture at having a babe of Falkland's to fondle and adore. She petitioned to have his nursery the very next one to her own; she collected every plaything and present she could procure for him, until his parents forbade her extravagance; and regularly every month she drew his picture.

The gratitude of Mrs. Falkland to our young heroine for all her affectionate attention to her during her first keenly felt sufferings for the misfortunes of her parents, and during her confinement, led her, the moment she was sufficiently recovered from her accouchement, to commence her promised instructions on the harp; and a very fine instrument being procured for Adelaide, she set about the

power of using it with such auspicious promise of success, that Rosalind soon pronounced she would surpass in that even her transcendent excellence upon the piano forte; and having now just entered her fourteenth year, her anxious guardian was persuaded to give up his intention of her completing it ere he yielded his permission for her exercising her soft, mellifluent voice in singing; and in this accomplishment, too, Mrs. Falkland became her able, kind instructress: and with these new acquirements, aiding her former pursuits, with the delightful employment of nursing the lovely Frederick, Adelaide found a day of sixteen hours too short for her avocations; and often, unknown to Obearn, she lengthened it by an hour from her morning slumbers, when, without disturbing any one, she could pursue her mental studies.

When Frederick was about a year old, his lovely mother was much surprised to hear a message delivered to her husband from Beechbrook, desiring his immediate attendance there upon the Hon. Mrs. Gustavus Saville.

When Helena Harvey returned from her trip to Paris the wife of Mr. Saville, Rosalind began to form suspicions of the disinterestedness of that friendship which had almost forced her into her present happiness; but when her cousin allowed four months to elapse ere she acknowledged her congratulatory letter upon her marriage and safe return, those suspicions became convictions; and now finding she was in her very neighbourhood without deigning to inquire for her, as a sigh swelled in her heart for her disappointed friendship, a tear of filial anguish strayed down her cheeks to think the now evident, artful project of her designing aunt and cousin should have led her poor parents to the misery of captivity.

When Falkland returned from Beechbrook, his lovely wife was full of anxiety to learn all that had passed in his interview with Helena; when Falkland, to spare her the humiliation of knowing the haughty Savilles had treated her husband as the most common vender of drugs, softened the reception he met with considerably for her; and which, had it not been for the conciliating attentions of Lord and Lady

Beechbrook during the insulting scene, he could not have gone through without evincing the resentment his indignation was ebulliating with.

The conduct, therefore, of Mr. Saville and his affected wife to their beloved friend and idol, Falkland, could not fail of being highly displeasing to both Lord and Lady Beechbrook; and which irritated the grateful feelings of the latter to burst forth, immediately upon the departure of Falkland, into the highest eulogiums upon him and his fascinating wife, and into the most provoking account of the heart residence of their connubial happiness.

Every word she uttered shot like barbed arrows to the still bleeding heart of the selfish Saville, who would have entered into every villany to obtain the lovely Rosalind, although he knew her affections were irrevocably devoted to another; nor to Helena were they much less painful inflictions, for envy had early taught her hatred to the universally admired Rosalind, which art had instructed her to veil by affected love; and now beholding her as a rival, who possessed unquestionably

her husband's heart; and although she prized that heart only as by the possession of it she might attain more influence over the mind of a man she had married to feed her ambition and her taste for every dissipated extravagance, her greatest joy would have been to hear that Rosalind was a wretched wife.

On the following morning Mrs. Saville set out, in her own superb equipage, to visit her poor cousin, unaccompanied by Lady Beechbrook, having intimated she had family matters to discuss with Mrs. Falkland; and rapidly her four fine horses whirled her to the residence of Rosalind, which she was highly disconcerted to find so handsome a one; but the increased beauty of Rosalind herself since last they had met, with all the comforts and even elegancies which surrounded her, added more bitterness to the cup of envy; yet she dressed her face in smiles, and endeavoured, by her suavity and condescending cordiality, to obliterate the impression of her conduct to Falkland the preceding day.

Adelaide had been present for a short period of this visit, but considerately con-

cluding the cousins might wish for a *tête-à-tête,* made an excuse for retiring, to the infinite joy of the malicious Helena, who panted to disturb the happiness of her cousin, whose only foible, she well remembered, was a strong propensity to jealousy of those she loved; and from having seen her suffer agonies at the possibility of Falkland's heart ever being estranged from her, she now was led, by her diabolical wish, to take an opportunity, after the departure of Adelaide, subtilly to scatter seeds for the future growth of this noxious poison to human happiness.

She commenced with high encomiums upon Adelaide's exquisite beauty and fascinations of grace and manner, in which Rosalind most cordially united.

"She is a very great girl of her age. You say, Rosalind, she was only fourteen last month?" said Mrs. Saville; "and yet, she is so tall and graceful, and her manners so formed, one might really take her for a year, at least, older; and, so far, that is a good thing, for it will aid her beauty in sooner ridding you of what I should consider a very dangerous companion."

"A dangerous companion!" repeated Rosalind. "In what respect, Mrs. Saville, may I ask?"

"Why, perhaps, my fears might be only visionary; but, to own the honest truth, I had rather she should be any body's husband's ward than mine; for, exquisitely happy as I am, I yet should dread the influence of such a creature growing up in Saville's way, and each hour putting forth new blossoms of beauty, while mine each hour were fading towards ultimate decay. Such a girl, in her teens, would be rather a disadvantageous companion for a woman past twenty-seven to have constantly beside her; and where such tender interest, too, had been awakened, by rearing her from almost infancy.

"You may have no fears, because Falkland's constancy stood the test of time; but that was before you became his wife—after, in my opinion, is the test of love; and I would advise you, for fear of mischief, to marry off this dangerous girl to the first man you can persuade her into having.

"Dear Rosalind! I am sorry to have agitated you thus; but I thought it right

to set you upon your guard. All, at present, I should hope was safe, the girl is so young—but I would have you look to future consequences; where your husband's heart is so predisposed to enthusiastic attachment to this child of his care, whilst she, poor unconscious thing! what being can take precedence in her bosom of her kind, her tender, her above all transcendently handsome guardian? Nay, nay, tremble not so, dear Rosalind! I may have imbibed fears which never may be realised, for it may be Falkland's way to talk with enthusiastic rapture of every one he regards; and the flushing of his cheeks, the agitated expression of his eyes, and the visible heaving of his bosom when Lord Beechbrook yesterday talked of Miss Bouverie's marrying greatly, might be merely the effusion of parental solicitude; but I own it startled me, and led me to determine upon coming here alone to-day to put you on your guard: and now, 'dear Rosalind, sweet my coz, be merry,' or, at least, compose your aspect before you see your husband, and let nothing tempt you to breathe a suspicion of my fears to him; for that might

be only accelerating the mischief I apprehend."

Rosalind, ashamed of the weak alarm she had betrayed, endeavoured to appear as if she thought the affection of her husband defied the power of any new attachment.

Mrs. Saville said she hoped it might prove so, and shortly after took leave, kissing her dear cousin in adieu, as she was next morning to quit Kent, after having too successfully scattered her noxious seeds in a soil most genial to them; and writhing in all the agony of that malady her perfidious cousin had infected her with, the unconscious Adelaide found the unhinged Rosalind, when, soon after the departure of the wily snake, she entered with a beautiful *bouquet*, to present to Mrs. Falkland her daily offering, selected from the choicest flowers of Mr. Mordaunt's never neglected present to her.

Adelaide gracefully delivered her sweet incense in delight of heart, believing, as this *bouquet* was composed of Mrs. Falkland's most favourite flowers, it would highly gratify her; then great was her disappointment when Rosalind coldly received

them, and soon after peevishly exclaimed—

"These odious flowers! How they make my head ache!"

Instantly Adelaide sprang from her beloved harp, took the flowers out of the room, and on her return employed herself with some work.

"Pray what is the matter, that you do not go on with your hour's practice, Miss Bouverie?" demanded Rosalind, with *hauteur*.

"*Miss Bouverie!*" returned Adelaide, surprised and hurt at the appellation, "was too apprehensive of the sound of the harp increasing her beloved Mrs. Falkland's headache to resume her practice at present."

"The witch!" thought Rosalind, "how she thaws one's heart in a moment! Falkland will, assuredly, never, never be enabled to withstand the magic of those meek eyes, and I shall be undone!"—And at this suggestion she heaved a groan-clad sigh, and sympathetic tears started to those meek eyes she dreaded; for Adelaide felt now assured that some distressing intelligence had been communicated by Mrs. Saville relative to

General and Mrs. Aspenfield, and which caused the unusual discomposure of Mrs. Falkland.

Fervently Adelaide now wished that Frederick was awake, for well she knew his endearing smiles would prove a balm to heal his mother's inquietude; but next to being able to bring this magician to his parent's arms would be to talk of him, therefore she said—

"How sorry Mrs. Saville must have been to find Frederick playing the part of one of the seven sleepers the whole time she staid! I wonder she did not go up to the nursery to see him in his crib. Indeed I was so fully persuaded she would do so, that I coaxed his nurse to let me gently steal off the unbecoming cap he had on, and slip on one of his prettiest; and then I put his counterpane down, just to shew his dear, little, white, fat neck; and then I drew out his pretty, darling hand so cunningly, to shew that to advantage; and he looked so sweet and innocent, and in such a pretty attitude, I was quite disappointed she did not come up to see the dear cherub; for then she must have loved him in

one minute, he looked so like what her cousin must have been when a baby."

Mrs. Falkland again experienced the power of Adelaide for thawing hearts; and with more cordiality than she had spoken to her since the departure of Mrs. Saville, said—

"Frederick is his father's resemblance, not mine."

"Oh! Mrs. Falkland, how can you think so, when every person who beholds him exclaims, 'How like his mother he is!' and as to my guardian, he sits gazing in adoration of the child for this very resemblance to you; and often when he comes into the nursery while the babe is sleeping, he beckons me to the little crib, just to look and tell him if ever two beings were more alike than his angel wife and cherub boy?"

This account of her husband's fond affection would have come like pure incense to the heart of Rosalind, had it not known the bitter alloy of the dangerous tendency of his straying to the apartments Adelaide inhabited, and calling her to be the participator of his paternal rapture. He had never summoned her to

sympathetic feeling in the contemplation of their sleeping child; and now, in gloomy foreboding of future evil, Rosalind became ungraciously silent.

Adelaide now convinced it was not grief that affected Mrs. Falkland's manner, and apprehending it to be displeasure at her for some inadvertent offence, she determined to continue talking, as if she had observed nothing of this too visible asperity, in hopes of bringing about an explanation that would lead to the recovery of her favour.

"I think, Mrs. Falkland, you said the picture you had drawn of Miss Harvey, in Paris, was extremely like her; if so, she must be greatly altered since that time."

"I suppose you think she looks older?" said Mrs. Falkland, in alarm, for Mrs. Saville and herself were born in the same month; "but, certainly, all the world are not as young as you, Miss Bouverie."

"Luckily for the world," returned Adelaide, with emotion; "for then there would be no wise heads to regulate affairs of consequence; and poor children without their guidance might, unwittingly, every hour offend their best and dearest friends, as

Miss Bouverie seems most unknowingly, yet most evidently, to have done. Mrs. Falkland, why not with your usual candour tell me my inadvertent offence, and, I trust, in one moment the sincerity of my contrition will obliterate its impression from your heart?"

Adelaide's tone, and look of affection, keenly wounded by unmerited unkindness, thrilled to the heart of Mrs. Falkland; but her embarrassment became extreme, for the spells of Helena withheld her from taking Adelaide to her bosom, and hushing her alarm by the voice of tender kindness; and all she could do, and which the better feelings of her bosom murmured at as frigid and unamiable, was merely to assure her "she was not displeased with her; but the conduct and communications of Mrs. Saville had discomposed her mind, and, she feared, most unjustifiably ruffled her temper."

"I wish from my heart she had staid away!" exclaimed Adelaide, emphatically.

"So do I, from my very soul!" said Rosalind, with a deep drawn sigh: then wishing to turn the thoughts of Adelaide from

suppositions which might lead to awkward questions, she added—"One thing she wounded my feelings most terribly in: when I asked, 'had she no wish to see my child?' she answered, 'No, she abominated *brats; she hated* children.'"

Falkland at this moment entered the room; but so highly was the ire of Adelaide excited, that, unmindful of him, her indignation led her to exclaim, with a degree of vehemence he believed her gentle nature incapable of—

"Unnatural woman! Then sincerely, from the bottom of my heart, I pray she may never, never have a child to hate!"

Falkland rushed forward, fixed his eyes in stern displeasure upon the affrighted girl, and impressively said—

"Adelaide, I am shocked! I am grieved! I am overpowered with amazement at what I have heard from your own lips, or even the testimony of my Rosalind could scarcely have convinced me that the child whom your angel mother, and I, as her delegated substitute, strove with unremitting, anxious care, and never slumbering solicitude, to rear in the path of christianity, could

have the heart to conceive, or the temerity to utter, so uncharitable, so unchristian an aspiration as this instant grated on my appalled ears, and struck with agonising pain to my wounded, disappointed heart."

The voice of Falkland, in serious displeasure with her, had never sounded on the ear of Adelaide before; and therefore its effect was powerful, in the fully awakened belief that her offence must be of monstrous enormity, or he would not so reprove it.

In a convulsive burst of penitential tears she threw herself at her guardian's feet, and in almost inarticulate anguish of emotion implored his pardon. Falkland raised her from the ground, but did not, with accustomed kindness, anxious for reconciliation after slight offences, take her in his arms, and press her to his forgiving bosom; now he merely raised her, as he gravely said—

"It is not me you have offended by this burst of unchristian asperity. Me you have merely grieved and disappointed. Retire, child, and seriously reflect upon what you uttered, and how you uttered it; and then,

I doubt not, your act of contrition will be properly applied."

Falkland had now incontestably evinced his conviction of Adelaide's being no monster of perfection, who could not err; and the dire spell Helena had thrown around the kindness and affection of Rosalind for this orphan girl was dissolved for this period, and tenderly she clasped the trembling, sobbing mourner to her bosom, as reproachfully she exclaimed—

"Oh! Augustus, how can you be so severe? Never, since I have been your wife, has this dear girl given you cause before to reprehend her; and if now she uttered hastily an improper wish, surely it need not be so harshly censured."

"Was Adelaide prone to err," Falkland replied, "I should not have felt the amazed grief I experienced on hearing so uncharitable a wish escape her lips. A less amiable child committing a heinous fault would not strike me as half so reprehensible as her who seemed, hitherto, so well to understand every Christian precept, and who acted so conformably to them. Adelaide, while

knowing her duty so well, doubly, trebly transgressed by straying from it."

"But it was the warmth of her affection to our child, whom she wished Mrs. Saville to see and love; her enthusiasm in the cause of nature's claims, that led her on to violence," said Rosalind.

"Should enthusiasm be allowed such influence over our minds, my Rosalind, to lead us from the path of duty? Should we allow it, even in the cause of virtue, to precipitate us into vice?"

"Vice!" groaned out Adelaide, as she sunk from Mrs. Falkland's arms upon her knees, and, with her face hid on the lap of her pitying friend, she endeavoured to aspirate a prayer to Heaven for pardon: but the swelling tide of her agonising grief, at the horror implied of her having entered the path of vice, arose almost to the annihilation of every faculty.

Falkland, as well as Rosalind, became alarmed, when every soothing consolation he could offer her, in the assurance of Heaven's mercy and forgiveness, even now extended to her on such sincere contrition,

he found himself compelled to call most promptly and earnestly to his aid, to sooth the anguish of her mind, and calm her dreadful agitation; but although in appearance Adelaide was tranquillized, to lull the self-upbraidings of her guardian for his severity in admonition for her first great fault, yet it was many and many a care-worn day and sleepless night ere the rankling thorn of compunction was extracted from the bleeding heart of Adelaide, by what she believed sufficient penitence, for having dared to swerve from the mild precepts of Christian charity.

CHAPTER XIX.

It was in this season of Adelaide's distress that Mr. Mordaunt was seized with a most dangerous illness: Falkland attended him through it, and by his skill restored him to health; but the attack had been so alarming to Mordaunt, he thought it necessary to make a final disposition of his property.

"Falkland," he said, "I obey you in all things when I am sick; and my obedience succeeds so auspiciously, that I think I cannot do better than continue it now I am well—therefore tell me to whom shall I bequeath my property?"

"To your nearest relative, of course," replied Falkland.

"My nearest relative is a scoundrel, Sir. I visited him once; I found his aged grandmother imprisoned in a garret, in the unnatural monster's house, because she was garrulous and helpless. I took her to my home, and acted as a son by her until she died; so, Sir, that wretch, you see, is not for my money."

"Well, then," said Falkland, "your nearest kindred whose merit claims your approbation."

"Pshaw! you are a blockhead!" returned Mordaunt: "I have no kindred but that scoundrel; and if ever you attempt to do him a good turn again, my tomb shan't hold me; I'll burst from it, and take your wife and ward, in vengeance, from you. I will consult you no more upon my worldly concerns, but leave my goods and chattels to the first honest man I meet, who, I think, will be kind to my tenants and the poor, and value the old goods and chattels for the donor's sake. So now, having no better advice to give me, march off for a driveller in worldly affairs, and don't offer to come near me again until I send for you, Mr. Equity. Nearest of kindred, indeed! To be advertised for, I suppose; but d—n all kin but the kindred we claim with honest men!— I say again, do not offer to come near me until I have learned to forgive your musty justice, of leaving my property to my nearest relative—nearest d—l! Sound principle to act upon. Scrawl out an in-

vitation in the diurnal prints to the nearest of kin to Horatio Mordaunt to come and hear something greatly to their advantage; and Dame Justice, under your equitable auspices, brings me, for my wealth, a son of infamy from the stews, a black legs from a gambling house, or leads me to fill the coffers of a monster who ill-used an aged parent. No, no, Mr. Noodle, I'll have a character with my steward ere I entrust him. Ay, Sir, from those he has conscientiously served—honour, benevolence, and charity."

"Nay, my dear Sir," said Falkland, laughing, "but even in this you seek for kindred—kindred sympathies."

"No matter what I seek, but not your company at present, Sir; so march off, I say, and do not let me see your stupid phiz again until—until dinner hour to-morrow, when you may come, if you like, and the girl, and, what's more too, you may bring your wife, if she has not learned in her nursery to fear I may kill her for dog's meat."

"My good Sir!" exclaimed the amazed Falkland, "do I really comprehend you?

Can you mean my wife and ward should dine with you?"

"How can I tell whether you comprehend? I have asked you to bring them, and you may do it or not, just as the stupid fit which is upon you arranges."

"Oh! you may rely on my bringing them; to whom the novelty of the invitation will give the wings of impatience for accepting it to."

"Well, Sir, and the girl's wings cannot expand more rapidly to bring her hither than I wish; for she is a good girl, proved by her great increase of fortune and expectations not having spoiled her. Ay, she is as much the unassuming child of meek humility as if she possessed not a groat."

"As to you, Sir Kin Seeker, don't go fancy I have forgiven your reminding me of the only blot I know in my family escutcheon, my infernal cousin, by my innovation of civility to your family. If the little girl had not said so much in favour of your wife to me, from time to time, you may rely on it I would not let her shew her nose here; for her being your

wife, your choice, sways me not a jot in the business; so do not decamp now, pluming yourself that it does; for as women are all one mass of error, even the wisest man cannot choose judiciously when he selects a wife."

"Well, well," said Falkland, smiling, as he moved towards the door, "I do not despair of seeing you over head and ears in love with mine, errors and all, before to-morrow night; but, I pray you, be merciful to your poor apothecary, and lay no plans at his expense for enriching certain doctors."

"Get out, you grinning puppy!" exclaimed Mordaunt, flinging a pamphlet after him. "Neither commons nor medical doctors shall be enriched by me; for ere I see your dab of a wife I shall have put it out of my power to pay any damages she may occasion."

On the subsequent morning Falkland strolled into the public library of Seaview, to look over the daily papers ere he set out on his professional circuit; when a lawyer of the neighbourhood rather rudely brushed by him, and then, as if suddenly

recollecting him, and himself, begged his pardon.

"You'll excuse my hurry, Sir, which caused my rudeness," he continued, "when I tell you I am hastening to Mordaunt Priory, to put the finishing stroke to Mr. Mordaunt's last testament. Mr. Mordaunt, your *great* friend, Mr. Falkland, is in the act of making his will; and I am a little in the secret of where the wealth of this great friend of yours is to revert."

"Really, Sir!" returned Falkland, composedly.

This composure disappointed the malice of Mr. Gabble, this lawyer; who being brother to Mr. Mordaunt's ex-apothecary, bore irreconcileable enmity to his successor; and, with a supercilious sneer, he now said—

"As you are a man of sense, Mr. Falkland, I trust you do not place much reliance upon the friendship of great men; that you have not raised your expectations highly of Mordaunt's bequests to you, for if you have, Sir——

"If I had, Sir," said Falkland, coolly interrupting him, "the total absence of

worldly homage to rising greatness, in the confidential lawyer of Mr. Mordaunt, must prove conviction to me of how visionary were these expectations."

"Pray, Mr. Gabble, may I ask where the wealth of Mr. Mordaunt reverts to, if such is a fair question?" demanded an old bachelor, who lodged in Seaview, and was the chief gossip of the village; admitted in every family, and paying for his daily board by the anecdotes he related, and the secrets he gleaned at one hospitable board to retail at another.

"Why, Mr. Spunger, the question would be inadmissible, only the property goes to no individual, being all designed for charities; but what particular ones I don't yet know, the will not yet being finished."

"Then how the deuce can you vouch for the disposition of any thing until the deed is done?"

Gabble feeling offended at Mr. Spunger's doubting his assertions, now, to prove he argued from presumptive evidence as convincing as positive, proceeded to state how he had been sent for to the Priory, and the preamble to a will which he had

written, as dictated by Mr. Mordaunt, which preamble run upon every man considering himself as merely steward to the property he was entrusted with in this world, and of which he would be called upon to give a strict account; and how, under that idea, he had endeavoured to perform his duty whilst he lived, and at his death, more effectually to serve the cause of benevolence, he gave and bequeathed his whole estate, real and personal, for ever, to —— "And here," continued Mr. Gabble, "in this critical moment, he was called away to see a sick terrier, and after detaining me nearly an hour, in expectation of his return, sent me word at length—

"That he was engaged with an architect, just arrived from town, relative to erecting an hospital for the canine race, so nearly exterminated by the late alarms created by their maladies; and that I must attend on the morrow to complete the business I had in hand for him."

"Then, depend upon it," exclaimed Mr. Spunger, "all his satellites will be disappointed, and an hospital for mad dogs

is the benevolent purpose he dedicates his relinquished stewardship to."

"And perhaps Mr. Falkland may be appointed head surgeon, apothecary, and accoucheur to the institution," said Mr. Gabble, the apothecary, who was also in the library.

"Possibly, Sir," returned Falkland, calmly; "and should you be appointed to the institution too, you will find appropriate employment for your abilities in malignant cases:" and, making a careless *en passant congé*, mounted his horse, which his groom just arrived with.

"Ha! ha! ha! very fair, doctor! we must expect the pills to be bitter where there is no gilding for them," exclaimed apothecary Gabble, the moment Falkland was out of hearing; and the moment the lawyer beheld him gallop off, he continued that kind of information which Spunger sat for hours each day in the library to glean.

"Ay, Sir, all his sycophantic, speculating, outwitting plans are frustrated; for I had it from unquestionable authority that Mordaunt has quarrelled with this snarl-

ing puppy, who stands a good chance of being the first patient in the hospital for mad curs. A person, a particular friend of my brother's and mine, chanced to be in the antichamber, heard Mordaunt bid Falkland get out of the house, and actually saw him fling an immense folio, which only for the energy of fury he could not have upheld, at Falkland's head."

Falkland, in the course of his morning's round, received many condoling hints upon the subject of Mr. Mordaunt's capricious breach with him; and when, with his Rosalind and Adelaide, he entered the hall at Mordaunt Priory, the old butler, with a rueful countenance, mournfully exclaimed—

"Oh, Sir! my master has completed his will to-day, and not even left the most trifling legacy to one of his faithful old servants!"

"That I can never believe, Mr. Wright," replied Falkland; "your master is too benevolent, too just, for such an omission."

"Ah! Sir, 'tis too, too true! All is left to the dogs! He finished the will, un-

known to Mr. Gabble, so ashamed was he of his injustice to the Christian mortals; and when Mr. Gabble arrived to-day, there was nothing for him to do but become one of the witnesses to this cruel will."

As Adelaide had often visited Mordaunt after her first admission to his presence, only the introduction of Mrs. Falkland was necessary; but what effect her appearance or manners had upon the misanthrope, no relaxing feature, no tone of altered language betrayed, yet he evidently was not comfortable; and Falkland, believing it was the innovation of female society that made him so, endeavoured to call out all the pleasing talents of his wife and ward to dissipate the gloom.

At length, soon after dinner, Adelaide, attracted to inspect Mordaunt's snuff-box, from its having a painting on its lid, exclaimed, as she viewed it—

"Oh! Mrs. Falkland, did you ever see any thing so like necromancy as this? This must surely be the identical painting you lent me this morning to copy, here most beautifully set."

"What mean you, child?" demanded Mr. Mordaunt, in visible emotion. "This painting was bought by me thirty years ago at Rome, and was never out of my possession since, except to have one copy of it taken."

"Which very copy, I really believe, is now actually in my possession," replied Rosalind.

"Is it a fair question to ask how you came possessed of it, Mrs. Falkland?" said Mr. Mordaunt.

"It was given me, Sir, by an aunt of mine."

"That aunt's name, pray, Madam?"

"Harvey, Sir."

"Harvey!" repeated Mordaunt, "then it is not the same. The person I gave it to was once named Danvers, afterwards Barclay."

"My aunt, Sir," replied Rosalind, "was the eldest daughter of Sir Rupert Danvers, who married a Mr. Barclay, who afterwards changed his name to Harvey for a nominal fortune in the West Indies."

"You may well call it a *nominal* fortune,

Rosalind," said Falkland, smiling, "since, I believe, the name of Harvey was all he obtained by his legacy."

"All, to my aunt's severe disappointment; which added not a little to her repentance for turning out of the road to certain happiness she once was in, and wilfully shutting her eyes to jump down the precipice of ruin with Mr. Barclay."

Mordaunt listened with the most profound attention; and, after a thoughtful pause, inquired, "if Mrs. Falkland knew what certain path to happiness Mrs. Harvey had forsaken?"

"Not very well," said Rosalind, "as it was a distressing subject to my dear mother, an obnoxious one to my poor father, and not a very pleasing one to my aunt; so that all my cousins and I could make out was, that there was some very amiable, charming man of fortune, whose name we could never learn, with whom, my aunt and mother, love played at cross-purposes. My mother tenderly attached to him, my aunt to his riches, and he sighing for my aunt, who finally jilted him; but not until

my poor love-lorn mother, cherishing no hope, had been prevailed upon to promise her hand to my father."

"Your mother, Mrs. Falkland! which was she, Gertrude or Cicilia Danvers?"

"Neither, Sir. She was Rosalind, the youngest, and, as she says, the prettiest of the sisters."

"She says true," returned Mordaunt, with quickness; "but she was proud and scornful as the very d—l."

"But pride was her only foible," returned Mrs. Falkland, endeavouring to smile away a rising tear; "and pray forgive her that, since now it is humbled in the misery of a prison."

"I'll be cursed if I do!" returned Mordaunt with ludicrous asperity; "since had it not been for the forbidding deformity of its haughty aspect, she would not have been doomed to sigh in hopelessness for him who only preferred her sister because she appeared more amiable. Rosa's beauty first captivated that man; but her pride and scorn unriveted his chains, led him to transfer his affections to her sister, and to become a wretched man for life.

"In me you behold that wretched, solitary shunner of society your aunt and mother transformed me into; and had I known you to be a Danvers, I should not have torn open my long bleeding wounds by inviting you hither. I never inquired who Rosa Danvers married, therefore hearing the wife of Falkland was a Miss Aspenfield let me not into the secret; and though the family stamp your countenance wore unhinged me at your entrance, I still suspected not you bore it lineally.

"I fear I speak uncourteously to you, Mrs. Falkland; but my provocations have been severe. When my judgment forced me, with many a bitter, bitter pang forced me, to break the chains which bound me to the scornful Rosa, I was again lured to love by the soft fascinating wiles of encouragement held out to me by her sister, Helena, to whom I at length, in infatuated tenderness, gave up my very soul.

"The day, nay the hour, was fixed, Madam, for our union," continued the agitated Mordaunt; "the family all attired in their nuptial pomp, all but Rosa, who was then in Wales; and well I now re-

member it was the very day after I was announced to her as the accepted suitor of her sister that she set out on a visit to an aunt in Wales.

"Mrs. Falkland, I emerged from my dressing-room in all the enthusiastic rapture of a man about to be united to the woman he adored; when the information, the direful information, awaited me of Helena having eloped in the night with my own friend—a man—no, a monster, who owed his all to me, and whom I had introduced at your grandfather's to undo me; and from that hour of perfidy my anguished heart turned to adamant against the human race, and I abhorred all who bore the form of man, or still more treacherous woman, until Falkland and this child brought conviction to my bosom there yet was one in either sex who was not diabolical.

"Forgive me, Mrs. Falkland," he more mildly added, endeavouring to tranquillize his direful agitation: "I have been a savage to you, in breach of the law of hospitality; but it was beneath your grandfather's roof the misery of my life was un-

feelingly stamped; and surely I may claim your pity, if I cannot your forgiveness."

"I grieve," said Falkland, pitying Mordaunt from his heart, and sensibly hurt at his Rosalind's quick feeling being so keenly wounded—"I grieve this introduction has taken place, as I fear, Sir, you and Mrs. Falkland can never be cordial friends, since her family have, alas! proved the source of your life's misery, and you (though unintentionally) destroyed the happiness of her mother."

"Never, I fear," said Mordaunt; "for, in truth, I feel as if I never should look with cordial kindness upon the daughter of Rosa Danvers, who first captivated my heart, and then strove to break it by her pride and scorn."

"But she loved you all the time, Sir," said Adelaide, in a tone of such affecting interest, it vibrated on every tender chord in Mordaunt's sensitive mind.

"Child, who can tell she loved me?"

"Mrs. Falkland said she did, Sir, and therefore it is true," returned Adelaide: "then think of a being you once loved, and who long loved you, now a sad captive in

a foreign land, and then can your heart tell you it will not look with cordial kindness upon the child who is sorrowing for her parent's captivity?"

"You seem determined, child," said Mordaunt, benignly, "to make me look with cordial kindness upon the child of Rosa; but you use no effort to turn that child to amity with me."

"That is because I know the moment you forgive her mother her heart and looks will melt to all that is genial to herself, sweet, kind, and conciliating."

"Is this the case, Mrs. Falkland?" asked Mordaunt, with a softened voice.

"Adelaide is always correct in her statements, except in her praise of those she loves," said Rosalind.

"Then, with my hand on my heart, in the sincerity of an honest man, I claim your kind cordiality, since your mother I do from my soul forgive."

Rosalind's beautiful hand was now promptly held out to Mordaunt, who sealed a treaty of amity upon it, and who, immediately after, endeavouring to recover his

composure, and to withdraw his thoughts from the Danvers family, said—

"My new friend affirms, 'that Adelaide is always correct in her statements;' is it so, Falkland, when she assures me she is quite well?"

The cheeks of Falkland and his ward were now tinted with the brightest glow of confusion; and had not Rosalind been so well acquainted with the cause, her jealous pangs would have been aroused to agony.

"I trust," answered Falkland, hesitatingly, "that although Adelaide certainly does not look well, there is no indisposition lurking about her."

"I don't know that," returned Mordaunt, sharply; "I am neither a doctor nor a conjurer, but I have for some time past seen much to alarm me in the child, and have been thinking change of air and scene might benefit the brat; and as I am old enough to be her grandfather, and therefore no scandal, from the extremes of our age, could ensue, that, with all due decorum, I might take her on a tour with me I am meditating to London

and Bath. There will be plenty of room for her in the coach, as I shall only take with me in it Diver, Sappho, Diogenes, Hector, and Flirt."

Adelaide looked terrorized at the idea of such an excursion; and Rosalind, with difficulty, suppressed a laugh.

"But, my dear Sir," said Falkland, with inimitable gravity, "although you can manage without other females in your suit, my young ward would look and feel rather awkward without a chaperon, or one companion of her own sex, on an excursion which otherwise I should approve exceedingly for her."

"Why, as to that," said Mordaunt, his project now quite at fault, "I really do not know what to say, if such a matter is absolutely necessary. At Bath I should be at no loss, having a friend there whose sister is deaf and dumb, and her I could tolerate in my family as companion and decorum's shield for the girl; but in London! faith I know not what can be done there, unless the invisible girl would suffice, or that we render chaperons unnecessary by converting the brat into one her-

self. What say you, you monkey! Shall Doctor Woodehouse unite our hands ere we go, and give you a right to be my companion in life, and at my death to all my possessions?"

Although Adelaide knew Mr. Mordaunt was now jesting, yet, as it was about herself, she had not courage to answer him with respondent *language*; she therefore looked her blushing entreaty for her guardian to reply.

"What!" exclaimed Mordaunt, "I see you will not have me without a longer wooing. Well then, since I am foiled in this project of having you up to London with me, I must try another. What say you, Falkland, to making your *congé* to the people here, and march up, bag and baggage, and practise your profession beneath my roof, in London, in a house I have serious thoughts of purchasing in Grosvenor-square?"

"What!" said Falkland, "take up my shop amid my goods and chattels, and practise as an apothecary in your noble mansion in Grosvenor-square!"

"Pshaw! you mongrel, no! Would

you have all the inhabitants rise up in indignant ire against me, and smash your gallipots about my head for such an insult to their hitherto uncontaminated state of residence? No: leave the drugs behind, and resume your practice as Doctor Falkland in a stately mansion in a London square. Well, you may grin if you like; but if th[illegible]'s no other way for changing the ai[illegible] scene for the child it must be adopted, for I cannot have her longer pale and spiritless, as if she was going to die before me."

"But by the time you are able to undertake this projected tour, Sir, Adelaide, I trust, will be blooming and gay again, requiring no change of air or scene," said Rosalind.

"I am going immediately, Madam."

"Not you, indeed," said Falkland, seriously: "you shall not escape my clutches until I am convinced you laugh my care to scorn."

"I have made my will, you interested puppy; and not all this pretended anxiety shall lure me to alter one item in it."

"And I have formed my will," returned

Falkland, smiling; "and not all these refractory airs or juvenile flights shall lure me to alter one determination of it. You shall not go to town in a precarious state of health, or, at least, not until I have made more money by you. Why, since you own I have nothing to expect in your will, it is my interest to keep you alive, and make out bills against you as long as your rent-roll."

At length Rosalind and Adelaide left Mr. Mordaunt and Falkland to a *tête-à-tête*, when the former led on the latter, by his questions, to state to him the interested conduct of the Harveys in hurrying Rosalind into becoming his wife, and their subsequent insolence and neglect.

"Ay, ay," exclaimed Mordaunt, "pounding the family pride in a mortar was, to be sure, an unpardonable transgression! But this poor Rosa really loved me all the time she ill-used me, and is now a wretched captive in a d—lish French prison! I—I can't bear that—cannot suffer it!—No: I must strain every nerve to open her prison!—I have friends whom I am ashamed of, for they are staunch supporters of the

new French government; but I think they can serve me, and get poor Rosa out of prison, and Lord De Morland too. I shall not forget him in my petition, for I think that brat frets about him; for he is never mentioned but the tears spring up to her pretty eyes, and her guileless heart swells with the sighs of sorrow."

Falkland now hastened to confess to Mordaunt the cause of Adelaide's altered aspect; and, in return, received an emphatic reprimand for his severity.

"A pretty savage, truly!" exclaimed Mordaunt, angrily; "and so, for the dear child's very first serious offence, you almost killed her with your severity. Zounds! if you had though, much as I pretend to regard you, I would myself have prosecuted you for her murder.—'Sdeath! how provoking I was not born thirty years later, that I might marry her instantly, and snatch her out of the way, meek lamb! of ever again being thwarted, or unkindly treated."

"Does matrimony always prove such a shield?" asked Falkland, smiling. "But, seriously, my dear Sir, believe poor Ade-

laide has not been the only sorrowing penitent, for I have had my share of deep contrition; nor am I yet even self-forgiven."

"I am glad to hear it—glad to my heart."

"Nor am I quite certain Rosalind has forgiven me."

"Humph!" ejaculated Mordaunt: then, with sudden vehemence, he exclaimed," "A mighty pretty woman that wife of yours! indeed, a prodigious lovely creature! and, notwithstanding the proud race she sprung from, has a sort of good-natured playfulness about her eyes and smile that is very prepossessing."

CHAPTER XX.

On the subsequent morning a letter from Mordaunt was delivered to Falkland, couched in the following terms:—

"DEAR LANCET,

"I hate circumlocution—so to the matter at once. As you would not give me leave to go to London, I am setting off, forthwith, without it, and shall have reached Canterbury ere you hear of my daring disobedience: but I could get no sleep all night for thinking a being who once loved me was a miserable captive in a foreign land, so could not delay my anxious and strenuous attempts to emancipate her.

"You should not have been so harsh to that tender lamb you had to cherish as a child. As soon as I can arrange for the invisible girl's chaperoning services, so as to admit of changing the air and scene for my sweet, drooping lamb, you shall hear again from

"Yours, sincerely,

"Horatio Mordaunt."

Falkland was considerably distressed at this imprudent expedition of Mordaunt's; and, full of alarm for the consequences to him, he proposed setting off immediately, to attend him on his journey to town, and, when arrived there, to deliver him to the care of the most eminent physician in London; but Rosalind, fearing that such attention might be ascribed to interested motives, dissuaded him from it: yet Falkland felt restless and unhappy at having yielded to Rosalind's opinion, until, after a lapse of a few days, he received the following consolation from Mordaunt:—

"GREAT M. D.

"I value not your rueful prognostics one groat; for here am I on my perch in London, a much blither bird than I was when I last beheld your croaking ravenship.

"I have seen my French friends, and the letters I hoped to obtain from them for Bonaparte's prime counsellor are on the road to Paris; in which, believe me, the dear child's uncle was not forgotten; and tell your wife I think she has a fair pretence for rearing hope on her crest.

"Apropos, of crests! I do not like that d—lish pestilo should remain for yours, as a substantial prop for the recoiling nose of that spawn of a Jezebel the Ho-no-ra-ble Mrs. Gustavus Saville; so, as I find the advertised mansion in Grosvenor-square, which I am in treaty for, quite large enough for us all, meaning to keep a snug suite for myself out of the women's transit; and as I find, upon inquiry, the most eminent physicians go out of town for a month or two in the year to recruit, so you can sniff the sea air at Seaview, or the land breezes at Mordaunt Priory; so I would have you come to town, and resume your long dormant M. D.

"The dear child shall have a nice airy suite of apartments; and, as she praised Hector greatly the other day, he can have a neat crib in her chamber, if she likes his company. When I talk of her to my companions, they all wag their tails; and as to Diver, he invariably barks for joy, and flies to the door and opens it, as if to let her in. Come soon to—

"Yours, eternally,

"H. M."

"P. S. The girl says your boy never cries, so I can tolerate him in my house. She says, too, you are kind to all the dumb creatures and old domestics who belonged to Mr. Oldworth. That is right, my good fellow! Pursue that plan wherever such encumbrances are bequeathed to you.

"N. B. I wish you and Mrs. Falkland, and not forgetting the dear lamb you —— but you are sorry for it, so I shall say no more about it; but all of you come up in a day or two, and see if this mansion will suit. I shall find room for you in the hotel with me. Pray bring up Snap for me, as I fear the poor animal frets at the absence of his companions."

Falkland, in compliance with the wish of Mr. Mordaunt, to whom he felt the most lively glow of gratitude for his meditated project, which would restore his Rosalind's claim to a place amid the first ranks in society, instantly set about arranging for a temporary absence from home; and as Mrs. Falkland and Adelaide had been prompt in their preparations too, they were all so far in readiness for an expedition to London,

that not one half hour elapsed after an express arrived to call them to the deathbed of Mr. Mordaunt ere they were on the wing for the metropolis.

Mordaunt, led on by the impulse of his sensibility, delaying not to recover from the fatigue of his journey to town ere he commenced his negociation with some French emigrant friends, to exercise, for a large pecuniary recompence, their influence over the prime favourite of Bonaparte for the liberation of those he wished to emancipate from durance vile, was ill able to sustain and combat with a sudden chill he received while waiting near the door of a coffee-house frequented by his French agents, in the business which had so imprudently called him to town:—the gout attacked his stomach, and ere Falkland could arrive he breathed his last sigh.

Mr. Mordaunt's London solicitor was with him the whole of the morning ere he expired, awaiting one moment's respite from pain to add a codicil to the will he had lately made, which he had brought up to town to place in this confidential lawyer's hands; and not above an hour ere

his mortal race was run could he effect this anxiously wished for codicil.

According to the directions of Mr. Mordaunt, this will was opened the moment succeeding the arrival of Falkland, who, to his utter amazement, found himself named as sole heir and residuary legatee to the immense property, real and personal, of the deceased; except the whole of the family jewels, with the sum of five thousand pounds sterling, to modernize their setting, which he bequeathed to Adelaide Bouverie, to become hers immediately upon his demise, and to be exempt from the control of her guardian, and even of her husband, whenever she married.

The will inspected, the solicitor inquired, "if the young lady present was Miss Adelaide Bouverie?" and, on being answered, placed in her hand, in compliance with his instructions, the codicil of Mr. Mordaunt, so lately completed.

By this codicil was bequeathed to Adelaide the whole of Mr. Mordaunt's personal property, which, beside plate, library, &c. was included one hundred and ten thousand pounds sterling in the public funds.

But, in the course of twenty-four hours after that codicil was delivered to her, if she found cause to disapprove the aforesaid bequest of all testator's personal property to her, the power was hers to compromise with the residuary legatee for the moiety of the personal property becoming hers, or her own hand to destroy that codicil, and allow the will made on the 7th of November, 1804, to stand in force.

The amazed Adelaide, powerfully agitated and affected, read the codicil to the end, and then requested the lawyer to read it aloud for Mr. Falkland. The testator's meaning was vibrating through every dilating pulse of her throbbing heart, and, ere Falkland was aware of her intention, the paper was snatched from the solicitor's hand, and flaming in record of Adelaide's gratitude on the fire, herself at her guardian's feet, bent there in trembling homage for all she felt she owed him.

"Adelaide!" exclaimed Falkland, flying to snatch the paper from the rapidly consuming flames—"Oh! Adelaide, impetuous girl! what have you done?"

"Consecrated a holy pile of gratitude's

ascending incense to the sacred memory of Mr. Mordaunt," she replied. "Oh! Sir, the last words he ever uttered to me were— 'Adelaide, poor, drooping lamb! what would make you happy?'

"You, Sir, at that moment looked such eloquent sorrow, that he could call me 'drooping lamb,' that—that I answered, Sir, and indeed it came from my heart— 'Ever to have it in my power to evincemy gratitude to Mr. Falkland, Sir.'

"Mr. Mordaunt quite well remembered what would make me happy; and it would have made me happy had Mr. Mordaunt been living, to behold how glad I am to evince my gratitude to you:" and Adelaide, now powerfully affected by her gratitude to the friend who was lost, and the one who was spared to her, her excess of tears seemed to portray nothing of that happiness she talked of feeling.

Falkland, assailed by all the emotions of trembling sensibility at such conduct in the adored child of his own rearing, yet was left no power to define one of them, so terrorized he felt in the idea that Adelaide had unadvisedly injured herself; had trans-

gressed the law, by destroying the codicil during her minority; for her impetuous feelings had not suffered him to hear it to the end.

"Oh! Adelaide, noble, grateful child!" he said, "you had no right, minor as you are, to do this."

"The testator, Sir, made the young lady competent to the act, and, with an exulting smile at anticipating human virtue, prophesied she would do as she has done," said the lawyer, looking with venerating homage upon the weeping, trembling Adelaide, as a being not belonging to this world of interest.

"But I hope," he added, as he gazed, "the young lady has sufficient fortune never to repent this total sacrifice?"

"Yes, thank you, Sir, I have a very large fortune," exclaimed Adelaide eagerly, "so that it was no sacrifice whatever in me; but yet I found very great joy in the power of doing it."

"Yes, Adelaide," said Falkland, as he tremulously grasped her hand in all the fervor of his grateful and approving feelings, "you have a handsome fortune; yet

the sacrifice was great; but it shall not be so total as you have made it."

"Sir," returned Adelaide, with solemn impressiveness, "understand the wishes, the intentions of Mr. Mordaunt better. His riches he meant for you. The treasure his benevolence left for me was to make me happy in the power to prove I was a grateful *elève* your tender kindness reared."

"Oh! Rosalind, my wife!" exclaimed the agitated Falkland, "teach me, instruct me in what to say, to express as I ought my sentiments of the conduct of this beloved, exalted child!"

The conduct of Adelaide had spontaneously awakened in the heart of Rosalind the most lively emotions of gratitude, of admiration, of every new incentive to love her with tenderness, augmented by her merit; but the baleful germ of jealousy which had taken so deep a root in her breast sent forth its innoxious influence as spontaneously, in the direful alarm that such exalted generosity, so positive in proof of excellence of heart, and of the estimation she regarded her guardian with, must awaken sensations in his mind of that dan-

gerous tendency which Helena had anticipated; and in all the misery this alarm inspired she sat, until her better thoughts, panting to lead her to give her heart's applause to the being she in defiance of her bosom's tormenter could not but love, were called into prompt action by this appeal of Falkland's to aid him; when, instantly bursting into tears of mingled penitence and sensibility, she caught Adelaide in her arms, and wept upon her bosom her now awakened, animated sense of the mental excellence evinced by the child of her earliest friend.

Scarcely had the solicitor of Mr. Mordaunt taken his leave, when Falkland was called from the indulgence of his unfeigned sorrow for the loss of a friend (for whom the inspirations of powerful gratitude keenly augmented the pangs of grief) to receive a gentleman, an inmate of the same hotel, who requested an interview with him upon important business.

This gentleman proved to be a Kentish neighbour, who had been arrested in France the preceding year, and had just effected his liberation from an unjust detention

there; and the business he had to communicate was the horrid fact of General Aspenfield having been massacred in his prison, for some unguarded language he had held.

This would have been a direful blow for the fond heart of Falkland to be doomed to convey, at any period, to his Rosalind, but in this moment of newly awakened distress and varied agitation it almost subdued him; and had it not been for the aid of the affectionate Adelaide he never could have gone through the sad task of imparting to his wife, though suppressing its attendant horrors, the death of her father; or have supported himself and her through a day of accumulated distress: but to them both Adelaide was the gentle, tender, kind consoler; suppressing her own grateful regrets for Mr. Mordaunt, her own newly awakened, direful alarms for the safety of her beloved uncle, in her heart-devoted attentions to them.

As it was necessary for Falkland to remain some days in town to administer to Mr. Mordaunt's will, yet wishing to pay every respect to the remains of his late

friend, and, as he emphatically styled and sincerely considered him—"his benefactor!" he would not suffer them to proceed to their long home without his attendance; and as Rosalind would not leave him on his melancholy duty alone in town, she and Adelaide continued with him, and did not return to Seaview until the body of their deceased friend commenced its way to Mordaunt Priory, where Falkland arranged it should lie in state some days, as such had been the family custom.

Lord Beechbrook, through attention to his highly estimated friend Falkland, joined with his tenantry those of Mr. Mordaunt's to meet the mourning procession; several other gentlemen, from respect to Falkland, did the same; so that immense was the cavalcade which attended the corse on its last stage to the priory, where the domestics, with rueful countenances, bid welcome to their late master's heir, who soon lulled each anxious fear and discontent to rest, by promising a year's wages to all, and an adequate provision for life to those whose faithful service laid claim to independence; and cleared the fame of their late master

by reading the will to them, in which, succeeding the preamble already cited by Mr. Lawyer Gabble, Mr. Mordaunt's own hand added—after Mr. Gabble had written "I give and bequeath all my estates, real and personal, for ever—

"—— to Augustus Henry Falkland, M.D. of the parish of Seaview, in the county of Kent; as in him my tenants will find a kinder landlord than I have been, the poor my almoner, my animals a tender master, and my domestics, particularly my female ones, an executor who will know better how to reward them for me than I could do myself."

The property thus unexpectedly bequeathed to Falkland amounted, in landed, to four thousand per annum, that in personal as already stated; whilst Adelaide's bequest of jewels, beside her five thousand pounds, was valued by the first lapidists in town as rather exceeding twenty thousand pounds.

After the last melancholy obsequies had been paid to the remains of Mr. Mordaunt, and that Falkland looked over the noble mansion that was to be henceforth his

own, he found it so completely out of repair, that he determined not to make it his dwelling until it was thoroughly refitted into a comfortable abode; and still, until the priory was ready for his reception, to continue in the house of Mr. Oldworth, which, immediately upon his coming into possession of Mr. Mordaunt's fortune, he made over to Mrs. Crow, to become her property the moment he should quit it; but totally exempt from the power of her worthless husband, who, by this time, had used her so cruelly as to compel her to a separation.

And whilst he remained in the house of Mr. Oldworth, Falkland determined to continue his practice as an apothecary gratis, both through benevolence to the poor, and out of gratitude to the memory of Mr. Oldworth, who had regarded his patients as his children; and Falkland would not, therefore, abandon them without a competent successor, whom he trusted he had found in a Mr. Duncan, who had supplied the place of Mr. Crow; and who, with one year more instruction from him, he hoped

would prove equal to the important task; more particularly as he should himself be near, to advise him in all intricate or dangerous cases.

CHAPTER XXI.

Upon Adelaide's return from her mournful visit to the metropolis, a most sorrowful vexation awaited her, in the intelligence of Montagu Bouverie having been at Seaview during her absence, to bid adieu to her and his other friends ere he joined his new regiment at Malta; and, pressed for time, he could not delay for the arrival of Falkland from town.

Shortly after Bouverie came of age he lodged money for a troop, preferring the cavalry service to the infantry; and not until this period had his wish been accomplished. The business attendant upon this exchange had called him from Ireland to London, from whence he hurried, all impatience, to see his friends at Seaview; where he arrived on the very day the most attractive of whom had set out for London.

Mellifont, too, was gone on a tour with Doctor Birch, and Bouverie had not a day to spare to go in pursuit of the tourists, or to return to London.

From Mrs. Birch and daughters he received the greasest civility during his few hours stay at Seaview; but from them he could obtain no answers to his anxious questions relative to Adelaide to satisfy him. They all had learned to hate her, because Mrs. Falkland's line of acquaintance soaring much higher than Miss Oldworth's had done, Adelaide was, in consequence, unavoidably drawn out of any degree of intimacy with them: a matter which they failed not to attribute to her pride, and which, with her transcendent beauty, her superior endowments, and fortune, rendered her an object of the Misses' envy; who failed not to descant to Bouverie upon her growth in *hauteur* under Mrs. Falkland's tuition, her pedantry, her decrease of beauty, and, above all, her turn for *methodism!*

To all that Miss Eliza (now sprouted into a young woman of sixteen, in search of a great match) asserted relative to Miss Bouverie's defects either her mother or one of her sisters proved a ready witness, adding, "that of late she was grown so pale, and thin, and mopish, and melancholy, that, for their parts, they should

have believed Mrs. Crow's positive assertion of her having fallen in love with her guardian, had not a man of unblemished veracity, a Mr. Spunger, seen a young person in disguise, so exactly resembling Miss Bouverie's lank, gawky figure, he could not be mistaken, go in and out of the methodist meeting frequently lately."

Bouverie was sensibly hurt at hearing all this, in apprehension that any one affirmation might have a particle of truth for its foundation; although he doubted not the probability that every thing they uttered was the fabrication of pique and envy.

But at length other testimony led him, in dire dismay, almost to credit some very unpleasant change having taken place in the hitherto fascinating Adelaide; for Walton, the constant visitor of the Miss Birch's in their father's absence from home, or during his engagements in school, appeared, to make a morning visitation; and being applied to for his opinion of Miss Bouverie, he jeeringly styled her "a *pattern miss!* who had been transcendently beautiful, but had faded prematurely, and was now become, from the stiff, ungraci-

ousness of her manners, and the formality of her aspect, neither more nor less than the singular phenomenon of an *old maid in her teens*."

Now there happened to be scarcely any class of females that Bouverie had a greater antipathy to than a formal girl, a premature old maid, except a *pattern miss!* and although he knew, from Walton's villany to poor Lucy, that he was a miscreant who deserved no place in moral society, yet, from these very propensities he condemned him for, believing him a competent judge of female external graces and fascinations, he felt inclined to credit his assertions relative to the alterations in Adelaide's attractions.

Nor once did Bouverie suspect Walton of the malicious propensities which actuated the Miss Birch's; not knowing that the budding beauty of this rare blossom of perfection, with her large fortune, had long been the fondly coveted object of this interested libertine's pursuit: but, foiled in every effort he had made to obtain an introduction at her guardian's, or by clandestine means to commence an acquaintance

with the recoiling Adelaide herself, his vindictive resentment was awakened to the highest altitude against her; and promptly fearing a dangerous rival in this transcendently handsome young man, he was led to all the plausible malice he uttered; and Bouverie, against his better judgment, against his struggling, fond partiality for Adelaide, departed from Seaview the following morning at early dawn, infected by no small portion of the subtil poison of Walton's spleen; its baneful influence imperceptibly weakening the fascinating spells by which, for nearly two years, he had been attracted to Adelaide.

The year had nearly elapsed since the death of Mr. Mordaunt, which was to close Falkland's career of eminent practice, during which his Rosalind had presented him with another lovely boy, and letters had arrived from Bouverie, announcing his safe arrival at Malta, after "*the most delightful voyage, with the most fascinating fellow passengers that smiling fate could bless a favoured mortal with;*" when one day, most unexpected by her daughter, Mrs. Aspenfield arrived from France, liberated

at length by the efforts of Mr. Mordaunt's mercenary agents.

Above two years of constant humiliation, and every privation of luxury, attendants, and respect, had lowered the once towering pride of Mrs. Aspenfield so completely, that with all the tenderness of a mother glowing in her bosom she rushed to her affectionate child's fond embrace, though still believing that child degraded as the wife of a country apothecary; not knowing, until she heard it from Rosalind herself, of the immense acquisition of riches her husband had obtained by his humanity; and that even his profession of a physician he, at her request, was about to relinquish, except where the benevolence of his nature should lead him into its practice.

But although the most perfect and happy reconciliation took place between the Falklands and Mrs. Aspenfield, she would not accept the cordial invitation of Falkland to reside with her daughter entirely; but, fascinated by her son-in-law's present residence, she determined to take up her abode there, to be near her child, and soon obtained a lease on terms most advantage-

ous to Mrs. Crow; as her power for gratifying her wishes was ample, General Aspenfield having, upon the marriage of his daughter, bequeathed all he possessed to his wife, who now most generously presented a handsome portion to her infant grandson, whom she requested to have named Danvers; yet still reserved to herself an income adequate to an establishment suited to her rank in life.

In about a month after the arrival of Mrs. Aspenfield from France, as the family at Falkland's were assembling round the breakfast table, Dennis presented a note to Adelaide, which, he said, had just been delivered to him by the porter belonging to the New Inn; when Adelaide, wondering what correspondent could have employed such a messenger, opened an almost illegibly written billet, and with trembling agitation read—

"Oh, my Adelaide! my cousin! my only friend! To escape infamy, I have fled from my mother to you; and if you do not shelter me, I am undone.

"I am now at the New Inn, disguised

in the clothes of one of the housemaids; and, with only a few shillings in the world, was forced, alone and unfriended, to come on the roof of a night coach to Seaview.

"Oh, Adelaide! will you not come to, will you not shelter, your unfortunate

"AMBROSIA?"

Adelaide, in terrorized emotion, gave the note to her guardian, who, with all the prompt benevolence of his nature, instantly proceeded to the New Inn, to convey Lady Ambrosia to an asylum in his house, where he judged it prudent to have the first interview of the cousins take place, to avoid any unpleasant discovery or animadversion upon the young stranger at a public inn.

Falkland found Lady Ambrosia, as he expected, in extreme agitation, awakened by the step she had taken, by the terror she had experienced in her unprotected nocturnal journey, and by trembling anxiety relative to her reception at Seaview.

But soon Falkland lulled every apprehension relative to that reception; and as it was no uncommon event to see the meanest even of the human species walk-

ing through the village with Doctor Falkland, to obtain at his house relief for their ills, the homely attire of his present companion called forth no other remark from the observers but a thought or exclamation of regret that the poor would so soon be deprived of such a ready friend.

The pitying kindness of Adelaide's affectionate heart led her to give her cousin a reception tender and cordial, beyond all that Lady Ambrosia's most sanguine expectations could have formed; but not until after those refreshments of breakfast and repose, which Falkland deemed essential for the fatigued and agitated girl, would he permit her entering into any detail relative to the step she had thus clandestinely taken.

When at length Lady Ambrosia arose from a short repose, and was attired in some of Adelaide's clothes, which she selected from the most prized of her wardrobe for the poor fugitive, her ladyship informed the horrorized Adelaide—

"That although the undisguised love of Lady Seraphina and Mr. Daniel Black-

thorn was no secret in the family, yet her mother, from some extraordinary infatuation, never seemed to observe it; and although from almost the commencement of his vile and more veiled designs upon her Lady Leyburn had been made acquainted with them, she attempted not to crush them; and, therefore, emboldened by such implied encouragement from the being who ought to have proved the vigilant protector of her child, he had proceeded to form such a diabolical plot against her innocence, under the auspices of her vile French governess, that only by flight could she escape destruction; since, from her mother's strange disbelief of the discovery she had made, she could depend upon no deliverance from her; and, fortunately, being in town when this direful project was revealed to her, she was enabled, by means of one of the housemaids, to effect her escape.

"That her first determination had been to fly to Lord Aberavon for protection, who, as her adoring lover, would, she well knew, be enraptured at a trip to Gretna Green; but, unluckily, his lordship was not

in town, and therefore her second resolution was to seek an asylum from her dear Adelaide."

This detail, communicated by Adelaide to Rosalind, was soon imparted to Falkland, who felt firm conviction that there existed no safety for Lady Ambrosia beneath the roof of such a mother, and that she must hasten to petition the Lord Chancellor for another guardian; but Falkland, not wishing to be himself the open champion of this insulated minor, lest his interference should awaken more of Lady Leyburn's enmity against his beloved ward, proceeded without delay to disclose the distressing situation of Lady Ambrosia to Lord Beechbrook, who was related to the Leyburn family.

Lord Beechbrook's interest for his young relative being powerfully awakened, he spontaneously undertook her cause, and the following day proceeded with her up to town; and, ere her mother had discovered the asylum she had flown to, the Lord Chancellor delegated the future right of protecting her to Lord Beechbrook.

Lady Leyburn, whom the demons of

avarice had yielded up to the dominion of the Blackthorns, was yet not so completely abandoned as not to rejoice in secret at the step her child had taken, and at the safe and honourable protection she had obtained; while to her vile confederates she affected all that indignation and chagrin they expected her to feel, and pursued every step they advised to regain her guardianship; but all she obtained by this measure was a most severe reprimand for her unmaternal conduct.

By the arrangement of younger children's portions, in the marriage settlement upon them, the Ladies Leyburn's fortunes bore no interest during their minority; and Lady Ambrosia, before indebted to her mother for support, was now thrown upon the bounty of friends; and, fortunately for her, Lord Beechbrook was too liberal to shrink from yielding her an asylum beneath his roof because there was no remuneration for him: while the generous Adelaide, in ardent affection for a being who had flown to her protection in the moment of distress, presented her cousin with an elegant wardrobe, and constituted herself

her ladyship's banker, on whom she had unlimited credit.

Lady Ambrosia, at length finally established under the protection of Lord and Lady Beechbrook, often became a visitor at Falkland's for weeks together, both at Seaview and after his removal to Mordaunt Priory, where, as well as at Beechbrook, she had unceasing opportunities for improvement; and as Adelaide was indefatigable in stealing, by imperceptible devices, every species of essential knowledge into her cousin's mind, she at length grew into something approaching to a rational being; and as Lord Aberavon appeared not to renew that homage he had paid her while quartered in Berkshire, she began to believe his love was not serious, and gradually to find the impression fading which he had made upon her fancy.

END OF VOL. I.

T. DAVISON, Lombard-street,
Whitefriars, London.